

1 MON 1

NARR: AS WE LOOK IN- WE SEE LADY JOWLS, OWNER AND HIERESS TO THE INVERNESS ESTATE. WE FIND HER IN THE ROSE GARDEN, STANDING SOLID, SNIFFING A VELVETY RED ROSE AND SURVEYING HER KINGDOM. TWILIGHT APPROACHES - THE MIST IS MOVING UP FROM THE BAY INTO THE SURROUNDING HILLS OF INVERNESS. THE BIRDS ARE BEGINING TO FLOCK, GATHERING FOR THEIR AUTUMN SOJOURN TO THE SOUTH. ALL IS TRANQUIL AND STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL. ONE OF THOSE RARE MOMENTS WHEN TIME AND THOUGHTS OF PROGRESS HESITATE AND THE WHOLE WORLD IS AT PEACE.

JACK: (SHOUTING FROM FAR OFF) AUNTIE! AUNTIE!
(A BIT CLOSER) AUNTIE- AUNTIE!

L. JOWLS: WHO THE DEVIL IS THAT COMING FROM?

JACK: (CLOSER STILL) AUNTIE! IT'S ME, JACK!

L. JOWLS: JACK! YOU RECIEVED MY LETTER? HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME.
(THEY EMBRACE)

JACK: (ON) AHH AUNTIE, IT'S REALLY GOOD TO SEE YOU.

L. JOWLS: I'M HAPPY TO SEE YOU WERE ABLE TO MAKE THE JOURNEY SO SOON.

JACK:

JACK: TRAVELLING IS NO BIG THING - THE ONLY DIFFICULT PART WAS GETTING FROM THE TOWN OUT TO HERE.

L. JOWLS: THE ROAD TO INVERNESS IS NOT A VERY TRAVELLED ROAD.

JACK: FROM WHAT I HEARD IN TOWN, IT'S NOT TRAVELLED AT ALL.

L. JOWLS: THE SERVANTS GO BACK AND FORTH FOR SUPPLIES.

JACK: YEAH, I HEARD THAT. BOY, THOSE TOWNS PEOPLE SURE THINK THE FOLKS UP HERE ARE A STRANGE LOT.

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L. JOWLS: HOW WERE YOU ABLE TO MAKE THE JOURNEY FROM TOWN UP THIS MOUNTAIN TO INVERNESS?

JACK: I WALKED.

L. JOWLS: OH THAT'S UNFORTUNATE, YOU MUST BE EXHAUSTED.

JACK: I'M OKAY, I'VE HITCHHIKED A LOT AND CONSEQUENTLY WALKED A LOT SO - YOU DON'T HAVE A TELEPHONE?

L. JOWLS: NO, I'M AFRAID YOUR AUNTIE IS NOT ONE FOR PROGRESS. WE USE THE OLD PRIMITIVE MEANS OF COMMUNICATION.

JACK: BANGING TWO ROCKS TOGETHER?

L. JOWLS: YES, THAT TOO. WE COMMUNICATE BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY. THAT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING I WAS TOLD ONCE...IT WAS ABOUT INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS, THEY WOULD USE THEM SIGNAL TO ATTRACT ATTENTION AND SOMEONE, THE PARTY THEY WERE TRYING TO REACH, I SUPPOSE, WOULD ALSO BUILD A FIRE AND CREATE A FEW PUFFS OF SMOKE, BUT THEN NEAR THE FIRE THEY WOULD HAVE MADE A SMALL HOLLOW IN THE GROUND, ABOUT A FOOT AND A HALF DEEP AND A FEW FEET LONG. THEY WOULD GET INTO THE HOLLOW IN SOME POSITION AND THEN MENTALLY COMMUNICATE TO ONE ANOTHER. YOU SEE THE SMOKE SIGNAL WAS USED ONLY TO ATTRACT ATTENTION. DO YOU BELIEVE THAT?

JACK: NO.

L. JOWLS: YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT CAN BE DONE?

JACK: OH, I DON'T KNOW AUNTIE. I GUESS IT'S HOW ANYONE WANTS TO SPEND THEIR LIFE, BELIEVING IN THAT, BELIEVING IN THE OPPOSITE OF THAT, I GUESS IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.

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L. JOWLS: PERHAPS.

JACK: WHY DID YOU SEND FOR ME?

L. JOWLS: THERE HAVE BEEN STRANGE THINGS OCCURING THAT I -
DON'T KNOW. I'M CONCERNED.

JACK: ACCORDING TO THE TOWNS PEOPLE, STRANGE THINGS HAVE BEEN
OCCURING HERE FOR YEARS.

L. JOWLS: OH WELL - WE ARE AN ECCENTRIC LOT - BUT LATELY...I
CAN'T EXPLAIN IT REALLY... BUT IT'S.... THREATENING.

JACK: WHY NOT CALL THE POLICE?

L. JOWLS: (A LITTLE INDIGNANT) THE POLICE HAVE NEVER SET FOOT
ON THIS MOUNTAIN AND THEY NEVER WILL- EVER. BEING
ECCENTRIC DEMANDS PRIVACY.

JACK: BUT AUNTIE, I'M NOT A DETECTIVE.

L. JOWLS: I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN CLEAR, I'M AFRAID. WHAT I
MEANT TO SAY WAS - THE THINGS THAT HAVE OCCURED MIGHT
NOT HAVE OCCURED IF YOU WRE HERE.

JACK: BUT AUNTIE, I -

L. JOWLS: THEY OCCURED BECAUSE YOU WERE NOT HERE.

JACK: BUT AUNTIE, I'M NOT A MEMBER OF INVERNESS...

(SILENCE)

...AM I ?

(RUSTLING SOUND)

WHAT WAS THAT?

L. JOWLS: I BEG YOUR PARDON?

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JACK: DIDN'T YOU SEE? (MOVING OFF) OVER THERE, BY THE HEDGES. IT MUST HAVE BEEN STANDING THERE ALL THE TIME. THEN IT DROPPED TO ALL FOURS AND SCAMPERED OFF, (MOVING OFF FURTHER) INTO THIS OPENING HERE.

L. JOWLS: JACK PLEASE COME AWAY FROM THERE.

JACK: IT WAS A STRANGE CREATURE - NEARLY THE SIZE OF A MAN.

L.JOWLS: JACK WILL YOU PLEASE COME AWAY FROM THERE?

JACK: GOOD GRIEF, IT'S A MAZE, ISN'T IT?

L. JOWLS: ONE OF LORD JOWLS' CONSTRUCTIONS, TYPICAL OF HIS SENSE OF HUMOR.

JACK: (MOVING BACK ON) IT'S A REAL MAZE THEN?

L.JOWLS: I FORGOT YOU NEVER VISITED INVERNESS.

JACK: I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GIVE THAT A RUN.

L. JOWLS: JACK, LISTEN TO ME, STAY AWAY FROM THAT MAZE.

JACK: WHY, WHAT'S - ?

L. JOWLS: I MEAN... I;LL EXPLAIN LATER. THERE ARE A NUMBER OF PEOPLE THAT LIVE HERE IN INVERNESS AND SOME YOU MAY FIND A ~~EXT~~ LITTLE ODD, AT FIRST.

JACK: I'VE MET ALL TYPES, AUNTIE.

L. JOWLS: YES, I...

(FAINT MUSIC - OLD 50'S TOON)

JACK: YOU WERE SAYING?

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L. JOWLS: IT'S BEGINNING TO HAPPEN AGAIN. IT SEEMS TO HAPPEN
IN CYCLES. FIRST THE MUSIC THEN THE ACCIDENT.

JACK: THE MUSIC?

L. JOWLS: ALREADY THEY KNOW THAT YOU ARE HERE.

JACK: AUNTIE , WHAT'S WRONG?

L. JOWLS: THERE'S AN OLD JUKE BOX SEALED AWAY IN THE EAST TOWER .
IT BEGINS TO PLAY BY ITSELF WHEN AN ACCIDENT IS ABOUT
TO HAPPEN.

JACK: BUT AUNTIE, THAT~~S~~ SOUND MUST BE COMING FROM THE NORTH
TOWER.

L. JOWLS: (SURPRISED) WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THERE IS NO "NORTH" TOWER

JACK: WELL, THERE HAS TO BE.

L. JOWLS: THERE ARE ONLY THREE TOWERS IN INVERNESS.

JACK: BUT WHEN I WAS WALKING UP THE ROAD, UP FROM THE BAY,
I COULD SEE THE TOPS ~~OF THE~~ RISING OUT OF THE FOG.
FOUR DISTINCT TOWERS.

L. JOWLS: I ASSURE YOU , THERE IS NO FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.
(MUSIC UP)

1 TUE 1

NARR:

AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL,
THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. WHEN LAST WE LEFT LADY
JOWLS AND HER NEPHEW JACK FLANDERS, DUSK WAS APPROACHING
THE SETTING SUN, REFLECTED FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE IN
INVERNESS MANSION CAUSING THE GREAT STRUCTURE TO GLOW
WITH A THOUSAND FIREY EYES, LIKE A GIANT DEMON SITTING
UPON THE MOUNTAIN TOP, LAUGHING AT THE WORLD BELOW.

LADY JOWLS HAS EXPLAINED TO HER NEPHEW THAT STRANGE
THINGS HAVE OCCURED, "ACCIDENTS" THAT WERE FORCAST
BY THE SOUND OF SOFT MUSIC, MUSIC FROM A DIFFERENT ERA,
THAT DRIFTED DOWN FROM ONE OF THE TOWERS OF INVERNESS

(MUSIC 50'S TOON)

L. JOWLS: IT'S THAT MUSIC YOU HEAR NOW THAT ALWAYS PLAYS JUST
BEFORE AN " ACCIDENT" IS TO OCCUR.

JACK: YOU SAY IT COMES FROM AN OLD JUKE BOX SEALED AWAY IN
THE EAST TOWER, NOT THE NORTH TOWER?

L. JOWLS: AS I'VE EXPLAINED, JACK, THERE ARE ONLY THREE TOWERS OF
INVERNESS.

JACK: BUT WHEN I WAS WALKING UP THE ROAD FROM THE BAY, I SAW
FOUR TOWERS.

L. JOWLS: IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE FOW CREATING AN ILLUSION.

JACK: I TELL YOU. I SAW A FOURTH TOWER, AS DISTINCT AS THE
OTHERS, I KNOW IT WASN'T -

(SCREAM)

WHAT WAS THAT?

L. JOWLS: OH NO, IT'S HAPENING.

VOICE: (FAR OFF) HELP! HELP! (ETC)

JACK: IT'S COMING FROM OVER THERE BEYOND THE ROSE GARDEN.

(TAKES OFF RUNNING)

(TO HIMSELF) IT MUST BE COMING FROM THR OTHER SIDE OF
THAT HEDGE, I THINK I CAN CLEAR IT - HERE GOESSS -

(SFX KERSPLASH)

JACK: HEY IT'S ONLY TWO FEET DEEP - WHY - OH HERE -
(HELPS HER STAND UP) THERE , YOU SEE , ALL YOU HAD
TO DO WAS STAND UP.

M. EENIE: HEH HEHE- TWO FEET FOR TWO FEET
JACK: THAT'S RIGHT - WHAT'S THAT THING?
M. EENIE: THAT IS MEANIE EENIE'S FAITHFUL FIVE SPEED ITALIAN
PEDAL MASTER.
JACK: I SEE.
M. EENIE: THE BRIDGE, IT GROANED AND CREAKED AND CRACKED AND
YAAAAA IN WENT OL' MEANIE EENIE AND HER FIVE SPEED
ITALIAN PEDAL MASTER AND ALL.
JACK: YOU'RE MEANIE EENIE, LADY JOWLS' HALF SISTER?
M. EENIE: THE BETTER HALF , YES.
JACK: I'M JACK FLANDERS.
M. EENIE: SO YOU ARE. PLEASED TO MEET YOU. THOUGH THE MEETING
IS SOMEWHAT DAMPENED BY THE CIRCUMSTANCES, NONE THE
LESS, WOULD YOU ASSIST IN SHOOING THE GREEN LEAPERS
OFF THE SPOKES OF MY PEDAL MASTER AND HELP ME OUT
OF HERE? MY DEAR YOUNG MAN?
JACK: (OFF) COME ON FROGS, BEAT IT.
M. EENIE: SHOO SHOO - HOP TO IT - SHOO
JACK: YOU KNOW THIS BRIDGE - THE MAIN CROSS BEAM HAS BEEN CUT
M. EENIE: I CAN SEE THE TEETH MARKS.
JACK: TEETH?
M. EENIE: SAW TEETH - 'ER I SAW THE TEETH - HA, OH WELL, MEANIE
EENIE NOT FUNNY ... A LITTLE WET. WHAT VILLAIN WOULD
WANT TO COMMIT SUCH VANDALISM. MEANIE EENIE MIGHT HAVE
STUCK HEAD FIRST IN THE MUD.
JACK: I THINK YOUR PEDAL MASTER IS ~~XXXXXXXX~~ OKAY.
(SFX GIVES THE SPROKET A TWIRL)

3 TU I

JACK: YOU MEAN THE - OH NO, IT'LL BE FINE.

M. EENIE: WELL THEN - SHE CLIMBS INTO THE COCKPIT - INSPECTS THE CONTROL BOARD, RUNS HER CHECKS, NO GOLDFISH CAUGHT IN HER BOBBY SOCKS - ALL CLEAR - NOSE UP, FLAPS DOWN - SHE'S OFF - THOUGH NOT OFFED - HEH HEH.

(OFF) TOODLE OODLE OODLE OODLE OOOHH -

JACK: (TO SELF) SO THAT'S MEANIE EENIE, AUNTIE JOWLS' SISTER. WELL, WHOEVER SAWED THAT BRIDGE EITHER DID IT AS A HARRASSMENT OR A PRANK. NO ONE COULD HURT THEMSELVES -- (PAUSE) (WHISPER) SOMEONE - THEY'RE GONE. WHAT AN INCREDIBLE FACE...IT WAS LIKE... A MADONNA... (BREATHES) WHEW, TOOK MY BREATH AWAY, WHOEVER SHE -

OLD ART: HOWDIE BUB!

JACK: (SURPRISED) OH, AN, HI - I'M JA -

OLD ART: GLAD TAH MEETCHA, I'M THE CARETAKER, USED TO BE A PROSPECTOR BACK IN THE DAYS OF ORE - MY NAMES ART - PEOPLE ROUND THESE PARTS CALL ME "THAT - OLD - FAR - SEEING - ART".

JACK: FAR-SEEING-ART? CAN YOU SEE FAR?

OLD ART: THAT'S ABOUT AS FAR AS I CAN GO, YEP.

JACK: I SEE.

OLD ART: GOOD, A LOTTA PEOPLE DON'T. WELL, WHAT'S YER QUESTION?

JACK: QUESTION?

4 TU I

OLD ART: I THOUGHT SO.

JACK: I DON'T FOLLOW.

OLD ART: YOU OUGHTA TRY LEADIN'.

JACK: LEADING?

OLD ART: AHH, A LEADING QUESTION, THAT'S WORTH FOLLOWING.

JACK: GOOD LORD:

OLD ART: YOU HEAR THAT.

JACK: WHAT?

(SILENCE - THUNDER ROLLS)

OLD ART: THUNDER. WE'RE GONNA HAVE A GOOD ONE.

JACK: THUNDERSTORM?

OLD ART: YEP, A RIP SNORTER.

JACK: SAY, I DO HAVE A QUESTION.

5 TU I

OLD ART: WANNA KNOW THE MEANING OF LIFE, YOUNG FELLER?

JACK: NOT TODAY, THANKS. LISTEN, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN 4 TOWERS?

OLD ART: WHERE?

JACK: HERE - THE INVERNESS MANSION.

OLD ART: HUMPH... FOUR 'STEAD OF THREE?

JACK: YEAH:

OLD ART: YOU KNOW THAT THERE'S ONLY THREE - NORMALLY.

JACK: NORMALLY?

OLD ART: YEP, NORMALLY. IF YA CROSS YER EYES, YOU CAN SEE SIX OR SEVEN. DRINK A FIFTH A BRANDY, YOU SEE 'BOUT FIFTEEN, HEH HEH DRINK A QUART A MOONSHINE AND YOU SEE 'BOUT TWENTY-FIVE NORMALLY, HAHA.

JACK: I SAW FOUR....FOUR DISTINCT TOWERS.

OLD ART: WELL DON'T FEEL BAD, KEEP TRYIN' - (MOVING OFF) I'LL SEE YA LATER, UNLESS I SEE YA FIRST - HAHA.

JACK: WHEW - THIS PLACE HAS GOT SOME -

old art; (RETURNING) I FORGOT TO TELL YAYOU WANNA HEAR SOMETHIN, YOU COME AND VISIT ME SOMETIME. I LIVE IN ONE OF THE TOWERS.

JACK: WHICH ONE?

6 TU I

OLD ART: WEST ONE. YEP, UP OVER LOOKIN THE WORLD. MAKE YER HEAD DIZZY. ANYWAY, COME UP SOMETIME AND WE'LL LISTEN TO THE SOUND.

JACK: THE JUKE BOX?

OLD ART: NO, I MEAN THE ONE THAT'S COMIN' FROM THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE.

JACK: I SEE... WHAT'S IT SOUND LIKE?

OLD ART: CRICKETS. AND NOW I'M HEARING A SECOND ONE.

JACK: WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?

OLD ART: THERE MIGHT EVEN BE A THIRD ONE. ...OR MEBBE THAT'LL COME LATER.

JACK: I SEE...WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?

OLD ART: (MOVING ON TO CLOSE ON) WEEELLL, IT'S WHAT'S CAUSIN' ALL THE TURMOIL EVERYWHERE. WHAT'S MAKIN' THE YOUNG PEOPLE DIFFERENT....MAKIN' 'EM MORE AWAKE. IT'S WHAT'S BRINGING ON THE NEW AGE. IT'S WHAT'S CAUSIN' IT ALL - COMIN' RIGHT FROM THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE. YEP - COME UP AN GIVE A LISTEN SOMETIME - SEE YA LATER ALIGATOR. HEH HEH. (EXITS)

(MUSIC UP)

1 WED 1

NARR:

WELCOME BACK TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. DARKNESS IS BEGINNING TO SETTLE ON THE OLD MANSION SITTING HIGH UPON THE MOUNTAIN THAT RISES UP FROM THE BAY OF INVERNESS. FAR OFF TO THE WEST A STORM IS APPROACHING. GREAT BLACK CLOUDS SEETHE AND SWIRL AS FLASHES OF LIGHTNING BRIGHTENS THE HORIZON AND THUNDER RUMBLES UNCEASINGLY.

(SFX THUNDER)

JACK FLANDERS, HAS RECIEVED AN INVITATION FROM HIS AUNT, THE OWNER OF INVERNESS, LADY JOWLS. UPON ARRIVING HE MET SEVERAL OF THE MANSION INHABITANTS - HE FOUND THEM ALL A BIT ODD, BUT GOOD NATURED. AS JACK WAS ABOUT TO ENTER THE STATELY OLD STRUCTURE, HE NOTICED A NEATLY LETTERED SIGN PAINTED UPON A WROUGHT IRON HAND THAT POINTED TO A CYCLONE CELLAR.

1 WED I

NARR: WELCOME BACK AS ONCE AGAIN WE LOOK IN ON THE HOUSE IN INVERNESS. JACK FLANDERS RECEIVED AN INVITATION FROM HIS AUNT, LADY JOWLS. UPON ARRIVING HE MET SEVERAL OF THE INVERNESS INHABITANTS -- HE FOUND THEM ALL A BIT ODD: BUT GOOD NATURED. EXPLORING THE GROUNDS, HE CAME UPON A SIGN -

JACK: (READING) "DR. MAZoola - ALCHEMIST OF THE FIRST ORDER."

(SFX: - DESCENDING CELLAR STEPS)

NARR: JACK FOLLOWED THE STONE STEPS DOWN TO THE CYCLONE CELLAR - HE RAPPED ON THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR -

(SFX: RAP RAP)

THERE WAS NO ANSWER...HE TRIED THE DOOR. IT WAS UNLOCKED.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS - ZITS OF ELECTRICITY,
BUBBLING BEAKERS, ETC.)

JACK: HOLY COW! JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES, A 1930'S LABORATORY.

NARR: AN OLD GRAMAPHONE FAR OFF IN THE CORNER OF THE LABORATORY PLAYS A LONG FORGOTTEN TUNE.

(SFX: 30'S MUSIC)

JACK: (MOVING OFF) WHAT'S IN THIS VAT OVER HERE? (CLOSE ON SNIFFS)
SMELLS LIKE--

DR. MAZoola:(SLIGHTLY OFF) LIKE GLUE, EH?

JACK: (TURNS AROUND) DR. MAZoola, I PRESUME?

2 WED I

MAZ: (SLIGHTLY OFF) WELCOME TO MY PLAY, FELLOW ACTOR.

JACK: (TAKEN ABACK) I AAH-MY NAME'S JA--

MAZ: (SLIGHTLY OFF) NEVERMIND. YOU ARE NOW PEERING UPON ONE OF DR. MAZoola'S MOST INCREDIBLE CHEMICAL FINDS. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS -- EH?

JACK: (SNIFFS) SMELLS LIKE BEER.

MAZ: (SLIGHTLY OFF) BEER!? (MOVES ON) LET ME SEE (CLOSE ON SNIFFS) HUMPH, YOU'RE RIGHT....BUT THAT'S THE WRONG VAT -(MOVES OFF) OVER HERE, TAKE A WHIFF OF THIS.

JACK: (MOVES OFF-SNIFFS) UGH! PHEW (MOVES ON) THAT'S GLUE.

MAZ: GLUE INDEED! BUT NOT MERE MORTAL GLUE--IT IS GLUE FROM THE GODS!

JACK: IT SURE HAS A GOD AWFUL SMELL.

MAZ: (SECRETIVE WHISPER) YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH A GLUE LIKE THIS?

JACK: MAKE RUBBER BOOGERS.

MAZ: NO NO NO, IT'S TO "SNARE" THE UNSNAREABLE.

JACK: SNARE THE UNSNAREABLE???

MAZ: THAT'S RIGHT! ^ YOU SEE THESE SIX FOOT ROLLS OF PAPER?
(MOVING OFF)

3 WED I

JACK: I SEE.

MAZ: (MOVING ON) YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH 'EM?

JACK: NO - WHAT?

MAZ: DIP THEM IN GLUE AND TAKE THEM - TO - 7 PILLARS IN A CIRCLE AND HANG THEM FROM THE TREES THERE.

JACK: WHY DO YOU WANT TO DO THAT?

MAZ: PICTURE; GREAT ROLLS OF STICKY FLY PAPER, HANGING FROM THE TREES, BLOWING GENTLY IN THE EARLY AUTUMN BREEZES.

JACK: FLY PAPER?

MAZ: NOT MERE FLY PAPER...BUT DRAGON FLY PAPER.

JACK: WHY DO YOU WANT TO CATCH SOMETHING AS HARMLESS AND BEAUTIFUL AND BENEFICIAL AS DRAGON FLIES?

MAZ: DRAGON FLIES?! HEH HEH - (LAUGHS)

JACK: WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

MAS: PICTURE; A CAVE NEAR THE 7 PILLARS. PICTURE; SOMETHING LARGE IS COMING OUT...IT'S (GETTING CARRIED AWAY) IT SLITHERS, IT STOMPS, IT ARCHES IT'S BACK, IT DIGS IT'S CLAWS INTO THE HARD CLAY, IT BELLOWS SMOKE AND FIRE!!

JACK: THAT'S NOT DRAGON FLY PAPER. THAT'S DRAGON -- FLY-PAPER! TO CATCH ---- DRAGONS!

MAZ: MHMM HUMM.

JACK: I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

MAZ: WHO DOES? GIVE ME YOUR BOOT.

4 WED I

JACK: MY - ?

MAZ: BOOT -- YOUR BOOT. ANY ONE WILL DO...THANK YOU...(MOVING OFF)
NOW, COME OVER HERE TO THE VAT, TAKE A DEEP WHIFF.

JACK: NO THANKS.

MAZ: (INHALES) AHH SUCH SWEET NECTAR...YOU KNOW THIS FORMULA
CAME TO ME IN A DREAM. NOW, I TAKE THIS STICK AND DIP
INTO THE SWEET NECTAR.

(SFX: BUBBLING INCREASES)

THEN I APPLY IT TO THE SOLE OF YOUR BOOT -

JACK: HEY! THAT'S A GOOD BOOT.

MAZ: (MOVING OFF) THEN I TAKE IT AND (FORCEFUL) SLAM IT
AGAINST THE CEILING.

(SFX: SLAM)

SEE, IT STICKS.

JACK: I WANT MY BOOT BACK.

MAZ: PULL IT OFF THE CEILING.

JACK: (PULLING) (OFF) IT WON'T BUDGE.

MAZ: EQUALS EVEN THE GREAT KATZENJAMMER FORMULAE EH??

JACK: (OFF) COME ON, MAZoola, GET MY BOOT OFF YOUR CEILING.

MAZ: NEXT DEMONSTRATION - MARVELOUS MAZoola'S MOLECULAR RAY GUN.
(MAZ MOVES STUFF AROUND LOOKING FOR HIS RAY GUN)

5 WED I

MAZ: (OFF) IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE.

JACK: IT BETTER BE.

MAZ: (OFF) YOU'VE SEEN THE MAZE, HAVE YOU?

JACK: YEAH, I WAS TOLD TO STAY OUT OF IT.

MAZ: THAT'S GOOD.

JACK: WHY?

MAZ: (OFF) I'LL EXPLAIN LATER. HAVE YOU MET LITTLE FREIDA?

JACK: NO. WHO'S SHE?

MAZ: (OFF) A CHARMING LITTLE GIRL WITH PIG TAILS. YOU'LL
LIKE HER. AHHH, HERE IT IS.

(MOVING ON) SHE'S A STRANGE CHILD, SHE'S RIGHT AT HOME
HERE, HEH HEH.

JACK: I BET.

MAZ: SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANY PUPILS IN HER EYES.

JACK: REALLY, THAT'S TOO BAD.

MAZ: ON THE CONTRARY, HERE EYESIGHT IS FAR BETTER THAN OURS.
SHE CAN SEE THE VIBRATIONAL PRESENCE OF OBJECTS, YOU SEE?

JACK: NO

6 WED I

MAZ: WELL, WITHOUT PUPILS SHE CAN'T FOCUS, BUT, IT'S LIKE SEEING THE MOLECULAR PATTERNS - OR, PUT IT ANOTHER WAY, THERE'S NO SEPARATION BETWEEN HERSELF AND THE OBJECT, SHE CAN FEEL THE VIBRATIONAL PRESENCE AS THOUGH IT WERE AN EXTENSION OF HERSELF. SHE CAN EVEN SEE THOUGHT FORMS.

JACK: I FIND THAT DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND.

MAZ: WELL, YOU'LL MEET HER. SHE ALSO LIKES HAVANNA CIGARS, STRANGE CHILD. NOW, THIS SHOULD WORK -- WHAT THIS GUN DOES IS SIMPLY RELEASE THE LOCKED PATTERN OF THE GLUE MOLECULES - AND YOUR BOOT WILL DROP TO THE FLOOR IN PERFECT CONDITION. WATCH - I SIMPLY AIM AND -

(CLICK CLICK)

HUMPH

JACK: WELL?

MAZ: (MUMBLES TO HIMSELF) SOMETHING - JIG-A-MA-ROW- HERE -

JACK: OH GREAT, LISTEN MAN, THAT'S THE ONLY PAIR OF BOOTS I OWN.

MAZ: DON'T HAVE ANOTHER PAIR, EH?

JACK: NO

MAZ: MINE WON'T FIT YOU?

JACK: LEMMIE SEE - TOO SMALL

MAZ: YEAH WELL -

(SCREAM)

7 WED I

MAZ: GOOD GOD

JACK: THAT SOUNDED LIKE AUNTIE JOWLS!

MAZ: I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.

JACK: QUICK, GET MY BOOT FREE!

MAZ: PATIENCE, PATIENCE (MUMBLES TO HIMSELF)

(SCREAM AGAIN)

JACK: HURRY, OH LORD, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO RUN WITH ONE BOOT...
WHERE'S THESE STEPS LEAD?

MAZ: INTO THE BACK OF THE KITCHEN.

JACK: I'M OFF -

(RUNS UP STEPS WITH ONE BOOT ON)

(SCREAM AGAIN)

(MUSIC UP)

1 THUR I

AS WE LOOK IN ON THE HOUSE IN INVERNESS, YOU MAY REMEMBER THAT, WHILE TALKING WITH THE STRANGE SCIENTIST WITH THE BENT FROM, DR. MAZoola, JACK HEARD THE FAINT SOUND OF AN OLD JUKE BOX, SUDDENLY HE HEARD THE SCREAM OF LADY JOWLS, HE SENT RACING UP THE CELLAR STEPS INTO THE PANTRY, THROUGH THE KITCHEN, ACROSS THE DINING ROOM, THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM, PAST THE PARLOR, THROUGH THE LIBRARY AND FINALLY, STUMBLED INTO THE STUDY -

(SFX: EXCITED VOICES OF SERVANTS)

JACK: (BREATHLESS) WHAT HAPPENED? HOW IS SHE? IS SHE ALRIGHT?

JIVES: YES. SHE SEEMS TO BE COMING TO. YOU MUST BE MASTER JACK. I'M JIVES, THE BUTLER, AT YOUR SERVICE.

JACK: THAT'S ENOUGH SMELLING SALTS, SHE'S COMING TO.

L. JOWLS: OHH...I... I SEEMED TO HAVE PASSED OUT, I OHH YES, I FAINTED.

JACK: WHAT HAPPENED?

L. JOWLS: OH JACK, IT ... IT WAS SO STRANGE. ONE MOMENT IT WAS STANDING HERE, IN THE LIBRARY, I WAS ABOUT TO DRAW BACK THE DRAPES AND LOOK OUT OVER THE MAZE, WHEN I BEGAN TO SENSE A PRESENCE, SOMEONE ELSE HERE IN THE ROOM EVEN THOUGH I WAS ALONE. JUST AS I WAS REACHING FOR THE CORD, I LOOKED DOWN AND THERE PROTRUDING OUT FROM BEHIND THE DRAPES WERE TWO BARE FEET.

JACK: BEAR FEET?

2 THUR I

L. JOWLS: YES, BARE FEET. THERE WAS A WRITING QUILL AT THE DESK -
(TURNS) OVER THERE, AND IT HAD A LONG PHEASANT TAIL FEATHER -
so I USED IT TO TICKLE THE BARE FEET.

JACK: THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

L. JOWLS: THEN FROM BEHIND THE DRAPES CAME THIS FEROCIOUS GROWL.

JACK: YOU MEAN IT WAS BEAR FEET?

L. JOWLS: YES, BARE FEET. THEN I -

JACK: I MEAN, BEAR AS FEET ON A BEAR.

L. JOWLS: FEET ON A BARE?

JACK: YOU MEAN THEY WERE WEARING A BEAR COSTUME?

L. JOWLS: THEY WERE BEHIND THE DRAPES, I COULDN' T TELL IF THEY WERE
BARE OR IN COSTUME.

JACK: HUH?

L. JOWLS: AT THAT POINT, I BELIEVE I SCREAMED AND MUST HAVE FAINTED.

JACK: WHO WAS THE FIRST PERSON TO ARRIVE AFTER THE SCREAM?

JIVES: I BELIEVE IT WERE I, SIRE.

JACK: HOW SOON AFTER YOU HEARD THE SCREAM DID YOU ARRIVE?

JIVES: IMMEDIATELY, SIR.

3 THUR I

JACK: AND YOU SAW NO ONE LEAVING THE STUDY?

JIVES: NOT A SOUL SIR.

JACK: I SEE - THEN THE PERSON..... OR ANIMAL, MAY STILL BE
HERE IN THIS ROOM!

(SMALL GASPS)

HAS ANYONE CHECKED BEHIND THE DRAPES?

JIVES: I DON'T BELIEVE SO, SIR.

JACK: WAIT. THERE'S A MOVEMENT - THERE'S SOMEONE - OR SOME
THING BEHIND THOSE DRAPES.

(MUSIC - SUDDEN AND HAIR RAISING)

COME OUT, WHATEVER YOU ARE.

VOICE: OH MY GOODNESS, I AM SO SORRY.

(EVERYONE GASPS)

L. JOWLS: WHY IT'S CHIEF WAMPUM!

WAMPUM: THIS IS SO...HOW DO YOU SAY IN YOUR COUNTRY - MY
CHEEKS ARE PINK I AM SO ... OH MY GOODNESS

JACK: SO IT WAS YOUR FEET THAT LADY JOWLS TICKLED?

L. JOWLS: WHY DI YOU GROWL?

WAMPUM: MY, MY GOODNESS, WHEN YOU TICKLED MY TOES, UNEXPECTEDLY
IT RAISED MY KUNDALINI, YOU SEE?

(EVERYONE GASPS)

4 THUR I

WAMPUM: OH PLEASE, IN MY COUNTRY IT IS NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF.

L. JOWLS: WELL, YOU CERTAINLY FRIGHTED THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF ME. EXCUSE ME - (MOVNG OFF) I THINK I'LL FRESHEN UP.

JACK: OH, BY THE WAY, I'M JACK FLANDERS, NEPHEW TO LADY JOWLS.

WAMPUM: NAMASTA. I AM SO PLEASED. ARE YOU A COWBOY?

JACK: A COWBOY?

WAMPUM: YES, BECAUSE I AM AN INDIAN YOU SEE? WOO!.WOO! WOO!
WOO! (AND RIGHT OUT THE DOOR)

JACK: WHEW, ANOTHER ONE ... BUT I WONDER WHAT HE WAS DOING BEHIND THE DRAPES? I'LL CHECK IT OUT.

(SFX: RUSTLE OF DRAPES)

HUMPH, IT'S ALMOST DARK OUT.

(SFX: THUNDER ROLLING)

THE STORM'S GETTING CLOSER ALRIGHT. I SEE THE BAY WINDOW DOES LOOK OUT OVER THE MAZE.... WHA? THERE'S.... SOMETHING IT'S GROWN TOO DARK TO NOW IT'S STANDING ON IT'S HIND LEGS IT'S LOOKING AROUND, AS THOUGH IT SENSES MY - IT'S LOOKING AT ME. GOD, IT'S EYES ARE - (SFX: HIGH PITCH) IT'S GONE.

(SFX: PIANO HAS BEGUN TO PLAY)

(COMING OUT OF IT) WHEWTHE PIANO? (LISTENS FOR A BIT) THAT'S NICE. I WONDER WHO HER BACK IS TURNED.

5 THUR I

BEAUTIFUL LONG BLACK HAIR. HER SKIN IS SO WHITE INCRED-
IBLY WHITE I FEEL AS THOUGHI'VE KNOWN HER FOR
A LONG, LONG TIMESTRANGE, AS THOUGH WE'VE BEEN
LIKE THIS - LIFETIME AFTER LIFETIME - SAME ROOM, SAME
SETTING, SAME -

(PIANO STOPS - THUNDER GETTING CLOSER)

SO - IT IS YOU. THE FACE I'VE SEEN WATCHING
THE MADONNA FACE YOU PLAY VERY WELL I WAS
STANDINGLOOKING OUT OF THE BAY WINDOW I SAW A
STRANGE CREATURE. IT STOOD UP, ON IT'S HIND LEGS, LOOKED AT
ME WITH AIT'S EYES GLARED LIKE RUBIESTHE
CONTACT WAS SO STRONG, FOR A MOMENT, I FELT I SAW IT'S
SOUL AND THEN SUDDENLY IT DROPPED DOWN ON ALL FOURS
AND WAS GONE.

(PAUSE....HER LIPS PART)

MADONNA

VAMPYRA: THEY'RE GETTING BOLDER, AREN'T THEY?

(SFX: THUNDER RUMBLE INTO MUSIC)

1 FRI I

NARR: AS WE PEER INTO THE INVERNESS MANSION - DARKNESS HAS FALLEN.
WE FIND JACK IN THE STUDY. SOMETHING STRANGE IS
BEGINNING TO HAPPEN. THE AIR SEEMS THICK, HIS BREATHING
IS SLOWER, HEAVIER PERHAPS HE'S BECOMING ENCHANTED
BY THE MADONNA FACE THAT GIVES HIM ALL HER ATTENTION.

M. VAMP: IT'S BECOMING A LITTLE CHILLY WOULD YOU MAKE A FIRE?

JACK: SURE.

(SFX: FIRE BUILDING)

NARR: SLOWLY HE'S REALIZING THAT EVEN THOUGH SHE SITS FAR ACROSS
THE ROOM, IT'S HER PRESENCE, HER VIBRATIONS ARE SO THICK -
MOIST - THEY SEEM TO HAVE LITTLE HOOKS ON THE ENDS.

(SFX: THUNDER INCREASING)

JACK: WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT CHIEF WAMPUM?

M. VAMP: CHIEF WAMPUM STOMPUM - THAT'S HIS FULL NAME. HE'S
HARMLESS.

JACK: IS HE SANE?

M. VAMP: IT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY. HE'S QUITE MAD.

JACK: THERE'S A DIFFERENCE?

M. VAMP: DIDN'T YOU KNOW?

JACK: WELL ... I -

M. VAMP: THE MOST CREATIVE AND HOLY OF MEN ARE ALWAYS QUITE MAD.
IT'S ONLY A SOCIAL THING AS TO WHEN ONE'S SANE OR INSANE -
WHO CAN HIDE INSIDE THEIR ROLL - ^{ther}

2 FRI I

JACK: THEIR ROLL?

M. VAMP: JELLY ROLL. BUT MADNESS OH SWEET MADNESS. THERE IS THE PERFECT MIRROR. FOR THE UNIVERSE IS TOTALLY MAD. ABSOLUTELY, WHACKO. NOT AT ALL REASONABLE, RATIONAL AND RESPONSIBLE LIKE OURSELVES.

JACK: BUT TELL ME ABOUT CHIEF WAMPUM - ER WAMPUM STOMPUM. WHERE DID HE GET A NAME LIKE THAT?

M. VAMP: CHIEF WAMPUM SAID THAT SINCE SO MANY WESTERNERS (MIMICKING THE CHIEF) "COME TO MY COUNTRY TO BE ENLIGHTENED AND RECEIVE NEW NAMES LIKE RAMA BABA BOOGER AND SUCH, THAT INSTEAD I COME TO YOUR COUNTRY AND RECEIVE ONE OF YOUR NAMES, CHIEF WAMPUM STOMPUM." SOMETHING LIKE THAT I BELIEVE IT WAS A HOPI INDIAN THAT GAVE HIM THE NAME.

JACK: THAT'S SOMETHING.

M. VAMP: HE ALSO SAID THAT THE SPIRITUAL ENERGY THAT'S BEEN IN THE EAST FOR EONS AND EONS, IS LEAVING. CHINA'S DEFINITELY LOST HERS, AND NOW INDIA IS LOOSING HERS . THAT'S WHY THE PAKISTANIAN THING IS ONLY THE ONE OF A NUMBER OF THINGS THAT WILL BE HAPPENING THERE. AND - FURTHER HE SAID THAT THE SPIRITUAL ENERGY IS COMING WEST - TO AMERICA OF ALL PLACES. HE SAID THAT IF YOU VISUALIZED THE ENERGY AS A BOX CAR, SLOWLY RUMBLING THIS WAY, YOU'D SEE ALL THESE HOLY MEN BEHIND IT ACTING AS THOUGH THEY'RE PUSHING BUT IT'S JUST AN ACT, IT'S COMING ON IT'S OWN.

JACK: IS CHIEF WAMPUM ONE OF THE HOLY MEN PRETENDING TO BE PUSHING THE BOX CAR?

M. VAMP: OF COURSE NOT. BUT THEN HE'S LADY JOWLS' GUEST AND HE HAS IT PRETTY SOFT HERE.

3 FRI I

JACK: IS HE FOR REAL?

M. VAMP: IS HE A REALIZED BEING? I GUESS YOU HAVE TO BE ONE TO SPOT ONE. BUT HE DOES HAVE SOMETHING. IN FACT THAT'S PART OF THE WHOLE SPIRITUAL TRIP, THE MORE CONSCIOUS YOU BECOME, THEN THE MORE LIGHT GIVING YOU BECOME AND THE MORE LIGHT GIVING YOU BECOME, THE MORE PEOPLE LOVE TO HAVE YOU AS A HOUSE GUEST.

JACK: LIKE A GOOD LUCK CHARM.

M. VAMP: A LITTLE MORE THAN THAT.

JACK: SO ALL THE HOLY MEN THAT HAVE BEEN COMING TO THIS COUNTRY ARE NOT BRINGING THE SPIRIT TO THE WEST?

M. VAMP: AS CHIEF WAMPUM WOULD SAY - "ONLY SWEET-VOICED BIRDS ARE IMPRISONED. OWLS ARE NOT KEPT IN CAGES."

JACK: HUMPH.

M. VAMP: YOU SPOKE WITH OLD-FAR-SEEING-ART, DIDN'T YOU? WELL, ACCORDING TO HIM WHAT'S CAUSING IT ALL ARE SOME FREQUENCIES COMING FROM DEEP IN THE UNIVERSE, THAT IS WHAT'S BRINGING IN THE NEW AGE.

JACK: DO YOU BELIEVE THAT?

M. VAMP: I MAKE DECISIONS ABOUT VERY FEW THINGS. DO YOU HEAR THE OM SOUND? ~

JACK: YOU MEAN LIKE OMM,OMM,OMM?

M. VAMP: (LAUGHS) NO, ITS A VERY HIGH CONSTANT PITCH, MORE LIKE A FEW THOUSAND CRICKETS CHIRPING.

4FRI I

JACK: I CAN HEAR CRICKETS BUT NOT THAT.

M. VAMP: YOU WILL. IF WE BELIEVE THE WORDS OF CHIEF WMAPUM,
IT'S JUST ONE OF SEVERAL FREQUENCIES THAT ARE NOW
ALL AROUND US. WOULD YOU CARE TO POUR ME A GLASS OF SHERRY?

JACK: SURE.

(SFX: RISES, WALKS OVER POURS SHERRY)

THE STORM'S GETTING MORE TENSE.

M. VAMP: A LOT OF THINGS ARE.

JACK: (WALKS OVER) HERE

M. VAMP: (A LITTLE SEXY) THANK YOU. TELL ME, WHY ARE YOU HERE?

JACK: (RETURNS TO FIREPLACE) IN THIS ROOM?

M. VAMP: IN INVERNESS.

JACK: LADY JOWLS, MY AUNT, INVITED ME.

M. VAMP: AND WHAT DID YOU DO BEFORE YOU BECAME A HOUSE GUEST?

JACK: I HITCHHIKE.

M. VAMP: DO YOU MEET INTERESTING PEOPLE?

JACK: I'VE NEVER MET AN UNINTERESTING PERSON.

M. VAMP: THAT'S INTERESTING.

JACK: AND YOU?

M. VAMP: AND ME?

5 FRI I

JACK: I ASSUME THAT YOU'RE A GUEST?

M. VAMP: I'M NOT THE CHARLADY.

JACK: HAVE YOU BEEN HERE LONG?

M. VAMP: OH, IN AND OUTYOU SEE, I LIVE IN THE WALLS.

JACK: (PAUSE) THAT ALMOST SOUNDED SERIOUS.

M. VAMP: THERE'S NOTHING SERIOUS ABOUT LIVING IN THE WALLS -
IT'S A NICE PLACE TO - STRETCH OUT - AMONG THE BATS AND SPIDERS.
(PAUSE)

JACK: I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME.
(PAUSE)

M. VAMP: DOES IT MATTER?
(PAUSE)

JACK: (BECOMING VAGUE) I DON'T KNOW. IT'S... IT'S STUFFY...
HERE... YOU FEEL THAT...?
(BREATHING KINDA HEAVILY)

M. VAMP: (VOICE NEARING, BECOMING A WHISPER AS NEARS)
YOU'RE HANDSOME... I LIKE HANDSOME PEOPLE ... YOU
HAVE BEAUTIFUL EYES... BRIGHT ANDCLEAR.... LIKE
GLASS YOU FEEL THE LINES OF TENSION IN THE AIR
BETWEEN US, IT'S LIKE WIRES, STRUNG TAUNT. IT'S POSSIBLE TO
WALK OUT UPON THOSE WIRES. YOU CAN FEEL HOW CLOSE I AM
TO YOU AND STILL I'M SITING ACROSS THE ROOM. YOU CAN FEEL
ME ENTERING INTO YOUR MIND CAN'T YOU?

6 FRI I

JACK: (SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGEMENT)

M. VAMP: NOW I'M INSIDE - TOTALLY INSIDE YOUR MIND. YOU CAN DO IT OT, IF YOU WISH. JUST FEEL THE TAUNT WIRES, LET YOUR MIND STEP OUT UPON THEM. IT'S ALRIGHT, I;LL STAY HERE IN YOU WHILE YOU STEP OUT AND GO VISIT ME DON'T BE AFRAID, HAVEN'T YOU EVEN WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO RIDE AROUND IN SOMEONE ELSE'S BODY? YOU CAN BE ME AND I'LL BE YOU. DON'T BE SO HESITENT. I'LL GIVE YOU BACK - WHEN YOU WANT YOU. COME NOW, YOU'D LIKE TO DO IT WOULDN/T YOU. (LIKE TALKING TO A CHILD) THAT'S IT.... NOW TAKE THE FIRST STEP, THAT'S RIGHT, FEEL THE TAUNTNESS OF THE WIRE - IT'S VERY SAFE, AND THERE'S MANY, MANY WIRES. THAT'S RIGHT, NOW ANOTHER.... VEEERY GOOD. NOW ANOTHER....AHH....AND ANOTHER.....(VOICE FADING) AND ANOTHER.....EASY, DON'T BE FRIGHTENED AND ANOTHER.

(THUNDER SMASHES - ELECTRONIC MUSIC UP)

i MON II

NARR: AS WE LOOK IN ON THE TOWERING OLD MANSION OF
INVERNESS, WE - AHH - WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR HERO,
JACK FLANDERS? HE SEEMS TO BE IN SOME KIND OF TRANCE,
AND WHO IS THE LOVELY MYSTERIOUS CREATURE THAT IS
LURING HIM OUT OF HIS BODY? THOUGH SHE IS SEATED
FAR ACROSS THE ROOM, HER PRESENCE NOW DWELLS
WITHIN THE MIND BUT, WORSE STILL, SHE LURES HIM
OUT, TO EXCHANGE BODIES WITH EACH OTHER.

M. VAMP: (AS THOUGH SPEAKING TO A CHILD) THAT'S IT... ANOTHER
STEPCOME NOW, WE HAVEN'T ALL NIGHT ... JUST FEEL
YOURSELF SLIIIIIDING DOWN LONG STEEL WIRES FROM MY BODY
TO YOURS. THEY'RE ONLY OUR VIBRATIONS TOUCHING ONE AN-
OTHER, BUT THINK OF THEM AS WIRES. FEEL HOW MY
VIBRATIONS HAVE LITTLE HOOKS ON THE ENDS, HOW THEY
HOOK SECURELY INTO YOU. IT'S VERY SAKE. HOW AGAIN,
THIS TIME, A GIANT STEP FORWARD AND YOU;LL BE CLEAR OF YOUR
BODY. NOW - ON THREE - oneTWO TH-

(DOOR OPENS)

L. FREIDA: EXCUSE ME, DOES ANYONE, HAVE A LIGHT?

M. VAMP: (LET'S OUT BREATH AND RETURNS TO HER BODY ACORSS THE
ROOM - DISTURBED) NO - NO ONE HAS A LIGHT.

L. FREIDA: BUT YOU HAVE A LOVELY FIRE. I LOVE FIRE. YOU DON'T MIND IF I WARM MYSELF FOR A MOMENT? (WARMS) AHH YESS, YESS YESS YESS, MMMMMM THAT'S NOTHING BUT GOOD. MM HM. AHH YESS.

M. VAMP: LITTLE GIRL, CAN YOU FEEL MY PRESENCE?

L. FREIDA: I SURE CAN.

M. VAMP: (VOICE NEARING) DO YOU FEEL MY PRESENCE COMING CLOSER?

L. FREIDA: I SURE DO.

M. VAMP: CLOSER AND CLOSER.

L. FREIDA: YEP. CLOSER AND CLOSER. EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, I WANT TO LIGHT MY CIGAR. IT'S A FINE CUBAN TAPER, VERY DIFFICULT TO COME BY, YOU KNOW, NOWADAYS AND ALL? (PUFFS) YES, AS YOU WERE SAYING?

M. VAMP: (SLIGHTLY DISTRACTED) I... CAN YOU FEEL MY PRESENCE?

L. FREIDA: (PUFFING AWAY) YEP, SURE CAN. (PUFFPUFF)

M.VAMP: FEEL MY PRESENCE NEARING? (SLIGHT COUGH)

L. FREIDA: YEP, NEARING ALRIGHT. (PUFFPUFFPUFF)

M. VAMP: CAN (COUGH COUGH) FEEL ME ENTERING YOUR (COUGH) PRESENCE?

L. FREIDA: (PUFFING HARDER) YEP YEP - ENTERING. (PUFF PUFF PUFF)

M. VAMP: (COUGH) I CAN'T SEE A THING(COUGH) I NEED AIR (GASP COUGH) WHERE'S THE DOOR? (STUMBLE, COUGH SLAM)

3 MON II

L. FREIDA: (SLAPS JACK) JACK - JACK - COME OUT OF IT. COME ONE,
OUT! (SLAP SLAP)

JACK: (VAGUE) HMMMM?

L. FREIDA: (HER VOICE HAS CHANGED, SHE'S MUCH MORE MATURE NOW)
HE'S REALLY FAR GONE. HIS BATTERIES ARE NEARLY DEAD.
JACK, I'M GOING TO PLACE MY THUMBS HIGH ON THE BACK OF
YOUR NECK, WHEN I DO YOU'LL REMEMBER BACK WHEN YOU WERE
A CHILD.

JACK: A CHILD? I - DON'T -

L. FREIDA: THERE - NOW, WHAT DO YOU SEE?

JACK: DANDELIONS ...AND CLOUDS, BIG WHITE FLUFFY I'M
TOTTERING THROUGH THE DANDELIONS. THERE'S MY UNCLE
JOHNNY - HE PICKS ME UP, THEN HE PICKS A DANDELION AND
HE SAYS "WHATCH THE PARACHUTES" AND HE HOLDS IT INTO
THE WIND ...THEY SEPARATE AND FLOAT AWAY ...WAY AWAY
NOW HE'S HOLDING ME BY MY FEET, UPSIDE DOWN, HEY, HE'S
HOLDING ME ABOVE A COWPIE - LEMME GO, LEMME GO - HEY
(AWAKENING) WHAT'S -WHO - ARE YOU?

L. FREIDA: LITTLE FREIDA WITH THE PIGGY TAILS. AREN'T THEY CUTE?
COME ONE, LET'S GO.

JACK: WHERE? (COUGHS) BOY, THAT'S SOME CIGAR FOR A LITTLE GIRL
YOUR AGE.

L. FREIDA: I'M A MILLION AND A HALF YEARS OLD - ON, OUT OF THIS
ROOM. ON YOUR FEET'S - OOPS, YOU'RE STILL A LITTLE
WOBBLY.

JACK: GOD, I'M WEAK. WAHT HAPPENED?

L. FREIDA: YOUR ENERGIES GOT SUCKED AWAY. COME, LET'S GO
TAKL TO THE TREES.

JACK: (VAGUE) ALRIGHT.

L. FREIDA: LEAN ON ME.

JACK: SURE YOU CAN HOLD ME?

L. FREIDA: SURE - THAT'S RIGHT.
(THEY MOVE)

JACK: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TALK TO THE TREES?

L. FREIDA: WELL, THERE'S CERTAIN TREES THAT ARE GOOD TO TALK TO
'CAUSE THEY'RE NICE AND FREINDLY AND THEY GIVE OFF
ENERGY ... YOU CAN RECHARGE YOURSELF.

JACK: WHAT DO THEY SAY?

L. FREIDA: OH, THIS AND THAT. OAK TREES AND PINE TREES ARE THE
BEST. VERY NICE. IT'S THOSE DAMN ELMS YOU GOTTA
WATCH OUT FOR.

JACK: YOU DON'T LIKE ELMS?

L. FREIDA: ELMS AIN'T SO HOT ABOUT PEOPLE, INCLUDING ME. THEY
HAVE A WEIRD SENSE OF HUMOR.

JACK: WHAT DO THEY DO, DRIP SAP ON YOU?

L. FREIDA: WORSE, THEY TELL YOU WHAT THEY THINK OF YOU AND THEN,
WATCH OUT, THEY'RE LIABLE TO DROP A DEAD BRANCH ON
YOUR HEAD.

JACK: (UNBELIEVING) REALLY?

5 MON II

L. FREIDA: SURE, FEEL THIS GOZZLE ON MY HEAD.

JACK: (FEELS) HUMPH.

L. FREIDA: THAT'S GOOD OL' ELMER ELM.

JACK: WAIT, STOP A MOMENT ... LOOK AT ME. WOW, IT IS TRUE. YOU DON'T HAVE PUPILS IN YOUR EYES AND STILL YOU CAN FOCUS ON THINGS.

L. FREIDA: NONE OF US... NONE OF MY FAMILY HAD PUPILS EITHER. IT'S NOT NECESSARY TO FOCUS WHEN YOU CAN FEEL THE PRESENCE OF THINGS.

JACK: BUT YOU DON'T ACTUALLY SEE THE OBJECT?

L. FREIDA: I SEE MORE THAN THE OBJECT - I SEE VIVID COLORS VIBRATING - SHIMMERING MASSES OF ENERGY. I KNOW WHAT THE OBJECT FEELS LIKE, INSIDE, YOU SEE? YOUR CULTURE IS A LITTLE OVERLY EYE ORIENTED, I THINK.

L. JOWLS: (OFF - NEARING) OH JACK, THERE YOU ARE. AHH, I SEE YOU'VE MET OUR LITTLE VENT IN RESIDENCE. BUT THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST WARN YOU ABOUT - I DON'T MEAN TO FRIGHTEN YOU - BUT THERE IS A WOMAN, I DON'T MEAN TO DIRECT YOUR SOCIAL LIFE, YOU UNDERSTAND, BUT IT'S BEST YOU DON'T BECOME INVOLVED WITH HER - SHE IS A LITTLE DANGEROUS. HER NAME IS "THE MADONNA VAMPYRA".

(MUSIC UP)

AS WE LOOK IN ON THE MANSION IN INVERNESS, NIGHT HAS FALLEN, THE RAIN CONTINUES. JACK, WITH THE AID OF LITTLE FREIDA, HAS PRETTY MUCH REVIVED AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE MADONNA VAMPYRA. LADY JOWLS A LITTLE LATE, RUSHES UP TO WARN JACK ABOUT THE MADONNA VAMPYRA, BEAUTIFUL AND DANGEROUS.

L. JOWLS: IT'S NOT THAT SHE IS A BAD PERSON -

JACK: !OH NO, SHE ALMOST SUCKED THE LIVING LIFE OUT OF ME.

L. JOWLS: WELL, SHE DOESN'T DO THAT TO EVERYONE, SHE PREFERS YOUNG MEN - ESPECIALLY MARRIED MEN.

JACK: WHY MARRIED MEN?

L. JOWLS: BECAUSE THEY'RE SUCH AN EASY MARK - SO EAGER AND FOOLISH.

JACK: WHY THEN, DO YOU KEEP HER AROUND?

L. JOWLS: I DON'T. SHE JUST HANGS OUT HERE.

JACK: HANGS OUT? LIKE A BAT FROM THE RAFFTERS?

L. JOWLS: OH JACK, I WAS JUST USING ONE OF YOUR EXPRESSIONS.

JACK: HANGS OUT, FITS HER ALRIGHT. SHE PROBABLY HANGS OUT A LOT OF PEOPLE ROWS OF 'EM.

L. JOWLS: WHAT I MEAN IS, SHE LIVES IN THE WALLS SOMEWHERE AND SHE COMES AND GOES AS SHE PLEASES.

JACK: SHE REALLY DOES LIVE IN THE WALLS?

L. JOWLS: I BELIEVE SO. BUT JACK, YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANY PROBLEMS WITH HER IF YOU DO WHAT I TELL YOU.

JACK: HANG A CLOVE OF GARLIC AROUND MY NECK?

L. JOWLS: THAT'S A THOUGHT. I WAS THINKING OF SOMETHING ELSE ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FIGHT OFF THE TEMPTATION TO SEDUCE HER.

JACK: OR BE SEDUCED BY HER.

L. JOWLS: THAT ONE TOO, YES. DON'T FALL IN LOVE WITH HER.

JACK: THAT'LL BE EASY.

L. JOWLS: IT MAY NOT, BECAUSE ONCE YOU SHOW DISINTEREST, SHE INTENSIFIES HER.... ALLURING CHARMS.

JACK: AUNTIE, BELIEVE ME, THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM. BY THE WAY, WHAT HAPPENS TO HER VICTIMS?

L. JOWLS: MANY OF THEM HAVE RECOVERED.

JACK: THAT'S ENCOURAGING.

L. JOWLS: WELL JACK, YOU HAVE TO REALIZE THE MADONNA VAMPYRA DOES NOT SUCK ONE'S BLOOD; SHE'S AN ENERGY VAMPIRE.

JACK: SHE SUCKS ENERGY? NO WONDER. BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER VICTIMS?

L. JOWLS: THEY RECOVER. OH, THE WORSE HAVE HAD TO SPEND A LITTLE TIME IN MENTAL INSTITUTIONS BUT THEY RECOVER.

JACK: SO ALL I HAVE TO DO IS KEEP ONE EYE OPEN AT NIGHT OR OTHERWISE I'M ASSURED OF A VACATION IN THE LOONEY BIN.

L. JOWLS: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER YOUNG MEN WAS THAT THEY FELL IN LOVE WITH HER - THEN, WHAT SHE DOES IS SUDDENLY, RIGHT AT THE MOST INTENSE PEAK OF THE AFFAIR, SHE GROWS COLD AND DISINTERESTED AND LEAVES..... WITH ALL THEIR ENERGY.

JACK: AUNTIE, - HOW CAN YOU? I'M ASHAMED OF YOU. THAT'S TERRIBLE. YOU HAVE TO GET HER OUT OF HERE. FUMIGATE THE WALLS OR SOMETHING. HIRE SOME AFRICAN LION DRIVERS TO GO THROUGH THE WALLS, BEAT POTS AND PANS, DRIVE HER OUT IN THE OPEN. I DON'T - WHY - THAT'S CRUEL, AUNTIE.

L. JOWLS: (A LITTLE HAUGHTY) YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO NOTICE THAT SHE'S A VERY SENSITIVE YOUNG LADY. AND SHE IS A LADY. SHE HAS TASTE, SHE HAS WIT AND SHE HAS CHARM. AND THERE ARE TIMES I ENJOY CONVERSING WITH SOMEONE OF LIKE SOPHISTICATION.

JACK: GOOD LORD.

L. JOWLS: LORD JOWLS, MY LATE HUSBAND, THERE WAS A ROGUE. AN ADVENTURER, A RASCAL AND A LOVER. A MAN MADE OUT OF THAT OLD HEMINWAY FIBER. SAFARIS INTO THE SCRATCHY AFRICIAN BUSH, THE BULLFIGHTS IN MADRID, THE STREET CAFE'S OF PARIS, BACK FLIGHT STAIRS IN HAVANA HOTELS, BARGAINING WITH THE BORENO CANNIBALS, INTO THE EQUALLY SCRATCHY AUSTRALIAN BUSH, THE LAST O F HIS KIND.

(MOVES OFF)

YOU SEE, OVER HERE HANGS HIS PORTRAIT - (MOVING BACK ON) STILL WITH MUSTACHE, PITH HELMET, AND THAT WISTFUL SMILE AND POET'S EYES.

(SFX: DANCE BAND)

HE HAD THE MOST EXQUISITE SCHOONER. HE WOULD
BATTLE ALMOST ANY KIND OF SEA - NOT A RESTLESS MAN,
BUT A MAN WHO LOVED LIFE AND DRANK OF IT AND
BREATHED DEEPLY OF IT AND DISAPPEARED. BUT I REMEMBER
THOSE NIGHTS - THE GRAND OCEAN STEAMERS, UPON THE
DECKS - THE WATER SO SMOOTH, RUSTLING BY THE BOW
LIKE SILK, THE MOON, FULL, ROUND, AND SENSUOUS,
SILVER STREAKS ACROSS THE WATER - THE MUSIC SOFT,
SWAYING - THE DECK GLEAMED LIKE GLASS AND WE
WOULD DANCE

(SFX: MUSIC DANCE BAND UP)

(SHE HUMS) (MUSIC CHANGES INTO '50'S ROMANTIC
TUNE.

THEN IT STARTED TO CHANGE, AS THE ARISTOCRACY DIED
SO DIED ELEGANCE, SO DIED TASTE. DO YOU THINK THE
MIDDLE CLASS WILL EVER DEVELOP TASTE, JACK?

JACK:: MAYBE, I DON'T KNOW. WHAT HAPPENED TO LORD JOWLS?

L. JOWLS: HE DISAPPEARED IN THE GRAND ADVENTURER'S STYLE.

JACK: JUST KAPOOF?

L. JOWLS: POSSIBLE STEPPED INTO SOMETHING - STUMBLED UPON
SOMETHING, SAT IN SOMETHING - WHO KNOWS, GONE HE IS.

JACK: I ONCE HEARD A RUMOR HE MAY STILL BE ALIVE.

L. JOWLS: (ANGRY) IN THE ARMS OF SOME PLUMP NATIVE HUSSIE?
FAT CHANCE. HE WAS NO GAUGIN, THAT'S FOR CERTAIN.

JACK: HE WAS SEARCHING FOR A PARADISE.

L. JOWLS: WHO ISN'T? SOME LOOK ALL OVER THE EARTH,
OTHERS TO GOD, OTHERS INSIDE THEMSELVES. NO,
MORE LIKELY LORD JOWLS IS LONG GONE TO HIS
MAKER - WELL, HE CONSIDERED HIMSELF A SELF MADE
MAN SO, PERHAPS HE HASN'T GONE TO HIS MAKER, BUT
GONE HE HAS. PERIOD -

(SFX: BELLS, NEARING, THE VOICE OF
JIVES)

JIVES: (OFF - CALLING AND RINGING BELLS) RIVER WEED,
HORSE BISCUITS, SQUASH BUGS, ROAST DACSHUND....
(ON) AHH - DINNER, LADY JOWLS, MASTER JACK, IS
SERVED.

L. JOWLS: THANK YOU, JIVES.

JIVES: (CONTINUING DOWN HALL) PIGEON TOES, TONGUE IN
CHEEK, FRIED FROGGIE EARS.

JACK: IS HE SERIOUS?

L. JOWLS: JIVES HAS A RARE AND EQUISITE SENSE OF HUMOR.

(SFX: WHAM! LIGHTNING STRIKES)

OH THE LIGHT S HAVE GONE OUT.

JACK: LIGHTNING MUST'VE STRUCK THE POWER LINE.

L. JOWLS: (CALLING AFTER) JIVES - OH JIVES!

JIVES: (VOICE OFF) YES MA'M?

L. JOWLS: WILL YOU ASK THAT OLD - FAR - SEEING - ART TO
START THE AUXILLARY GENERATOR?

JIVES: YES MA'M.

(SFX: CONTINUES RINGING THE BELL
AND RATTLING OFF THE MENU)

L. JOWLS: WELL JACK, WE'LL DINE BY CANDLE LIGHT TONIGHT.
HERE, IT'S SO DARK YOU HAD BETTER TAKE MY ARM -
I'LL LEAD YOU TO THE DINING ROOM.

M. VAMP: (IMITATING L. JOWLS VOICE) HERE WE ARE. I'LL
JUST LIGHT A CANDLE (MATCH STRUCK) THERE.

JAKC: WHAT? THIS ISN'T THE DINING ROOM.

M. VAMP: (HER OWN SWEET VOICE) OH YES IT IS.

(SFX: LIGHTNING AGAIN INTO MUSIC)

1 WED II

NARR: AS ONCE AGAIN WE LOOK IN ON THE STATELY MANSION OF INVERNESS, THE STORM HAS KNOCKED DOWN THE POWER LINES. IN THE DARKNESS, JACK HAS BEEN LED OFF TO THE DINING ROOM - SO HE THOUGHT. INSTEAD, HE NOW FINDS HIMSELF ONCE AGAIN IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE EQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL AND DEADLY DANGEROUS MADONNA VAMPYRA.

JACK: OH NO, YOU DON'T! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE ME FOR DINNER.

M. VAMP: PLEASE, I NEED YOUR HELP.

JACK: LET'S JUST KEEP A LITTLE DISTANCE BETWEEN US, OKAY?

M. VAMP: BUT I NEED YOUR HELP. ALONE I CANNOT OVERCOME THIS THAT IS INSIDE OF ME.... THIS TERRIBLE THING THAT MAKES ME HURT WHEN I WANT ONLY TO LOVE.

JACK: (DEFENSES A LITTLE LOWERED) WELL - LOOK, I'M NOT A SHRINK, I DON'T -

M. VAMP: ALL I ASK IS UNDERSTANDING. YOU PUSH ME AWAY AS THOUGH I'M SOME HIDEOUS CREATURE, SOME DEMON THAT WILL - WHAT? TEAR AWAY YOUR SOUL? DEVOUR YOUR MIND? AND CAST YOUR CARCUSS OUT UNTO THE STREETS OF SOME CITY WHERE YOU'LL WALK WITH THE REST OF THE ZOMBIES. HAVE YOU EVER IN YOUR LIFE GIVEN ANYTHING TO ANYONE?

JACK: WELL SURE - I'VE -

M. VAMP: OH CRAP! YOU'VE GIVEN LIKE EVERYONE GIVES -
I MEAN GIVEN WITHOUT ASKING, WITHOUT EXPECTING
ANYTHING, GIVEN WITHOUT ATTACHMENT - GIVEN NOT
FROM YOUR HEAD BUT YOUR HEART I'M SORRY.
PLEASE FORGIVE ME. I JUST NEED HELP AND I
(SOBS A LITTLE)

JACK: OH WHEW, LOOK - IF I COULD TRUST YOU ... I MEAN,
HOW CAN I TRUST YOU?

M. VAMP: YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED IN MY EYES ONCE SINCE WE'VE
BEEN IN THIS ROOM. LOOK AT ME - (PAUSE) AM I
TAKING ANYTHING FROM YOU? (PAUSE) ALL I ASK
IS THAT WE BE FRIENDS.

JACK: WELL ... THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH.

M. VAMP: WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE JUK,E BOX?

JACK: YOU MEAN THE ONE THAT PLAYS WHENEVER -

M. VAMP: THAT ONE, YES COME HERE. (TOUCHES PANELING AND
DOOR RUMBLES OPEN)

JACK: GOOD GRIEF, THE WALL IS MOVING. WOW, A SECRET
PASSAGE.

M. VAMP: FOLLOW ME - (MOVING OFF) THIS WAY.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS, CREAKING BOARDS, ETC.)

JACK: (SLIGHT ECHO) THESE WALLS MUST BE AMAZIN^GLY THICK....
I'LL BET THERE'S PASSAGE WAYS ALL OVER THE PLACE?
DO YOU LIVE HERE?

M. VAMP: YES. (SHE LEADS, SO HER VOICE IS SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE
AND MORE ECHOED)

JACK: WHAT'S IT LIKE?

M. VAMP: LONG AND NARROW.

JACK: STRANGE, IT REMINDS ME OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN HERE

M. VAMP: I KNOW.

JACK: I LIKE THE WAY YOU HAVE IT FIXED UP.

M. VAMP: THANK YOU.

JACK: PAINTINGS WALL HANGINGS TAPISTRIES
VELVET DRAPES AN OCCASIONAL CHEST OR CHAIR
WHAT'S THIS? A HARPSICORD?

M. VAMP: A CLAVICORD.

JACK: YOU PLAY IT?

M. VAMP: YES.

JACK: BUT YOU AREN'T THE ONE THAT PLAYS THE JUKE BOX?

M. VAMP: NO ONE PLAYS THE JUKE BOX. IT PLAYS BY ITSELF.
THE WALL NARROWS HERE - YOUR SHOULDERS MAY NOT FIT
SO TURN A LITTLE SIDEWAYS - THE STEPS UPWARDS
BECOME VERY STEEP, BE CAREFUL.

JACK: I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN - IT FEELS LIKE A SIZE 38
when you take a 42. BOY, THESE STEPS ARE SOMETHING.
HOW MUCH STEEPER DO THEY GET?

M. VAMP: MUCH STEEPER - WE'RE ENTERING THE TOWER.

JACK: IF THERE WAS SOME KIND OF A RAILING -
WHEW, THIS IS ALMOST A LADDER. YOU SURE WE
WON'T TOPPLE OVER BACKWARDS?

M. VAMP: GOING UP IS EASIER THAN COMING DOWN.

JACK: I WISH YOU'D PUT IN A HANDRAIL OR PROVIDE
SOME CLIMBING GEAR. I'M NO MOUNTAIN GOAT,
YOU KNOW. (SLIPS) WHOOPS EASY NOW.

M. VAMP: WE'RE ALMOST TO THE TOP.

JACK: I USED TO HAVE DREAMS ABOUT THIS STUFF. BOY
OH BOY -

M. VAMP: HERE WE ARE.

(SFX: CREAK AS OPENS DOOR)

THERE COME IN.

JACK: (BREATHLESS) WHEW I DON'T MIND CLIMBING
LADDERS, BUT STEPS THAT WANT TO GO STRAIGHT UP -
SAY, THIS IS NICE UP HERE. I'LL BET DURING THE
DAY TIME YOU CAN SEE FOR MILES.

M. VAMP: (OFF) OVER HERE IS THE JUKE BOX.

JACK: WOW - AN OLD WURLITIZER. AND IT'S ALL
LITE UP, GLOWING IN THE DARK. THEY MUST HAVE
THE AUXILLARY GENERATOR GOING.

M. VAMP: OR THEY'VE FIXED THE POWER LINES.

JACK: LOOK AT THIS THING. IT'S BEAUTIFUL - THE WAY
IT CHANGES COLORS. REALLY A PIECE OF ART.

M. VAMP: YES.

JACK: LET'S SEE, WHAT IS THERE TO SELECT? INAYAT
VILAYAT KHAN CHOAYAM RIMPOCHE
BABA RAM DASS MAHESHI YOGA VAN VLIET.
THAT'S WEIRD, THERE'S NO 50'S SONGS HERE. I'LL
TRY ONE - LET'S SEE, I HAVE A DIME - HEY, YOU
GET 2 PLAYS FOR A DIME. I'LL TRY BF, BABA RAM
DASS. (PUSHES CLICKS - PLASY)
HUMPH, THAT WAS SHORT. LET ME TRY THIS VENERABLE
VAN VLIET. BLA (PUSHES CLICKS - BEEFHEART ON
ROCKS)
THAT'S SOME WURLITIZER. WHAT DO YOU THINK? ...
SHE'S GONE? THAT'S STRANGE. CREPT BACK INTO THE
WOOD WORK.

(SFX: CREAK! TRAP DOOR OPENING)

WHAT'S THAT? A TRAP DOOR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
FLOOR. SOMETHING'S COMING UP.

(MUSIC)

OH - IT'S YOU MEANIE EENIE.

M. EENIE: YOU HAVE STUMBLER UPON THE WURLITIZER OF WISDOMS,
MASTER JACK. THERE'S A PRICE, YOU KNOW.

JACK: I KNOW - A NICKEL A PIECE - THEY'RE A LITTLE SHORT
BUT THAT'S NOT BAD.

M. EENIE: THE PRICE IS SLIGHTLY MORE.

(SFX: FAR AWAY A JUKE BOX BEGINS TO
PLAY AN OLD 50'S TOON)

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE - THAT MUSIC - THAT'S THE OTHER
JUKE BOX - IT'S COMING FROM ANOTHER TOWER.

M. EENIE: WHENEVER IT PLAYS IT MEANS SOMETHING VERY BAD
IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN.

JACK: I KNOW. HERE I AM STUCK UP IN THIS TOWER WHEN
SOMEONE DOWN THERE IS GOING TO NEED HELP

M. EENIE: I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MASTER JACK.

JACK: WHY ARE YOU HOLDING THAT BIG CLEAVER?

M. EENIE: ONE PAYS THE WURLITIZER OF WISDOMS IN MANY WAYS -
BUT THEY DO PAY.

JACK: WELL, I THOUGHT A NICKEL WAS FAIR ENOUGH.
BUT, SINCE YOU FEEL IT'S WORTH MORE, THEN, MORE
IT'S WORTH, HEH, HEH.

M. EENIE: ~~THE PRICE IS VERY HIGH. THE PRICE~~ THE PRICE
FOR WISDOM IS VERY HIGH.

JACK: WELL, WITH YOU STANDING THERE RUBBING YOUR THUMB
ALONG THE CUTTING EDGE OF THAT CLEAVER, I DON'T
FEEL I'M IN A VERY GOOD BARGAINING POSITION.

M. EENIE: EVERYONE PAYS THE PIPER.

7 WED II

JACK: HOW MUCH IS WISDOM WORTH A POUND NOWADAYS?

M. EENIE: NOT MONEY, YOU TINY FOOL!

JACK: THEN WHAT DO YOU WANT?

M. EENIE: THE PRICE IS YOUR HEART!

(SFX: ELECTRONIC MUSIC ZAP)

1 THUR II

NARR: AS WE LOOK IN ON THE MANSION IN INVERNESS, WE SEE THAT JACK IS IN VERY TIGHT SITUATION. WHILE INVESTIGATING THE MYSTERIOUS JUKE BOX THAT PLAYS JUST BEFORE SOMETHING VERY BAD IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN, JACK CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF THE EAST TOWER. HE DISCOVERED A WURLITIZER, BUT INSTEAD OF MUSIC, IT CONTAINED WISDOMS. MEANWHILE, IN CREPT MEANIE EENIE HOLDING A HEAVY CLEAVER IN HER HAND, SAYING THAT ONE MUST PAY THE PRICE FOR PLAYING THE WURLITIZER OF WISDOMS. WHEN ASKED WHAT THE PRICE WAS, MEANIE EENIE REPLIED -

M. EENIE: THE PRICE IS YOUR HEART.

NARR: NOW IN THE DARKNESS, EXCEPT FOR THE FAINT EEEIREE GLOW MADE BY THE WURLITIZER, SHE LUNGES! -

(SFX: LUNGE)

JACK STEPS ASIDE. THE HEAVY CLEAVER SLICES INTO A 2 X 4.

(SFX: WHOOMP!)

SHE YANKS IT FREE. JACK LOOKS DESPERATELY FOR SOMETHING TO DEFEND HIMSELF WITH.

JACK: I DON'T CONSIDER THIS VERY NEIGHBORLY MEANIE EENIE.

M. EENIE: YOU'LL DO NO MORE CONSIDERING IN A MOMENT, MASTER JACK.

NARR: ONCE AGAIN SHE STALKS HIM - JACK SLOWLY BACKING AS SHE APPROACHES, CLEAVER HELD HIGH, AN INSANE GLOW IN HER EYES. SHE STRICKES!

(SFX: WHAM!)

AND MISSES AGAIN! AS SHE FREES THE CLEAVER FROM THE

2 THUR. II

WALL BOARD, JACK MAKES A LUNGE FOR THE MAIN
TRAP DOOR.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

HE HAS IT OPEN!

(SFX: CRASH - SLAM)

TOO LATE, THE HEAVY MEAT CLEAVER HAS KNOCKED THE
DOOR RIGHT OUT OF HIS HANDS. IT SLAMS SHUT.

M. EENIE: (BREATHING HARD AND CHUCKLING) THIS ... THIS
IS THE ONE, MASTER JACK.

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE - HOLD IT. I PUT A DIME AND TWO
NICKELS IN THAT JUKE BOX AND ONLY HEARD THREE
SELECTIONS. I'VE GOT ONE MORE COMING LET'S
SEE, B2.

(SFX: SELECTS, RAM DASS SAYING SOMETHING
APPROPRIATE)

THAT'S BETTER, A LITTLE BACKGROUND MUSIC. SHALL
WE DANCE?

M. EENIE: WE'LL DANCE ALRIGHT - HEH HEH HEH.

NARR: NOW MOVING BACK ALONG THE WALL BY THE TALL
TOWERING WINDOWS, JACK DOES CREEP - MEANIE EENIE
STALKING, HER EYES FLASHING HOT, THE COLD STEEL OF
THE HEAVY MEAT CLEAVER REFLECTING THE EVER CHANGING
COLORS OF THE OLD WURLITIZER AND AGIAN SHE
SPRINGS! THIS TIME WITH SUCH INCREDIBLE SPEED
JACK BARELY MOVES IN TIME AND AS THE CLEAVER WHIZZES
PAST HIS EARS -

(SFX: CRASH! TINKLE!)

JACK: (ALITTLE SHAKEN) HEY, I AIN'T NO VINCENT VAN GOGH
AND DON'T CARE TO LOOK LIKE ONE.

M. EENIE: WOULD YOU PREFER - SAY - JOHN THE BAPTIST?

JACK: I SEE LITTLE FUTURE IN THAT.

M. EENIE: PERHAPS LITTLE FUTURE FOR YOU MASTER JACK, BUT FOR
ME IT MEANS GETTING A HEAD, SO TO SPEAK -- HEH HEH HEH.

JACK: HA HA - I CAN SEE THE HUMOR, BUT SOMEHOW -

M. EENIE: YOU MISS THE POINT, IS THAT IT?

JACK: HEY, YOU'RE PRETTY SHARP.

M. EENIE: ENOUGH OF THIS - THE TIME HAS COME - NOW!

NARR: MEANIE EENIE LUNGES, WITH A FEROCIOUS ARC THE
CLEAVER SMASHES DOWN ONCE AGAIN AS JACK LEAPS BACK,
BUT HE CATCHES HIS FOOT ON THE RING OF THE TRAP DOOR,
HE TRIPS AND LOOSES HIS BALANCE - MEANIE EENIE SEES
HER CHANCE AND SPRINGS FOR THE FINAL - BUT AS JACK
FALLS BACKWARDS, A WALL PANEL SILENTLY OPENS AND IN
HE GOES. IT CLOSES BEHIND HIM AS THE TIP OF THE CLEAVER
SMASHES THRU THE PANEL

(SFX: CRASH)

L. FREIDA: QUICK, DOWN THIS WAY.

(SFX: CLAMMORING DOWN STEPS)

JACK: THAT WHOLE THING WAS A BIT MUCH, YOU KNOW.

L. FREIDA: SHH, WE'LL BE PASSING THE DINING ROOM SOON.

L. JOWLS: (VOICE MUFFLED) I'M CERTAIN HE'S ALRIGHT. BUT
YOU'VE HARDLY TOUCHED A THING THIS EVENING,
MEANIE EENIE.

JACK:: WAIT A MOMENT.

L. JOWLS: REALLY, ARE YOU DIETING OR MERELY NIBBLING?

M. EENIE: I DON'T LIKE ROAST DACHSUND AND BESIDES, I'M OFF
MEAT.

L. JOWLS: WON'T YOU AT LEAST HAVE SOME BOXER'S EARS?

M. EENIE: I'M JUST NOT HUNGARY TO NITE, SARAH - FULL MOON,
I SUPPOSE.

JACK: BOXER'S EARS?

L. FREIDA: CAULIFLOWER - COME ONE.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

JACK: IF MEANIE EENIE IS HAVING DINNER, THEN WHO WAS
CHOPPING AT ME WITH THAT CLEAVER?

L. FREIDA: WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO BACK AND SEE?

JACK: I WAS JUST WONDERING. WHERE ARE WE GOING?

L. FREIDA: THIS WAY.

JACK: HMMMM - A TUNNEL. (VOICE ECHO) I ALWAYS KNEW THAT
JUKE BOX WASN'T IN THE EAST TOWER. ~~WASN'T~~, I SAW
DARN IT,

FOUR TOWERS. NO ONE BELIEVES ME.

L. FREIDA: I BELIEVE YOU.

JACK: REALLY?

L. FREIDA: I BELIEVE YOU'VE SEEN THE FOURTH TOWER.

JACK: HUMPH - WELL - HAVE YOU EVER SEEN IT?

L. FREIDA: I WOULDN'T BE HERE IF I HAD.

JACK: WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

L. FREIDA: IN THE LAST 300 YEARS THERE HAVE BEEN 7 PEOPLE THAT HAVE SEEN THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVER NESS AND THEY'VE ALL DISAPPEARED.

JACK: TO WHERE?

L. FREIDA: YOU WILL SEE THE FOURTH TOWER AGAIN AND WHEN YOU DO WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY. IT WON'T LAST LONG.

JACK: WHAT HAPPENS IF WE DO GET INSIDE?

L. FREIDA: IT'D BE NICE IF ^{You} ~~we~~ ARE ABLE TO GET BACK OUT AGAIN.
HERE, THIS IS THE TRAP DOOR THAT OPENS BEYOND THE MAZE.

(SFX: CREAK, OPENS)

JACK: HEY, IT'S STOPPED RAINING. WOW- LOOK AT THAT MOON!

L. FREIDA: (SILENCE) IT IS BEAUTIFUL.

JACK: THAT'S A BIG ROUND ORANGE HARVEST MOON SAY,
WE ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MAZE. I'VE BEEN
MEANING TO CHECK THAT OUT.

L. FREIDA: YOU PARTICULARLY - STAY AWAY FROM THE MAZE. I'LL
EXPLAIN WHY BUT NOT NOW.

JACK: SAY - I MEANT TO ASK YOU - WHAT HAPPENS IF WE DO GET
INSIDE THE TOWER?

L. FREIDA: ~~WE ARRIVE AT A PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO TIME OR SPACE,
WHERE WE'LL BE ABLE TO BE ANYWHERE, WHENEVER AND
WHEREVER WE WISH. WE'LL NO LONGER BE TWO, BUT ONE.~~

~~(MUSIC UP)~~

you will arrive at a place where
you'll be able to be anywhere when-
ever you wish. For the place ~~is~~
where you'll be is outside time &
space.

(MUSIC UP)

NARR: AS WE LOOK IN ON THE INVERNESS MANSION, WE SEE JACK AND LITTLE FREIDA TROUPING THROUGH THE PINE FOREST THAT SURROUNDS THE BAY OF INVERNESS. THE RAIN HAS PASSED, IT'S NIGHT, THE MOON IS OUT CASTING A SILVER LIGHT UPON THE PINE TREES. THEY COME TO A CLEARING, AN OPEN FIELD. IN THE CENTER OF THE FIELD IS A GIANT OAK TREE, IT'S LONG THICK LIMBS SPREADIN G OUTWARD, LIKE A CREATURE WITH A THOUSAND ARMS.

(SFX: WIND)

L. FREIDA: JACK, THIS SI GARTH THE OAK: GARTH THE OAK -- JACK.

JACK: GLAD TO MEET YOU. (TO L. FREIDA) SHOULD I SHAKE A LIMB OR SOMETHING?

L. FREIDA: YOU DON'T TALK TO OAKS LIKE YOU TALK TO PEOPLE. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW YOU DO IT. HERE, SIT DOWN HERE WITH YOUR BACK AGAINST THE TRUNK.

JACK: THE GROUND DOESN'T SEEM TO BE DAMP.

L. FREIDA: WHAT YOU DO IS SIT FOR 10 OR 15 MINUTES AND FEEL THE PRESENCE OF THE TREE. OAKS AND PINE TREES ARE BEST FOR THIS.

JACK: WHAT HAPPENS?

L. FREIDA: TREES ARE KINDA LIKE PEOPLE STUCK HEAD FIRST INTO THE GROUND. TREES GIVE OFF ENERGY WHICH IS VERY PURE. IF YOU KNOW HOW TO TAP THE ENERGY, YOU CAN CHARGE UP YOUR BATTERIES. AND ALSO IT PURIFIES. NOW, WHAT YOU DO IS SIT THERE SILENTLY, AND FEEL THE TREE. DON'T THINK IT, FEEL IT. LIKE WITH YOUR HEART, NOT YOUR HEAD. AND SOME PEOPLE, AGTER' AWHILE, MAY EVEN HEAR THE TREE. BUT EVERYONE CAN GET ENERGY FROM A TREE. HERE, NOW WE'LL TRY IT. DON'T THINK -- FEEL.

(SFX: WIND SOUNDS - MERGE INTO OLD LAMAS
CHANTING AND VOICE)

VOICE: IN THE PAST WE WERE MIND - CREATED SPIRITUAL BEINGS
NOURISHED BY JOY. WE SOARED THROUGH SPACE, SELF-
LUMINOUS AND IN IMPERISHABLE BEARTY. WE THUS
REMAINED FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME. AFTER THE
PASSAGE OF INFINITE TIMES THE SWEET-TASTING EARTH
ROSE FROM THE WATERS. IT HAD COLOUR, SCENT AND
TASTE. WE BEGAN TO FORM IT INTO LUMPS AND EAT IT.
BUT WHILE WE ATE FROM IT OUR LUMINOSITY DISAPPEARED.
AND WHEN IT HAD DISAPPEARED, SUN AND MOON, STARS
AND SONSTELLATIONS, DAY AND NIGHT, WEEKS AND MONTHS
SEASONS, AND YEARS, MADE THEIR APPEARANCE. WE
ENJOYED THE SWEET-TASTING EARTH, RELISHED IT, WERE
NOURISHED BY IT: AND THUS WE LIVED FOR A LONG TIME
BUT WITH THE COARSENING OF THE FOOD THE BODIES
BECAME MORE AND MORE MATERIAL AND DIFFERENTIATED,
AND HEREUPON THE DIVISION OF SEXES CAME INTO EXISTENCE,
TOGETHER WITH SENSUALITY AND ATTACHMENT. BUT WHEN
EVIL, IMMORAL CUSTOMS AROSE AMONG US, THE SWEET-
TASTING EARTH DISAPPEARED, AND WHEN IT HAD LOST ITS
PLEASANT TASTE, OUT CROPPINGS DISAPPEARED, AND OTHER
SELF-ORIGINATED PLANETS DETERIORATED TO SUCH AN
EXTENT THAT FINALLY NOTHING EATABLE GREW BY ITSELF
AND FOOD HAD TO BE PRODUCED BY STRENUOUS WORK. THUS
THE EARTH WAS DIVIDED INTO FIELDS, AND BOUNDARIES
WERE MADE, WHEREBY THE IDEA OF "I" AND MINE" AND
"OTHER" WAS CREATED, AND WITH IT POSSESSIONS, ENVY,
GREED AND ENSLAVEMENT TO MATERIAL THINGS.

L. FREIDA: (VERY SOFTLY) JACK... WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?

JACK: (WAKING) AMAZING.

L. FREIDA: COME, THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I WANT TO SHOW YOU.

JACK: JUST AMAZING.

L. FREIDA: IT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE.

JACK: AND IT FEELS LIKE IT COULD BE TRUE -- WHEW.

L. FREIDA: IT'S SIMPLY A MATTER OF BRING ING ONESELF TO
REST - THEN IT ALL WILL BE REVEALED.

JACK: I ALWAYS KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING TO THOSE BOOKS
ABOUT SPIRITS THAT FLOCATED AROUND IN THE SKIES.
BOYHOH BOY (FADE OUT AND FADE IN) SPEAK OF PRESENCE,
THAT'S A WEIRD PLACE.

L. FREIDA: UES, IT'S VERY OLD. IT WAS USED FOR A RITUAL OF
SOME KIND.

JACK: EVIL?

L. FREIDA: I DON'T XXXXX UNDERSTAND EVIL OR GOOD.

JACK: REALLY? WELL, AS YOU WERE SAYING -

L. FREIDA: THERE ARE SEVEN PILLARS HERE IN A CIRCLE.
THEY WOULD CALL IT A PLACE OF PAGAN WORSHIP - (SLIGHT
LUAGH) ON THE SIDE OF THE HILL, (TURNING) OVER THERE,
BUT IN THE SHADOWS AWAY FROM THE MOON, IS A CAVE.

JACK: (MOVING OFF) OVER THIS WAY?

L. FREIDA: YES, BUT DON'T GO TOO -

JACK: (OFF) HEY, LOOK AT THIS!

L. FREIDA: (APPROACHING) WHAT? WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?

JACK: (CLOSER BUT OFF) DOWN HERE, IN THE DAMP GROUND,
THERE'S FRESH TIRE TRACKS..... DO YOU SEE WHAT IT
LOOKS LIKE?

L. FREIDA: (SLOWLY) A FIVE SPEED ITALIAN PEDAL MASTER.

JACK: (MOVING OFF) AND THEY LEAD RIGHT INTO THAT CAVE
OVER THERE -

(SFX: ROAR)

GOOD GOD!

L. FREIDA: LOOK OUT! COMING OUT OF THE CAVE - BELLOWING FIRE -

JACK: HOLY SMOKES, IT'S A DRAGON!

(SFX: ROARRRR)

L. FREIDA: YIKES!

NARR: IT'S TRUE, STOMPING OUT OF THE CAVE HEADED RIGHT
FOR THEM IS A DRAGON, IT'S TAIL TWITCHING, IT'S
EYES FLASING, IT'S CLAWS OOZING INTO THE WET MUD -
AND FROM IT'S MOUTH AND NOSTRILS GREAT BELLOWS
OF HOT FIRE! THE PAIR STAND THERE IMMOBILE,
TRANSFIXED BY FEAR! JACK WITH HIS EYES WIDE, BLANK,
INSANE WITH FEAR AND LITTLE FREIDA, MOUTH DROPPED
OPEN AND HER PIG TAILS STANDING STRAIGHT UPON END!

(SFX: ROOOAAAARRRR!!!!)

(MUSIC UP)

NARR: JACK AND LITTLE FREIDA WERE RETURNING THROUGH THE WOODS WHEN THEY STOPPED AT A SOPT WHERE SEVEN PILLARS WERE PLACED IN A PERFECT CIRCLE. ON THE SIDE OF A HILL NEAR THE PILLARS WAS A CAVE. JACK NOTICED TRACKS IN THE DAMP EARTH - TRACKS MADE BY A FIVE SPEED ITALIAN PEDAL MASTER, THE SAME TYPE AS RIDDEN BY MEANIE EENIE, LEADING INTO THE CAVE. AS THEY EXAMINED THE TRACKS, SUDDENLY -

ROARRRR°!!!!!!!!

OUT STOMPED A DRAGON! - EYES GLEAMING, TAIL TWITCHING AND FIRE BELLOWING!

JACK: HOLY SMOKES AND LEAPIN LIZARDS! IN A SECOND HE'LL BE ON US - FEETS DO YOUR STUFF!

NARR: LITTLE FREIDA STANDS AS THOUGH HYPNOTIZED BY THE TERRIFYING SIGHT.

JACK: COME ON!

NARR: THE DRAGON IS ALMOST UPON HER, IT'S FIERY BREATH BELLOWS ABOUT THE LITTLE GIRL, SINGING THE RIBBON ON HER PIGTAILS THAT STILL STAND STRAIGHT UP ON END. IN A FLASH JACK STREAKS BEFORE THE GAPPING FIRE SPEWING JAWS OF THE DRAGON - SNATCHES UP LITTLE FREIDA, TAKES SIX OR SEVEN GIANT BOUNDS AND DIVES

HEAD FIRST INTO A NEARBY FROG BOG.

(SFX: SPLASH! PAUSE - BUBBLES)

JACK: (SURFACING, GASPING) SPUTT, ETC. HEY.....IT'S GONE.

(SFX: FROGS)

L. FREIDA: SPLUTT - GULP - WOWIE ZOWIE.

JACK: YOU THINK IT'S SAFE TO WADE ASHORE?

L. FREIDA: I THINK SO - BUT WE'D BETTER LEAVE QUICKLY.

(SFX: THEY WADE ASHORE)

JACK: BOY, THAT WAS CLOSE. LET'S SEE, HOW BADLY ARE YOU
BURNT?..... THAT'S STRANGE, YOU'RE ALRIGHT? THAT
THING SINGED EVERY HAIR ON MY HEAD - BUT YOU WERE
STANDING RIGHT IN IT'S FLAMES.

L. FREIDA: I WAS LOOKING AT IT'S EYES.

JACK: ANYONE I KNOW?

L. FREIDA: YOU DIDN'T NOTICE THE EYES?

JACK: I SURE DID. THEY WERE THE SIZE OF MY HEAD, ALMOST.

(SFX: FRGO - REE DEEP)

WHAT? - AH, SORRY.

(SPLASH)

HAD A FROG IN MY PANT CUFF - ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT

DR. MAZoola WAS TALKING ABOUT - DRAGON FLY PAPER.
I HOPE HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING. WAHT DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT DRAGONS?

L. FREIDA: I GUESS THEY MUST'VE BEEN LEFT OVER FROM THE
DINASOUR AGE BUT CLEAR INTO THE MIDDLE AGES?
AND NOW? I DON'T BELIEVE ANYONE'S BEEN KEEPING THIS
ONE IN DEEP FREEZE.

JACK: IT WASN'T A HOLYWOOD MECHANICAL MODEL, THAT'S FOR SURE.

L. FREIDA: I KNOW BUT - THERE'S SUCH A THING AS THOUGHT FORMS.

JACK: NOW DON'T TELL ME I THOUGHT UP THESE SINGED EYEBROWS
OF MINE.

L. FREIDA: WHAT I'M SAYING IS THAT WE ARE CONSTANTLY SURROUNDED
BY OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHT FORMS LIKE BEING INSIDE
A HOUSE OR A CHURCH, SOMEONE THOUGHT IT UP AND THERE
YOU ARE IN THEIR THOUGHT FORM.... STREETS, BUILDINGS,
SIGNS, ALL THOUGHT FORMS. ONCE A GREEK SCULPTOR BY
THE NAME OF TAKIS SIAD TOLD ME - THAT HIS SCULPTURE WAS
MERELY A SPRING BOARD - TO SPRING YOUR MIND INTO SPACE.
BECAUSE WHERE THE INSPIRATION OR WHATEVER YOU WANT TO
CALL IT, WHERE IT COMES FROM WAS FROM SPACE, THE
SCULPTURE WAS MERELY THE MANIFESTATION OF THAT INSPIRA-
TION AND AS YOU LOOKED AT IT, YOU EXPERIENCED AND

RELIVED WHERE IT CAME FROM IN THE FIRST PLACE.

SO YOU SEE WE TAKE THE FORMS AT FACE VALUE, WE SAY
AHH THAT PIECE OF SCULPTURE IS REALITY. BUT EQUALLY
REAL IS THE MIND THAT CREATED IT. SO IN SPACE IS
EVERYTHING, ALL YOU DO IS REACH IN AND GIVE IT FORM,
BUT IT ALREADY EXISTS, YOU SEE? JUST AS YOUR MIND
HAS CREATED YOUR BODY AND AS YOUR MIND REFLECTS IT
IS MORE ABLE TO INFLUENCE AND TO TRANSFORM THE MATERIAL
BODY. (EXCITED) THAT'S IT. WOWIE ZOWIE!

JACK: HUH?

L. FREIDA: (EXCITED) I THINK THAT'S IT.

JACK: I DON'T KNOW, I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL SUPPOSED TO BE
ILLUSION OR SOMETHING?

L. FREIDA: YOU THINK THE DRAGON WAS AN ILLUSION? NO NO, IT'S
ALL REAL. IT'S LIKE WHEN YOU LOOK AT A SEED AND IN
THAT SEED IS THE POTENTIAL FOR AN ENORMOUS TREE,
ALL REATING IN THAT SEED AND YOU THINK, WELL IT
DOESN'T EXIST YET. LOOK AT THIS SPIDER WEB - SEE
THE DEW DROPS CLINGING -

JACK: AN INCREDIBLY BEAUTIFUL PATTERN IT'S WOVEN.

L. FREIDA: IT BROUGHT IT INTO EXISTENCE, YET THE PATTERN EXISTED

IN SPACE - JUST LIKE IN THE SEED. IT'S JUST THAT THE REALITY WE'RE TALKING ABOUT IS OF A LESSER DEGREE COMPARED WITH THE HIGHEST REALITY ACCESSIBLE ONLY TO A PERFECTLY ENLIGHTENED ONE, IT HAS NO MORE EXISTENCE THAN THE OBJECTS OF DREAMS OR CLOUDS OR LIGHTNING FLASHES. NO, THESE THINGS AS WE SEE THEM ARE AS REAL AS THE MIND THAT CREATES THEM. BUT, YOU SEE, LIKE THE SCULPTURE OUR MIND HAS CREATED, AS SOON AS IT'S TAKEN MATERIAL SHAPE, IT OBEYS THE LAWS OF MATTER. AND WHEN THEY SPEAK OF ILLUSION, IT SIMPLY MEANS WRONG INTERPRETATION.

JACK: WELL, I DON'T KNOW - YOU MEAN, AS YOUR ABLE TO GET BACK TO THE SOURCE, OR THAT WHICH MADE IT MATERIAL, YOU CAN CHANGE THE MATERIAL - YOU COULD CHANGE YOUR BODY?

L. FREIDA: ONLY STEP BY STEP, BY CONTROLLING THEM IN THEIR INITIAL STATES OR IN THE MOMENT THEY COME INTO EXISTENCE.

JACK: THEN YOU COULD BECOME ANYTHING YOU WANTED - MATERIALLY.

L. FREIDA: IF YOU KNEW HOW - SURE.

JACK: EVEN BECOME A DRAGON?

L. FREIDA: YES.

JACK: (REALIZING) SO THAT DRAGON IS SOMEONE WE KNOW.

L. FREIDA: I KNOW.

(SFX: MUSIC UP)

NARR: DAWN AWAKENS IN THE EAST, THE SKY GLOWS WITH THE LIGHT OF THE APPROACHING SUN. DEW DROPS CLING TO THE FERNS AND LEAVES AND GRASS - AND THE MOIST RISES SLOWLY OFF THE BAY OF INVERNESS. LITTLE FREIDA AND JACK WALK SLOWLY FEELING THE MAGIC OF EARLY MORNING. THERE'S A TRUST AND CLOSENESS BETWEEN THEM - LITTLE FREIDA HAVING SAVED JACK FROM THE CLEAVER OF MEANIE EENIE - OR SOMEONE DISGUISED AS MEANIE EENIE, AND JACK WHO GRABBED LITTLE FREIDA FROM THE JAWS OF AN ON-RUSHING, FIRE HISSING, DRAGON.

(SFX: BIRDS SINGING)

JACK: IT'S AMAZING HOW TOUGH IS THE SKIN OF A DEW DROP. FOR JUST BEING A LITTLE BALLOF WATER, IT DOES PRETTY WELL.

L. FREIDA: I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD ALARM PEOPLE WITH WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT.

JACK: OKAY....BUT I WANT TO TALK TO DR. MAZoola ABOUT THE DRAGON, SINCE HE'S INVENTED DRAGON FLY PAPER.

L. FREIDA: YOU THINK HE'LL BE UP AT THIS HOUR?

JACK: PEOPLE AROUND HERE ARE LIABLE TO BE UP AT ANY HOUR.
(FADES OUT AND IN)

(SFX: CLANG CLANG)

OH SHOOT, IT'S LOCKED.

L. FREIDA: ALL LOCKS AT INVERNESS ARE COMBINATION, YOU SIMPLY
THINK IT OPEN.

JACK: OH COME ON.

L. FREDIA: THEY OPERATE ON ALPHA WAVES. THE COMBINATION FOR
THIS WEEK IS AN ORANGE. THINK OF IT'S SHAPE AND COLOR,
IT'S SMOOTH SURFACE, IT'S SMELL, THEN SLICE IT IN
HALF, THEN IN QUARTER AND NOW - SUCK THE JUICE.

(SFX: DOOR SPRINGS OPEN)

JACK: AMAZING - WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I THOUGHT OF A
PICKLE?

L. FREIDA: FUNNY YOU SHOULD THINK OF THAT - THAT WAS LAST WEEK'S
COMBINATION. ANYWAY, I'LL SEE YOU LATER. (MOVING OFF)

JACK: (MOVING INSIDE LAB) I GUESS DR. MAZoola IS STILL
ASLEEP. THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE AROUND.

(SFX: CREAK)

WHAT WAS THAT? THERE'S SOMEONE MOVING BEHIND THOSE
CRATES. (CALLS) DR. MAZoola?!..... NOTHING...

(SFX: TINKLE)

I'M COMING BACK THERE AND YOU'D BETTER NOT CLUB ME

3 TUE 3

ON THE HEAD OR ANYTHING.

(SFX SCURRY)

HMMMM MAYBE I SHOULD ARM MYSELF WITH SOMETHING?
THIS LEAD PIPE OUGHT TO DO JUST FINE.

VOICE: (OFF) I GIVE UP, I GIVE UP.

(SFX CLIMBING OUT)

DON'T HIT ME - HEH HEH HEH

JACK: MEANIE EENIE!

M. EENIE: IN PERSON. DINK A DINK A DEE , A DINK A DINK A DOO

JACK: WHY WERE YOU HIDING?

M. EENIE: HIDE GO SEEK, ME HIDE, YOUSEEK.

JACK: NOT LIKELY. RIGHT NOW YOU APPEAR TO BE HARELESS ENOUGH
BUT WHAT ABOUT IN THE EAST TOWER LAST NITE?

M. EENIE: MEANIE EENIE NOT IN East tower last nite.

jack; yuo'RE TELLING THE TRUTH?

M. EENIE: COULD BE.

JACK: HAVE YOU EVER RIDDEN YOUR FIVE SPEED ITALIAN PEDAL
MASTER INTO THAT DRAGONS CAVE?

M. EENIE: PEDAL MASTER TAKE MEANIE EENIE MANY PLACES - TO CHINA-
TO TIBET,...TO THE GOBI DESERT,... TO ISTANBUL,... TO
KATMANDU,... (MUSIC-DRUMS) TO BAGDAD (MUSIC - SINGING)
TO BRAZIL.

(SHE SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO SONG "BRAZIL")

JACK: I SEE IT'S NOT EASY TO GET A STRAIGHT ANSWER~~XXXX~~
FROM YOU.

(music - flute)

M: EENIE: TO YOUR MIND I AM MAD. TO MY MIND, YOU ARE ALL SANE.
SO I PRAY TO INCREASE MY MADNESS AND TO INCREASE YOUR
SANITY. MY MADNESS IS FROM THE POWER OF LOVE; YOUR
SANITY IS FROM THE STRENGTH OF UNAWARENESS.

(PUTS ON MAZOLA'S OLD VICTROLA)
SHALL WE DANCE?

JACK: YOUR TALK HAS A DEPTH I NEVER REALIZED, MEANIE EENIE.
WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS?

M. EENIE: WE DO NOT LIVE IN THE EAST OR WEST, WE DO NOT STUDY IN
THE NORTH, NOR DO WE TEACH IN THE SOUTH. WE ARE NOT
BOUND IN THIS WAY, BUT WE MAY BE COMPELLED TO TALK THIS
WAY.

JACK: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

M. EENIE: A FOOLISH MAN WAS RAVING AT A DØNKEY. IT TOOK NO NOTICE.
A WISER MAN WHO WAS WATCHING SAID - "IDIOT! THE DONKEY
WILL NEVER LEARN YOUR LANGUAGE - BETTER THAT YOU SHOULD
OBSERVE SILENCE AND INSTEAD MASTER THE TOUGNE OF THE
DONKEY."

JACK: WELL I...I FIND XØM TALKING TO YOU A LITTLE DIFFICULT
BUT I GUESS YOU JUST ANSWERED THAT. ANYWAY, YOU OF ALL
PEOPLE, MUST KNOW ABOUT THE FOURTH TOWER. WHAT CAN
YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT? YOU MUST'VE HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT
IT?

M. EENIE: YOU HEAR MY WORDS. HEAR, TOO, THAT THERE ARE WORDS
OTHER THAN MINE. THERE ARE NOT MEANT FOR HEARING WITH
THE PHISICAL EAR, YOU ARE HERE TO LEARN NOT TO COLLECT
HISTORICAL INFORMATION.

JACK: IT'S LAIKE TALKING TO A WINDUP DOLL.

M EENIE: I HAVE ONE MORE AND THEN I LEAVE YOU.

JACK: YOU DIDN'T TELL ME WHY YOU WERE SNOOPING AROUND IN
DR. MAZOOOLAS' LABORATORY?

M. EENIE: ONCE APON A TIME THERE WAS A MAN WHO STRAYED FROM HIS
OWN COUNRTY, INTO THE WORLD KNOWN AS THE LAND OF ~~THE~~
FOOLS. HE SOON SAW A NUMBER OF PEOPLE FLYING IN TERROR
FROM A FIELD WHERE THEY HAD BEEN TRYING TO REAP WHEAT.
"THERE IS A MONSTER IN THAT FIELD" THEY TOLD HIM. HE
LOOKED, AND SAW THAT IT WAS A LARGE STRIPED WATERMELON.
HE OFFERED TO KILL THE"MONSTER"FOR THEM.WHEN HE AHD CUT
THE MELON FROM IT'S STALK, HE TOOK A SLICE AND BEGAN
TO EAT IT. THE PEOLPE BECAME MORE TERRIFYED OF HIM
THAN THEY HAD THE MELON. THEY DROVE HIM AWAY WITH
PITCHFORKS, CRYING "HE WILL KILL US NEXT, UNLESS WE
GET RID OF HIM"

IT SD HAPPENED THAT ANOTHER MAN ALSO STRAYED INTO
THE LAND OF FOOLS, AND THE SAME THING STARTED HAPPENING
TO HIM. BUT INSTEAD OF OFFERING TO HELP THEM WITH THE
MELON MONSTER, HE AGREED WITH THEM THAT IT MUST BE
DANGEROUS AND BY TIP TOEING AWAY FROM IT WITH THEM HE
GAINED THEIR CONFIDENCE. HE SPENT A LONG TIME WITH THEM
IN THEIR HOUSES UNTIL HE COULD TEACH THEM LITTLE BY
LITTLE, THE BASIC FACTS WHICH WOULD ENABLE THEM NOT ONLY
TO LOOSE THEIR FEAR OF MELONS, BUT EVEN TO CULTIVATE
THEM THEMSELVES! GOODDAY.

(MOVING OFF)

HEH HEH HEH HEH

(SLAM)

JACK: WHEW I DUNNO, I'M GOING TO BED.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SFX: OPENS DOOR CLOSSES)

AHHH- I HAVEN'T EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO SLEEP YET, THE
SUN'S OUT, NICE AND BRIGHT.

(YAWNS - STRECHES - TAKES OFF SHOES)

SO TIRED I CAN HARDLY TAKE MY SHOES OFF.

(UNZIPS, UNBUTTONS)

6 TUE 3

AND NOW TO BED - WHA? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY BED?

M. VAMP: I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU - MMMMMMM
(ECHOES OFF)
(MUSIC UP)

1 WED III

NARR: AS WE LOOK IN ON THE ROLLING HILLS OF INVERNESS -
WE SEE A SLIGHT PROBLEM HAS REOCCURRED FOR OUR HERO,
JACK FLANDERS. AS HE STUMBLED UP TO HIS BEDROOM,
EXHAUSTED FROM THE EVENTS OF THE NITE BEFORE, AND
WAS JUST ABOUT TO COLAPSE - WHEN WHO SHOULD HE SEE
IN HIS BED BUT - THE MADONNA VAMPYRA!

M. VAMP: I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU - MMMMM.

JACK: LOOK, I'M TIRED. JUST BEAT IT.

M. VAMP: THAT'S NOT A PLEASANT WAY TO TREAT ON OLD FREID.

JACK: OLD FRIEND ALMOST GOT ME CLICED INTO THE MORNING'S
BACON UP THERE, YOU KNOW? WHAT WAS THE IDEA? BEING
CHASED BY A HALF CRAZED CRETIN WITH A 10 POUND
CLEAVER IN A SHOEBOX ROOM AIN'T EXACTLY THE KIND
OF SPORTS EVENT I CARE FOR, YOU KNOW?

M. VAMP: DID THAT HAPPEN?

JACK: (MIMIC) DID THAT HAPPEN? ONE MOMENT YOU'RE THERE, THE
NEXT MOMENT YOU'RE GONE AND THE FOLLOWING MOMENT
IN COMES MEANIE EENIE OR SOME DEMON THAT LOOKS JUST
LIKE HER AND STARTS MEASURING ME FOR PORK CHOPS.

M. VAMP: I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T KNOW.

JACK: YEAH, NOW GET OUT OF MY BED.

M. VAMP: I'M VERY NARROW, YOU SEE. I TAKE SO LITTLE ROOM.

JACK: TOUGH - OUT!

M. VAMP: I'LL LET YOU SLEEP - I WON'T BOTHER YOU.

JACK: HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO SLEEP WITH YOU IN BED WITH ME?

M. VAMP: PERHAPS YOU'LL SLEEP ALL THE BETTER?

JACK: I'LL BET.

JM.VAMP: NEVER KNOW 'TIL YOU TRY. (PLAYING WITH HIM) COME -
THE BED IS NICE AND WARM AND I'M NICE AND WARM ...
COME ON THAT'S RIGHT, HERE, PULL BACK THE COVERS
THAT'S RIGHT - NOW, COME, SLEEP HERE INSIDE - THAT'S

JACK: OUT YOU GO!

M. VAMP: JACK, STOP IT!

JACK: YOU LITTLE VAMPIRE!

M. VAMP: I DIDN'T MEAN - (SLOW, LOCK)

(SFX: POUND POUND)

JACK, PLEASE, IT'S COLD OUT HERE. I WON'T DO ANY-
THING WRONG - I PROMISE..... JACK? OH, I HOPE
YOU CROAK IN YOUR SLEEP'

JACK: (IMITATES A FROG) REE DEEP, REE DEEP.

M. VAMP: (OFF) SAME TO YOU!

(PAUSE)

JACK: LORD I'M TIRED - (HITS THE SACK) WHAT A FIRST DAY.

(MUMBLING OFF TO SLEEP) I HOPE THE SECOND DAY IS
A LITTLE MORE PEACEFUL ZZZZ, ZZZZ ZZZZZZZZ

(SFX: KEY IN LOCK TURNS, DOOR OPENS SLOWLY)

VOICE: HE'S ASLEEP.

2ND VOICE: HE WON'T WAKE UP NOW.

VOICE: (ECHOING) - JACK.... JACK....

NARR: AS JACK SLEEPS HE HAS A DREAM. HE'S CLIMBING A
MOUNTAIN - MISTS CURL AROUND IN THE VALLEY BELOW -
THE LANDSCAPE IS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A JAPANESE
PAINTING, STRANGE SHAPED HILLS AND MOUNTAINS RISING
STRAIGHT UP FROM THE VALLEYS. ALL AROUND ECHOING
BELOW IS A CONSTANT DRONE - AS THOUGH THE MIST AND
AIR OF THE VALLEYS AND THE MOUNTAIN ITSELF WERE
VIBRATING TO THIS ONE SOUND. HE FINDS A NARROW PATH,
FOLLOWS IT. THE PATH ENDS AT THE MOUTH OF A CAVE
COMING FROM THE CAVE IS A DULL BLUISH WHITE LIGHT. HE
FEELS HIMSELF BEING DRAWN INTO THE CAVE. AS HE GOES
FURTHER AND FURTHER IN, THE COLORS REFLECTING OFF THE
WALLS ARE BREATH TAKING. THEN, THERE, AT THE END OF THE

THE CAVE SITS A FIGURE, ALMOST A SCULPTURE, SO SILENT IT SAT THERE. RAYS OF SIX COLORS, INDIGO, GOLDEN, RED, WHITE TAWNY AND DAZZLING ISSUED FROM THE SEATED FIGURE. THE INDIGO RAYS ISSUED FROM HIS HAIR AND THE BLUE PORTIONS OF HIS EYES. OWING TO THEM THE SURFACE OF THE SKY, THAT JACK COULD NOW SEE AS THOUGH THE WALLS NO LONGER EXISTED, THE SKY APPEARED AS THOUGH BESPECKLED WITH COLLYORIUM POWDER, OR COVERED WITH FLAX AND BLUE LOTUS FLOWERS OR LIKE A JEWELLED FAN SWAYING TO AND FRO, OR A PIECE OF DARK CLOTH FULLY SPREAD OUT. THE GOLDEN RAYS ISSUED FROM HIS SKIN AND THE GOLDEN PORTIONS OF HIS EYES. OWING TO THEM THE DIFFERENT QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE SHONE AS THOUGH BESPRINKLED WITH SOME GOLDEN LIQUID, OR OVER LAID WITH SHEETS OF GOLD, OR BEWTREWN WITH SAFFRON POWDER AND BAUHINIA FLOWERS. THE RED RAYS ISSUED FROM HIS FLESH AND BLOOD AND THE RED PORTIONS OF HIS EYES. OWING TO THEM THE QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE WERE COLORED AS THOUGH PAINTED WITH RED LEAD POWDER OUT OF SILVER POTS OR OVERSPREAD WITH A CANOPY OF SILVERPLATES. THE TAWNY AND DAZZLING RAYS ISSUED FROM THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF HIS BODY. THUS THE SIX COLORED RAYS CAME FORTH AND CAUGHT THE EARTH, THE WATER, THE AIR, THE SPACE BEYOND AND ALL

THE HEAVENLY REGIONS AND MILLIONS OF WORLD SYSTEMS WERE
PENETRATED BY HIS GOLDEN LIGHT.

(SFX: TIBETIAN HORNS)

JACK: (AWAKENING) WHAT? WHA?

VOICE: TESTING - TESTING -

JACK: WHERE'S THAT COMING FROM

VOICE: TESTING - 1, 2, 3, TESTING.

JACK: WHERE IS THAT THING COMING FROM?

VOICE: TESTING - TESTING

JACK: GODD GRIEF, IT'S COMING FROM INSIDE MY HEAD!

VOICE: TESTING - OHH BOOP A DOO - (FADE OUT) TESTING -
TESTING.

(MUSIC UP)

1 THURS 3

NARR:

THE NIGHT HAS PASSED, THE SUN HAS RISEN UP OVER THE HILLS THAT STRECH BEYOND THE BAY OF INVERNESS. THE BIRDS ARE CHEERING WILDLY, IN THE DISTANCE CROWS ARE CALLING TO ONE ANOTHER, (SFX CROWS) . IT'S A BRIGHT WARM AUTUMN DAY. JACK FLANDERS, NEPHEW OF THE OWNER OF THE INVERNESS ESTATE, HAS HAD A STRANGE DREAM, HE AWAKENS TO HEAR A VOICE DEEP INSIDE HIS HEAD.

1 THUR III

NARR: LOOKING IN ON THE MANSION IN INVERNESS, WE SEE JACK
SITTING UP IN BED - DEEP INSIDE HIS HEAD HE HEARS A
VOICE -

VOICE: TESTING, TESTING - ALPHA, BETA, DELTA - TESTING -

JACK: WHAT THE HELL?

L. JOWLS: (LIKE VOICE) THIS IS LADY JOWLS. I'D JUST LIKE TO
SAY THAT THIS IS AN HISTORIC MOMENT AS ONCE AGAIN
SCIENCE BREAKS THROUGH YET ANOTHER BARRIER. THIS
TIME IN OUR OWN DR. MAZoola, MAD GENUIS THAT HE IS,
HAS EXCELLED ONCE MORE WITH THE WORLD'S FIRST
"ALPHA WAVE INTERCOM". EVENTUALLY, THE GOOD PROFESSOR
WILL HAVE A CONTROL PANEL SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO LISTEN
IN ON EVERYONE'S MESSAGES LIKE RIDING IN A
TAXICAB. NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, IT'S MERELY AN INTERCOMM,
WE CAN'T READ YOUR THOUGHTS. THIS HAS BEEN A TEST.

JACK: WHAAAT?! WHAT'S THIS BEANIE STUCK ON TOP OF MY HEAD?
WELL, I CAN DO WITHOUT -

MAZoola: OH JACK, BEFORE YOU REMOVE THAT LET ME REMIND YOU
IT IS NOW 4 O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON AND TIME TO HANG
THE DRAGON FLY PAPER. THAT IS ALL.

JACK: THIS PLACE ISN'T REAL.

(TAPPING ON DOOR)

L. JOWLS: (MUFFLED VOICE) JACK?

JACK: WHAT? (IRRITATED)

L. JOWLS: THIS IS YOUR AUNTIE JOWLS, MAY I COME IN?

JACK: COME IN.

(SFX: DOOR CLICKS OPEN)

L. JOWLS: JACK, I -

JACK: WHAT'S THE IDEA OF STICKING THIS ELECTRIC BEANIE ON MY HEAD WHILE I WAS ASLEEP?

L. JOWLS: OH, YOU HAVE ONE? I DIDN'T KNOW. I SEE, WHEN JIVES WAS PASSING THEM AROUND, HE MUST HAVE SEEN YOU WERE ASLEEP AND JUST PLACED ONE ON YOUR HEAD.

JACK: I DON'T PARTICULARLY ENJOY THE IDEA OF PEOPLE TINKERING WITH MY BRAIN WHILE I'M ASLEEP, YOU KNOW?

L. JOWLS: NOW, JACK, DON'T BE A CRAB, I DETEST ELECTRONIC GADGETS THAT INTRUDE ON ONE'S PRIVACY AS MUCH AS ANYONE - BUT IT'S LIKE WHAT LORD JOWLS USED TO SAY, THE DEVICE IS NOT THE PROBLEM, IT'S WHAT YOU DO WITH IT, OR SOMETHING

LIKE THAT. IT'S AFTER WE HAD OUR LITTLE CHAT THAT I
REALIZED I COULD NO LONGER STAY IN 1930 - IF CULTURE
IS TO COME TO THE MASSES WE MAY AS WELL HELP IT ALONG,
WOULDN'T YOU AGREE?

JACK: NO.

L. JOWLS: WELL IT'S A CLEVER INTERCOMM ~~DON~~'T YOU THINK?

JACK: ALL THOSE DAMN DEVICES AUGHTA BE CRUSHED.

L. JOWLS: A REGULAR PHILISTINE THIS MORNING AREN'T YOU? OH,
IT'S AFTERNOON. YOU MUST BE STARVED. COME, MAYBE
WE'LL FIND LITTLE FREIDA, SHE THINKS THE WORLD OF
YOU, YOU KNOW.

(THEY MOVE DOWN HALLWAY)

IT'S A SPLENDID AUTUMN DAY, WE'LL HAVE EA OUT ON THE
TERRANCE. IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL, AS I WAS SAYING, LITTLE
FREIDA IS WRITING THE WORLD'S FIRST ALPHA WAVE PLAY.
IT'S ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTFUL. YOU FEEL AS THOUGH
YOU'RE ACTUALLY PARTICIPATING - THAT YOU ARE THE CENTRAL
CHARACTER - IT'S LIKE A DREAM.

JACK: 'YEAH, I BET. TELL ME AUNTIE, WHERE DID LITTLE FREIDA
COME FROM?

L. JOWLS: OHH - IT'S SUCH A LONG STORY..... IT TAKES SO MUCH

ENERGY TO TELL - IT HAS TO DO WITH LORD JOWLS. I'M CERTAIN IT'S HER DEVOTION TO HIM THAT CAUSES HER TO SMOKE THOSE INFERNAL CUBAN CIGARS. I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST FIDEL CASTRO, MIND YOU, I THINK HE'S A GOOD MAN, GOOD FOR HIS PEOPLE - BUT IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT, OR HEALTHY, THAT A SMALL CHILD SHOULD SMOKE SUCH LARGE CIGARS.... THJE SCALE ISN'T RIGHT.... IT LOOKS AS THOUG HSE'S GOING TO TOPPLE FORWARDS. HER DEVOTION TO YOU JACK IS SIMILAR BECAUSE YOU'RE AN ADVENTURER LIKE LORD JOWLS. WAS.

JACK: NO AUNTIE, I'M NOT AN ADVENTURER -

L. JOWLS: OH BUT YOU WILL BE - YOU ALREADY ARE. THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE YOU CAN MERELY LOOK IN THEIR EYES AND TELL WHAT THEY WILLBE. IT'S LIKE LOOKING AT A SEED AND KNOWING IT WILL GROW INTO A LOVELY TREE - IT JUST TAKES ACTIONS TO CONFIRM THE FATE.

JACK: FATE?

L. JOWLS: THE PART IS WRITTEN, THE CHARACTER IS CAST, IT'S ALL THE WAY YOU PLAY THE ROLE! YES, YOU'RE ~~XXXXX~~ EYES ARE SENSITIVE. IN YOU IS SOMETHING WILD UNTAMED... DON'T EVER LET IT BE TAMED, JACK. LIKE A UNICORN.

JACK: THAT'S STRANGE YOU SHOULD SAY THAT.

L. JOWLS: REALLY?

JACK: I SAW A UNICORN ONCE. IT WAS WHEN I LIVED IN LONDON.

L. JOWLS: TELL ME.

JACK: WELL, ONE NIGHT I WAS WALKING ALONG THE STREET, I HAD SMOKED SOME HASHIHS - AND FOR SOME REASON I FELT VERY OPEN TO EVERYTHING - I WAS GOING TO SEE A FRIEND OF MINE THAT LIVED IN HOLLAND PARK. ANYWAY, THERE WAS A FELLOW WHO WAS ACROSS THE STREET, HE WAS WATCHING ME, IT WAS MORE LIKE HE WAS ATTRACTED TO ME AS THOUGH I WERE A MAGNET - HE CAME OVER TO ME, KIND OF SWAYING, UNCERTAIN - I STOPPED AND WAITED, HE WAS VERY LARGE AND TALL. THEN HE LOOKED AT ME, DOWN IN MY EYES - AND YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOUR EYES MEET WITH SOMEONE AND THERE'S A SHAFT OF INTENSE ENERGY THAT FLASHES ACROSS? - WELL, WHAT HAPPENED, APPARENTLY MY EYES WERE SO OPEN HE TUMBLED RIGHT IN, HE FELL RIGHT INSIDE ME - AND I WAS SUFFOCATING, HE FELL SO DEEPLY INSIDE ME THAT SUDDENLY I EXPLODED AND BLEW HIM RIGHT BACK OUT AND INBETWEEN US WAS SOMETHING LIKE A LIGHTNING FLASH AND THERE WAS A WHITE UNICORN - JUST A MOMENT IT LASTED

AND WAS GONE. I HAVE NO IDEA WHETHER HE SAW IT OR NOT. HE STARTED TALKING VERY FORCED HIP TALKL, WANTING TO KNOW WHERE HE COULD GET ACID AND SO ON AND I DIDN'T KNOW AND WE PARTED - HE WAS TOTALLY CONFUSED AND I WAS ABSOLUTELY SOBER, EVERY BIT OF HASHISH WAS DROWN OUT OF ME IN THAT FLASH.

L. JOWLS: (SLOWLY - PONDERING) YES, YOU'VE SEEN THE UNICORN THAT IS YOU IT'S PURE AND UNTAMED, FOLLOW IT.

(ELECTRONIC MUSIC)

1 FRI III

AS WE LOOK IN ON THE INVERNESS MANSION, WE SEE JACK IS IN THE LABORATORY TALKING WITH DR. MAZoola. CHIEF WAMPUM AND THE CARE TAKER, OLD FAR SEEING ART ARE LOADING ROLLS OF DRAGON FLY PAPER ONTO A PUSH CART. WHEN THEY FINISH, SOME PUSH AND OTHERS PULL AND THEY PUSH OUT TOWARD THE DRAGON'S CAVE.

(SFX: WHEELS SQUEAKING, EVERYONE HUFFING
A LITTLE)

WAMPUM: YES YES, IT'S TRUE, MANY WISE MEN ARE COMING FROM MY COUNTRY, COMING HERE TO THE WEST. BUT THERE IS SUCH ABUNDANCE IN THIS COUNTRY THAT SOMETIMES THE GURU FROM THE EAST, WHO HAS NEVER SEEN SUCH ABUNDANCE, NOR HAS EVER HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO SO EASILY FILL HIS ARMS WITH MORE THAN HE CAN CARRY AND HOW YOU SAY?? BLOWS HIS MIND.

(THEY ALL LAUGH)

OLD ART: AH BET YOU'VE SEEN SOME MIGHTY PECULIAR SIGHTS IN YOUR DAY, RUNNING AROUND WITH ALL THEM SWAMIS.

WAMPUM: YES YES, I REMEMBER A FAMOUS SWAMI CALLED SWAMI SALOME WHO COULD MAKE HIMSELF INTO AN ITALIAN DRY SALOME.

(THEY LAUGH)

OH YES, OH YES, THAT'S TRUE - A LONG SALOME, A FEAT
THAT MANY YOGAS HAVE ATTEMPTED TO ACCOMPLISH AND
FAILED - A ROLL OF BALONEY PERHAPS BUT NEVER AN
ITALIAN DRY.

(THEY LAUGH)

MAZoola: IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU HAF/ACCOMPLISHED ZAH BALONEY ROLL? EH?

(THEY LAUGH)

WAMPUM: NO MY FRIENDS, THERE IS VERY LITTLE I HAVE EVER
ACCOMPLISHED.

(THEY CHUCKLE)

HOWEVER, AS A YOUNG MAN I DID ACCOMPLISH THE FINE ART
OF FLYING ON A PRAYER CARPET, YOU SEE?

(AWED MUMBLING)

OLD ART: THAT MUST'VE BEEN SOMETHING.

WAMPUM: IT'S ALL RELATIVE, MY FRIEND, AS TO WHETHER IT'S AN
AIRPLANE OR A CARPET, YOU SEE? FOR SOMEONE THAT HAS
SEEN NEITHER, WHAT WOULD SURPRISE HIM MORE, A MAN ON
A PRAYER CARPET OR A GIANT CILVER AEROPLANE? YOU SEE?
SO, ONE FINE DAY WHILE TAKING A PASSENGER FOR A RIDE
ON THE BACK OF MY CARPET, A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL, I MIGHT
ADD, I WAS A YOUNG MAN THEN, AHM - I MADE A - SHARP?

EH? TURN AND THE PASSENGER SLID OFF AND LANDED HEAD
FIRST IN A - HOW YOU WAY? FROG BOG? EH? YOU SEE?
OH, I TELL YOU, SHE WAS HOPPING MAD, HEH HEH.

(THEY LAUGH)

MAZoola: SHHH - WE ARE NEARING THE CAVE. NOW, WHAT WE'LL DO
IS PUT THE DRAGON FLY PAPER SO THAT IT'S TIED FROM
ONE TREE TRUNCK TO ANOTHER.

WAMPUM: I SEE THERE ARE FOOTPRINTS, YOU SEE?

JACK: WE WERE HERE LAST NIGHT.

OLD ART: (OFF) SAY, WAMPUM, WILL YOU GIVE ME A HAND HERE?

MAZoola: BE CAREFUL, DON'T GET CAUGHT IN THAT GLUE.

JACK: I WANTED TO ASK YOU, DR. MAZoola, WHY WON'T THE
DRAGON'S FIRE MELT THE GLUE AND IGNITE THE PAPER?

MAZoola: THE GLUE IS A SPECIAL KATZENJAMMER KID FORMULA THAT
DOES NOT MELT, YOU SEE? AND THE PAPER IS ASBESTOES
WITH WIRE REINFORCING, YOU SEE?

(SFX: PAPER UNROLLED, FLEXED, ETC.)

JACK: WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE WURLITIZER OF WISDOMS?

MAZoola: YOU WERE IN THE EAST TOWER?

JACK: THE MADONNA VAMPURA TOOK ME THERE.

MAZoola: THE MADONNA VAMPYRAVERY INTERESTING.

JACK: THEN SHE SPLIT AND THERE I WAS ALONE AND THE NEXT
MOMENT IN CAME MEANIE EENIE OR SOMEONE THAT LOOKS
JUST LIKE HER AND SHE TRIED TO SLICE ME INTO LITTLE
PIECES WITH A BIG MEAT CLEAVER.

MAZoola: IMPOSSIBLE.

JACK: WHATDYA MEAN, IMPOSSIBLE?

MAZoola: MEANIE EENIE IS LIKE A CHILD. A PRANKSTER, EH?
NEVER CRUEL. AS FOR THE WURLITIZER OF WISDOMS, IT'S
ONE OF THE FEW VALUABLE THINGS YOU CAN STILL GET FOR
A NICKEL.

JACK: YOU FEEL IT COULDN'T 'VE BEEN MEANIE EENIE?

MAZoola: YOU YOURSELF DON'T BELIEVE IT. SO.

JACK: I DON'T KNOW, IT LOOKED JUST LIKE HER BUT - IT WAS
ALMOST AS THOUGH THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE INSIDE HER
BODY.

MAZoola: LIKE A DEMON?

5 FRI III

JACK: YEAH, LIKE A DEMON.

MAZoola: HERE, TIE THIS TO THE TRUNK OF THAT TREE, ALRIGHT?

JACK: (SLIGHTLY OFF) YOU DON'T THINK IT'LL BREAK THESE
ROPES?

MAZoola: SPECIAL FIBER.

JACK: (OFF) WHAT DO DRAGON'S EAT?

MAZoola: TOURISTS.... HEH HEH.

JACK: (OFF) YOU KNOW, WHEN I SAW THE DRAGON LAST NIGHT -
IT HAD THE MOST INCREDIBLE EYES ALMOST HUMAN
(VARIOUS SHOUTS OFF - ARGUING)

MAZoola: PAY NO ATTENTION - THEY ARGUE ALL THE TIME. FAR
SEEING ART IS AN OLD COWBOY AND CHIEF WAMPUM IS
AN INDIAN. SO. HERE NOW, STRETCH THIS PAPER -
ALRIGHT? NOW PULL - GOOD.

(SFX: STRETCH)

(COMMOTION AGAIN)

JACK: THEY'RE STILL AT IT.

OLD ART: (OFF-CALLING) HEY, COME ON OVER HERE AND TAKE A
GANDER AT THIS.

JACK: WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?

OLD ART: TRACKS IN THE MUD.

MAZOOOLA: (APPROACHING) GIANT LIZARD TRACKS?

OLDART : MORIN THAT - THESE LITTLE NARROW TRACKS, SEE - LEAD
RIGHT INTO THAT CAVE THERE.

MAZOOOLA: THEY COULD HAVE BEEN MADE BY A FIVE SPEED ITALIAN
PEDAL MASTER.

WAMPUM: BUT THAT IS NOT ALL, YOU SEE - OVER HERE THE DRAGON
HAS STEPPED ON THE TRACKS - BUT NOW (MOVING OFF)
OVER HERE THE TRACKS, YOU SEE, RIDE OVER THE DRAGON'S
PAWS, YOU SEE?

JACK: THAT MEANS THAT FIRST THE PEDAL MASTER WENT INTO THE
CAVE, THEN THE DRAGON CAME OUT -

WAMPUM: THEN THE DRAGON WENT BACK IN AND THE PEDAL MASTER CAME
BACK OUT, YES?

MAZOOOLA: WHOSE EYES DID THE DRAGON HAVE?

JACK: (PAUSE) YOURS, DR. MAZOOOLA.

(MUSIC)

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIES,
THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. AS WE LOOK IN WE SEE
DR. MAZoola, JACK, CHIEF WAMPUM AND THAT OLD FAR
SEEING ART HAVE COMPLETED HANGING THE DRAGON FLY
PAPER NEAR THE TEMPLE OF THE SEVEN PILLARS AND JUST
OUTSIDE THE DRAGON'S CAVE.

MAZoola: THESE TIRES TRACKS WERE DEFINITELY MADE BY A FIVE
SPEED ITALIAN PEDAL MASTER.

JACK: WHO OTHER THAN MEANIE EENIE RIDES SUCH A WEIRD VEHICLE?

ART OLD: FAR AS I CAN SEE, NO ONE.

JACK: WHEN THE TIRE TRACKS GO INTO THE CAVE -

OLD ART: THEY'RE STEPPED ON BY THESE GIAN LIZARD PAWS.

JACK: AND WHENTHEY RETURN FROM THE CAVE -

OLD ART: THEY RIDE OVER THE LIZARD PAWS.

WAMPUM: WHY WOULD MEANIE EENIE WANT TO PEDAL INTO A DRAGON'S CAVE?
MOST STRANGE, YOU SEE.

OLD ART: WELL, SHE DID PEDAL BACK OUT AGAIN.

MAZoola: GENTLEMEN, SINCE DARKNESS IS APPROACHING I THINK WE
SHOULD PONDER THIS REMARKABLE PROBLEM SOMEWHERE OTHER

JACK: THAT TEEN-AGE BOY?

MAZoola: WELL, THE CHIEF CLAIMS TO BE TEACHING WHAM BHAM
HOW TO FLY.

JACK: THROUGH THE AIR?

MAZoola: THAT SEEMS TO BE THE PREFERRED SUBSTANCE TO FLY IN.

WAMPUM: (OFF- APPROACHING) EXCUSE ME, I COULD NOT BUT HEAR YOUR
CONVERSATION: YOU SEE, THERE ARE MANY PEOPLE LIKE THE
YOUNG BOY WHAM BHAM WHO DESIRE TRIVIAL POWERS - SUCH
AS TO FLY.

OLD ART: (OFF SLIGHTLY) AH DON'T KNOW AS AH CONSIDER THAT TRIVIAL.

WAMPUM: MANY PEOPLE HAVE A STRONG DESIRE TO FLY, YOU SEE?
NOW, YOU CAN - HOW YOU SAY? - GO AT IT DIRECTLY,
YOU SEE? SUCH AS WHAM BAHM.

OLD ART: WHAT'S INDIRECT?

WAMPUM: INDIRECTLY IS BECOMING A REALIZED BEING, WHERE
FLYING IS MERELY LIKE PADDLING ON WATER, YOU SEE.

JACK: I TAKE IT THAT WHAM BHAM JUST WANTS TO FLY, HE
DOESN'T CARE ABOUT BECOMING A REALIZED BEING?

WAMPUM: OH NO, EVERYONE, NO MATTER WHO - HOUSEWIFE - BANKER - HIPPIE OR HOW YOU SAY? - HARD HAT? - ALL WISH TO BECOME A REALIZED BEING, YOU SEE? EVERYONE WOULD LIKE TO BE GOD, YOU SEE? BUT, PEOPLE ARE IN NO HURRY, YOU SEE? THERE ARE MANY MANY, HOW YOU SAY, "THINGS" TO TASTE ALONG THE WAY.... MANY DESIRES, DESIRES LIKE WEBS WE SPIN OURSELVES, YOU SEE?

OLD ART: LIKE WHAT DESIRES?

WAMPUM: ANYTHING - ANYTHING YOU DESIRE. SOME PEOPLE DESIRE TO FLY - SO, I HAVE TAUGHT THEM HOW TO FLY, YOU SEE? AHH - THEY WERE - HOW YOU SAY? "WEIGHTED DOWN?" - WITH SO MANY DESIRES THAT THEY COULD GET BUT A FEW INCHES OFF THE GROUND - OR MAYBE HIGH AS YOUR KNEE, YOU SEE. (LAUGHING) THEY LOOKED VERY FOOLISH FLYING AT THAT LEVEL. PEOPLE DO NOT LIKE TO BE LAUGHED AT, YOU SEE.

JACK: DID THEY GIVE UP FLYING?

WAMPUM: MOST OF THEM, YES. OR THEY DESIRED SOMETHING EVEN MORE AND THAT SO "WEIGHTED DOWN" THEY - EVENTUALLY COME TO A BELLY LANDING? OR HOW YOU SAY? "GRINDING HALT", YOU SEE.

OLD ART: I'D DUST MYSELF OFF AN' TRY AGAIN.

WAMPUM: BY THAT TIME THEIR DESIRE TO FLY WAS SO GREAT, IT IS NOT POSSIBLE. BUT, A FEW DROPPED THE WEIGHT OF THEIR DESIRE AND SOARED HIGHER AND HIGHER UP INTO THE HEAVENS, YOU SEE.

JACK: SOMETHING I WANTED TO ASK YOU.

WAMPUM: YES.

JACK: THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO HAVE THE POWER TO CHANGE THEMSELVES INTO OTHER POEPLER OR OTHER CREATURES.

WAMPUM: OH YES.

JACK: NOT JUST CREATE AN ILLUSION BUT ACTUALLY CHANGE?

WAMPUM: OH YES - BUT, YOU SEE, SINCE THIS IS ALL ILLUSION, WHAT IS "ACTUAL CHANGE", YOU SEE?

JACK: HUMPH. ONE MORE QUESTION.

WAMPUM: YES?

JACK: HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS?

WAMPUM: NO. BUT I KNOW OF IT'S EXISTENCE, YOU SEE.

JACK: REALLY? FROM WHERE?

WAMPUM: FROM WHAM BHAM SHAZAM.

MAZoola: WHAM BHAM'S AN ODD BOY. EVEN THOUGH HE'S A TEENAGER HE WEARS THE CLOTHES OF THE 1950'S. WEARS HIS HAIR IN A D.A., EH? AND LOVES THE MUSIC THEY PLAYED THEN, EH?

JACK: 50'S MUSIC! THAT JUKE BOX DOES EXIST IN THE FOURTH TOWER AND I'LL BET WHAM BHAM'S GOT THE KEY.

(MUSIC)

1 TUES 4

NARR: DUSK IS GENTLY SETTLING UPON THE HILLS AND PINES OF INVERNESS. THE DARK SHADOWS CREEP ACROSS THE GROUND. IN THE GATHERING DUSK, THE FACE OF THE OLD MANSION SEEMS TO TURN INTO A SHALLOW DEATH - LIKE GRAY. THE STRUCTURE CREAKS AND GROANS LIKE AN OLD WOODEN SHIP, UNTIL IT FINALLY SETTLES DOWN FOR THE EVENING SILENCE. SOMEWHERE AN OWL HOOTS. (SFX HOOT HOOT)

JACK, DR. MAZoola, CHIEF WAMPUM AND THAT OLD FAR SEEING ART HAVE RETURNED FROM THE MOUTH OF THE ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ DRAGONS CAVE WHERE THEY'VE STRUNG GIANT ROLLS OF DR. MAZoola'S DRAGON FLY PAPER. THEY'VE ALL GONE INSIDE TO TELL STORIES AND RELAX WITH A GLASS OR TWO OF PORT. BUT JACK LINGERS BEHIND, OUTSIDE THE MANSION, HIS KEEN EARS LISTENING INTENTLY TO A FAMILIAR SONG BEING SUNG BY AN UNFAMILIAR VOICE.

JACK: IT'S COMING FROM THE CARRIAGE HOUSE. I THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK.

(FOOTSTEPS - OWL CONTINUES)

(SOFT SINGING GETTING CLOSER)

HELLO I'M JACK FLANDERS.

(SINGING STOPS)

THAT'S QUITE A CAR YOU HAVE THERE.

(SILENCE)

A MERCURY, IS THAT RIGHT?

(SILENCE)

YOU'VE CERTAINLY KEPT IT IN FINE CONDITION... IT'S RAKED , I SEE...BEAUTIFUL CAR...CANDY APPLE RED, IS THAT THE COLOR?FENDER SKIRTS TOO..... A CROME SWAN HOOD ORNAMENT...BUICK PORTHOLES...MIND IF I LOOK UNDER TH E HOOD?

W. BHAM: YEAH , I MIND.

JACK: I HAVEN'T MET YOU BEFORE, YOU MUST BE WHAM BHAM SHAZAM.

W. BAHM: YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT - SO WHAT?

JACK: I'M JACK FLANDERS.

2 TUES 4

W. BHAM: SO?

JACK: I HEARD YOU SINGING AN OLD FAMILIAR SONG.

W. BHAM: SO PUT ME IN JAIL.

JACK: I WAS WONDERING IF IT WAS A FAVORITE OF YOURS.

W. BHAM: WHATS IT TO YOU?

M (SUDDEN LEAP AND JACK'S GOT HIM BY THE SHIRT FRONT)

JACK: LISTEN YOU SCRAWNY LITTLE PUNK, LAST TIME I HEARD THAT SONG SOME DROLLING IDIOT WAS TRYING TO SLICE ME UP WITH A MEAT CLEAVER.

W. BHAM: WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE, MISTER?

JACK: I THINK YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

W. BHAM: YOU OUGHTA TALK TO OLD ART, HE KNOWS ABOUT EVERYTHING GOING ON AROUND HERE.

JACK: RIGHT NOW I'M TALKING TO YOU.

W. BHAM: THAT'S A GREAT WAY TO RELATE, COME ON LIKE MY PARENTS.

JACK: WHEN I FIRST STEPPED IN HERE , THE HOSTILITY COMING OFF YOU WAS SO THICK I COULD.....

W. BHAM: CUT IT WITH A MEAT CLEAVER? YEAH, SO I HAVE A LOVE AFFAIR WITH A FORTY NINE MERC.

JACK: OKAY. WHAT I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT -

W. BHAM: YOU WANT A BEER?

JACK: YEAH, SURE.

W. BHAM:)OFF) I'VE GOT A COOLER OUT HERE - (COMES BACK) HERE
YOU GO.

JACK: THANKS IT'S -

W. BHAM: YEAH, YOU NEED A CHURCH KEY -
(SFX OPENS HIS)
HERE.
(SFX OPENS JACKS)

JACK: I THOUGHT EVERYTHING WAS TWIST TOP.

W. BHAM: YOU CAN STILL GET THE OTHERS.

JACK: WELL WHAT I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IS THE FOURTH TOWER.
(DRINKS) (WIPES MOUTH)

W. BHAM: WHAT FOURTH TOWER?

JACK: INVERNESS.

W. BHAM: THERE'S ONLY THREE TOWERS, MAN.

JACK: I'VE HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE, BUT I SAW A FOURTH.

W. BHAM: (INTERESTED) WHERE?

JACK: THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

W. BHAM: THAT'S A GOOD PLACE, SINCE ITS GOT ONT ON EVERY OTHER
SIDE!

JACK: YOU'VE NEVER SEEN IT THEN?

W. BHAM: NAW, I DON'T SEE MUCH OF ANYTHING.

JACK: BUT YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE FOURTH TOWER?

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W. BHAM: YEAH, I READ ABOUT IT?

JACK: REALLY, WHERE?

W. BHAM: SOME BOOK, WRITTEN BY SOME OLD DUDE. OLD ART'S GOT IT NOW.

JACK: WHAT DID IT SAY?

W. BHAM: I DON'T REMEMBER TOO MUCH, SOMETHING ABOUT IT APPEARS NOW AND THEN, BUT ONLY A COUPLA PEOPLE CAN SEE IT AND YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL IF YOU TRY TO GET INSIDE 'CAUSE IT'S DANGEROUS, IT'LL SWALLOW YOU UP, AND YOU PROBABLY WON'T COME OUT EVER AGAIN AND YOU KNOW I NEVER SAW IT SO IT WASN'T THAT INTERESTING.

JACK: YOU THINK OLD ART'S GOT THE BOOK?

W. BHAM: SURE, PROBABLY.

JACK: THEN , WHAT ABOUT THE SONG YOU WERE SINGING? IS THERE A JUKE BOX SEALED AWAY UP IN THE FOURTH TOWER THAT PLAYS BY ITSELF JUST ~~WHEN~~ BEFORE SOME "ACCIDENT" IS ABOUT TO OCCUR?

W. BHAM: ACCORDING TO THE OLD WRITINGS, EVERY NOW AND THEN SOME CAT WILL COME ALONG AND SEE THE TOWER BUT THE "ACCIDENTS" WILL INCREASE UNTIL HE FIGURES OUT HOW TO GET INTO THE THING. THEN THEY CEASE, UNTIL WHENEVER IT'S TIME TO START THE CYCLE OVER AGAIN IN SEARCH FOR ANOTHER VICTIM TO SACRIFICE.

JACK: SACRIFICE? ARE YOU SERIOUS?

W. BHAM: YEP, I'M DEAD SERIOUS ... (LAUGHS_)
(MUSIC UP)

1 WED 4

NARR: WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, "THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS". NIGHT HAS FALLEN, CRICKETS AND KATYDIDS CHIRP AND HOWL IN THE WARM AUTUMN AIR. A DOG CAN BE HEARD BARKING FAR OFF TOWARD THE VALLEY.

(SFX BARKS, FOLLOWED BY INSANE LAUGHTER)

JACK FLANDERS HAS MET THE TEENAGER WHAM BHAM SHAZAM. WHAM BHAM HAS RELATED A STORY HE READ THAT MENTIONED THE NON-EXISTANT FOURTH TOWER. THIS BOOK, ACCORDING TO WHAM BHAM, IS NOW IN THE WEST TOWER, IN THE POSESSION OF THAT OLD FAR SEEING ART. JACK CLIMBS THE STAIRS TO THE WEST TOWER WHERE LIVES THAT OLD ART. HE RAPS ON THE TRAP DOOR.

(SFX RAP RAP)

OLD ART: (VOICE MUFFLED BY DOOR) WHO THAT A RAP RAP RAPPING AT MY TRAP DOOR?

JACK: (CLOSE ON) IT'S ME JACK.

OLD ART: (BRIGHTENS WITH THE PROSPECT OF SOMEONE TO RAP TO)
AHH, JACK, COME IN, COME RIGHT IN.

(SFX TRAP DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

YOU'VE FINALLY COME FOR A VISIT , EH?

JACK: THAT'S RIGHT.

(SFX CLUMP - DOOR SHUTS)

SAY THIS IS REALLY FINE UP HEAR.

OLD ART: YES, IT'S A CLEAR NIGHT TONITE. YOU CAN SEE FOR A MILLION MILES.

JACK: IT'S ALMOST LIKE AN OBSERVATORY - WHEW, THAT MUST BE SOMETHING LIVING UP HERE SURROUNDED BY STARS.

OLD ART: IT GETS YOU THINKING.

JACK: I GUESS SO. I REMEMBER AS A KID STANDING ON A HILLTOP ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS AND LOOKING OUT AT THE UNIVERSE.

OLD ART: ' NOUGHT TO TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY.

JACK: YEAH. MAKES ME FEEL PRETTY INSIGNIFICANT.

OLD ART: YEP, KINDA PUTS THINGS IN THEIR PROPER PERSPECTIVE, EH?

JACK: I GUESS SO.

OLD ART: CAN YA HEAR THE SOUND?

JACK: WHAT SOUND?

OLD ART: IT'S HIGH PITCHED, LIKE A HUNDRED CRICKETS CHIRPPING. IT'S KINDA LIKE A RINGING IN YER EARS.

JACK: A CONSTANT HIGH PITCH?

OLD ART: YEP, THAT'S IT. THE OM SOUND, THE SOUND OF THE UNVERSE.

JACK: SO THAT'S THE OM SOUND? HUMPH. YOUSAID YOU COULD HEAR OTHER SOUNDS TOO.

OLD ART: YEP, THERE'S TWO OR THREE OTHERS THAT ARE COMIN' IN THAT WEREN'T THERE BEFORE. THESE ARE COMIN' FROM WAY OFF, PROBABLY SOMEWHERE IN THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE. I SPECK THAT'S WHATS BRINGIN' ON THIS WHOLE THING THE EARTH'S GOIN' THRU RIGHT NOW - SPECIALLY THIS COUNRTY, LOTTA SPIRITUAL THINGS BECOMIN PART OF EVERYDAY TALK.

JACK: I THUOGHT YOU PEOPLE HAD CUT YOURSELVES OFF FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD?

OLD ART: IT'S ALL THERE IN THE AIR, JUST LIKE RADIO WAVES, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS KNOW HOW TO TUNE IN ON IT.

JACK:: HUMPH. THAT'S INTERESTENG. SAY, I WAS TALKING TO WHAM BHAM SHAZAM AND HE SAID YOU HAD A BOOK THAT HAS SOMETHING IN ~~IT~~ ABOUT THE FOURHT TOWER.

OLD ART: LADY JOWLS GOT IT NOW.

3 WED 4

JACK: OH, OK ... WHAT IS THAT PIANO KEY I KEEP HEARING?

OLD ART: IT'S THE MADONNA VAMPIRA, THE PIANO IS AN UPRIGHT SET IN THE WALLS NEAR THE BASE OF THE TOWER, IT COMES EHCOING UP THE SHAFT. ANYWAY -

JACK: THAT OLD JUKE BOX THAT PLAYS BEFORE AN "ACCIDENT" IS ABOUT TO OCCUR , HAVE YOU EVER HEARD IT FROM UP HEAR?

OLD ART: YEP. SHE SEEMS TO FLOAT IN THE AIR, THAT MUSIC.

JACK: YOU DON'T THINK IT COMES FROM ONE OF THE TOWERS?

OLD ART: NOPE- BUT SHE JUST SEEMS TO FLOAT IN THE AIR UP HERE

JACK: IS EVERYONE HERE ..IN INVERNESS... IN THERE RIGHT MIND?

OLD ART: TOTALLY MAD, EVERY LAST ONE. WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, LIVING ON THIS MOUNTAIN, SHUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD? (MOVING OFF) THE SERVANTS GO INTO TOWN FOR SUPPLIES... NONE OF US DO ANYMORE.

JACK: WHY NOT?

OLD ART: (OFF) DON'T NEED TO. YOU SMOKE?

JACK: NOT ANYMORE. YOU CAN ROLL A CIGARETTE WITH ~~M~~ ONE HAND?

OLD ART: SONNY, I CAN ROLL A CIGARETTE WITH TWO LEFT TOES IN A TORNADO. I USED TO SMOKE A PIPE BUT ONE DAY OUT IN THE DESERT WHERE I PROSPECTED, A SEVERE SANDSTORM AROSE SUDDDENLY AND I CROUCHED DOWN BEHIND A BOULDER. WHEN IT HAD PAST I LOOKED UP AND SAW THESE TWO ^{Fierce} BLOOD-SHOT EYES STARRING AT ME. I LOOKED AGAIN AND SURE ENOUGH, A TINY HORNED BACK TOAD HAD LEAPED IN MAH PIPE BOWL FER SHELTER. HE GOT HIS BUTT BURNED SOME I SUSPECT. HE WAS HOPPIN MAD. AND THE SMOKE WEREN'T TOO TASTY NEITHER.

JACK: (LAUGHS) LET ME ASK YOU ONE OTHER THING, YOU TRIM HEDGES IN THE MAZE, DON'T YOU.

OLD ART: (HIS PLAYFULNESS DROPS AWAY, HE'S VERY SOMBER)
IT'S EAR PLUGS. YOU NEED EAR PLUGS TAHO GO INTO THAT
INFERNAL PLACE.

JACK: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, INFERNAL?

OLD ART: DOES THINGS TO YOUR HEAD. START HEARING THINGS, START
SEEING THINGS. AIN'T TOO PLEASANT.

JACK: WHAT DO YOU HEAR?

OLD ART: AIN'T TOO PLEASANT. WEIRD VOICES. GETS YER HEAD GOIN
IN A SPIRAL - ROUND AND ROUND . CAN'T GET OUTA IT.
THEM YOU START TAHO SEE CREATURES DANCING, LEAPING
ABOUT A FIRE AND YOU WANT TODANCE WITH THEM. I EVEN
SAW - IT WAS... A THING LIKE A DEMON , (SHUDDERS)
WITH ALL THESE ARMS, ARMS LIKE SPAGETTI COMIN OUT OF
IT. IT WAS A SPIDER, A HAIRY, UGLY SPIDER ONLY WITH
THE HEAD OF A WOMAN ON IT. (PAUSE) YOU DON'T BELIEVE
ME? JUST AS WELL. I DON'T WANNA REMEMBER THAT.

JACK: BUT YOU'VE GONE INTO THE MAZE SINCE THEN?

OLD ART: EARPLUGS. A GOOD PAIR A EAR BLUGS'LL GET YOU THROUGH
'BOUT ANYTHING NOW DAYS.

JACK: DO YOU MIND IF I BORROW A PAIR?

OLD ART: WHAT FER, YOU AIN'T GOIN' OUT THERE NOW?

JACK: I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS. LET ME BORROW
THAT FLASH LIGHT OF YOURS.

OLD ART: THAT'S ABOUT THE MOST IDIOT THING I EVER HEARD . WELL,
JUST MAKE SURE YOU DON'T REMOVE THEM PLUGS, OTHERWISE
YOU WON'T BE AROUND FOR ME TO SAY "I WARNED YA" AND
THAT'D BE A SHAME.
(MUSIC UP)

1 THURS 4

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE TRILLING ADVENTURE SERIES, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. AFTER TALKING WITH THAT OLD FAR SEEING ART, JACK FLANDERS HAS DECIDED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THESE STRANGE THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN OCCURING. JACK HAS DECIDED THAT EVEN THOUGH IT'S THE DEAD OF NIGHT, HE'll go alone and search the maze AND DISCOVER WHETHER THERE REALLY IS ANYTHING TO BE AFRAID OF. ARMED WITH A BRIGHT FLASHLIGHT AND A HEFTY STICK THAT COULD BE USED AS A CLUB, JACK ENTERS THE MAZE.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) OLD ART WARNED ABOUT KEEPING THESE EAR PLUGS IN. I MAY AS WELL PUT THEM IN. (ALL NIGHT SOUNDS CEASE, PERSPECTIVE IS FROM INSIDE JACK'S HEAD)

VOICE: (FLASHES PAST, FILTERED AND SPEEDED UP SO AS TO PASS VERY QUICKLY) IT'S IN POSITION.

JACK: (DOESN'T HEAR THIS) OLD ART SEEMED TO THINK IT WAS SOME STRANGE SOUND THAT CAUSED A HALLUCINATION OF SOME SORT.

VOICE: IT PROCEEDS CAUTIOUSLY

JACK: IT'S ACLEVER MAZE ALRIGHT, THE HEDGES ARE JUST HIGH ENOUGH SO THAT YOU CAN'T QUITE SEE OVER THE TOPS. IF I HAD A PAIR OF STILTS, HMM, NEXT TIME I'LL DO THAT.

VOICE: IT THINKS THERE'LL BE A NEXT TIME.

JACK: THIS MAZE IS TOTALLY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT I EXPECTED. // IT'S INCREDIBLY CLEVER.// INSTEAD OF COMPLEATE CHAOS - OPPS, DEAD END, AGAIN, - ANYWAY, THERE'S A PATTERN HERE, BUT JUST AS I THINK I HAVE THE PATTERN FIGURED OUT, IT CHANGES AND I REALIZE IT WAS SO OBVIOUS I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT. // THE PATTERN BECOMES SIMPLER AND SIMPLER, BUT THE MAZE BECOMES MORE DIFFICULT...

VOICE: IT'S BEGINING TO REALIZE.

3 THURS 4

VOICE: REALIZES.

JACK: I'M GOING TO REMOVE ONE EARPLUG.

(SFX: NIGHT SOUNDS FLOOD INTO ONE CHANNEL)

VOICE: (HIS VOICE COMES OUT OF THE FILTER)

THERE...OH BOY, THAT SOUNDS GOOD. NOW I'M BEGINUNG TO
SEE WHAT HAPPENED. BY WEARING EARPLUGS I HAD NO OUTSIDE
DISTRACTIONS, IT FORCED ME TO LOOK INSIDE ME. NO
WONDER EVERYONE AVOIDED MY QUESTIONS ABOUT THE MAZE.

(REMOVES OTHER EARPLUG, NIGHT SOUNDS IN BOTH CHANNELS)

AHH, THAT'S BETTER. WELL, THAT WAS SOMETHING.

(SFX: DRUMS FAINT)

I MUST BE NEAR THE CENTER OF THE MAZE. I SEE NO REASON
TO TURN BACK NOW... STRANGE MUSIC...IT'S GOOD TO HEAR
MUSIC AGAIN...STRANGE MUSIC...FEELS GOOD THOUGH...
SOOTHES THE MIND...THERE'S SOME KIND OF CERIMONY GOING
ON..I CAN SEE SHADOWS ON THE WALLS...CREATURES DANCING
....LEAPING..RISING AND FALLING SO SLOWLY.... STRANGE
CREATURES... I CAN FEEL MY BODY, RISING AND FALLING..
AH YES, UP...AND DOWN...AND UP...AND YES I SEE, YOU
WANT ME TO COME OUT... TO LEAVE MY BODY BEHIND...
SHED IT LIKE A COCOON...LEAVE IT BEHIND AND SOAR OUT
INTO SPACE - OUT THROUGH THE TOP OF MY HEAD... I'LL
JUST SLIDE RIGHT OUT ... IT'S HAPPENING ... I'M SLIPPING
OUT...

(MUSIC MORE INTENSE)

RIGHT OUT THR TOP... LEAVING THE BODY... LEAVE IT BEHIND,
LIKEA DANCING PUPPET, ... BYE BYE BODY... GOODBYE.

(MUSIC UP)

JACK: I THINK I SEE WHAT'S GOING ON AND I DON 'T LIKE IT.
// THE MAZE ITSELF IS BECOMING MORE SIMPLE ALRIGHT,
BUT IT'S ME THAT'S MAKING IT DIFFICULT. // THIS
THING IS LIKE A MIRROR, IT REFLECTS HOW I CREATE
PROBLEMS OUT OF NOTHING.// I DON'T LIKE WHAT THIS
MAZE IS SHOWING ME.

VOICE: IT SEES.

JACK: EARPLUGS OR NO EARPLUGS, THIS THING KNOWS HOW TO GET
TO YOU. CAN MY MIND BE SO CONDITIONED?// THESE HEDGES
SEEM TO ANTICIPATE MY THOUGHTS. SEEM TO KNOW THE PATTERN
OF MY THINKING AS THOUGH THIS MAZE HAD AN INTELLIGENCE
OF IT'S OWN. WGEW, THIS PLACE IS A BIT MUCH.// I DON'T
THINK I CAN TAKE THIS.// I WONDER WHERE THE HELL I AM?
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE/~~FOR ETERNITIES~~. AS THOUGH
I'VE BEEN HERE FOR ETERNITIES. AS THOUGH THIS ALL
I'VE EVER KNOWN,~~XX~~ CEASELESSLY FIGHTING AGAINST THIS
MAZE. // THIS MAZE WHICH IS ME.// WHENEVER I BEGAN
TO THINK ABOUT WHAT DECISION TO MAKE, TO GO LEFT OR
RIGHT, IT'S ALWAYS WRONG.// BUT IF I STOP FOR A MOMENT,
IT COMES TO ME.// IT'S AS THOUGH I'M BEING RECONDITIONED
IN HERE.// OR UNCONDITIONED.// WHO WAS IT THAT SAID,
IF YOU COULD SUDDENLY SEE REALITY AS IT REALLY IS,
YOU'D GO MAD INSTANTLY?// THAT'S WHAT THIS PLACE IS,
MADNESS.// IT'S SHOWING ME THAT EVERYTHING I BELIEVE
IN IS NONSENSE, MY OWN CREATION.// THIS IS A BIT MUCH,
I CAN'T BE STRIPPED LIKE THAT, THERE WON'T BE ANY ME
LEFT.// ... ANY ME LEFT? // IS THAT ALL I AM?//
I REALIZE I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHO I REALLY AM.

(SFX BELL)

VOICE: REALIZES.

JACK: I'VE HAD ENOUGH. I'M TURNING BACK .. BUT TO GO BACK
MEANS RETURNING THROUGH THAT NIGHTMARE OF ME THAT I'VE
JUST STRIPPED AWAY.// TAKING IT ~~XXX~~ BACK WOULD BE WORSE
THAN TAKING IT OFF.

(SFX BELL)

1 FRI 4

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE TRILLING ADVENTURE SERIES
THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

(SFX: NIGHT SOUNDS DRUMS)

IT'S NIGHTTIME. THE MOON IS LARGE AND BRIGHT CASTING
A SILVER LIGHT ~~OVER~~ ACROSS THE HILLS OF INVERNESS. JACK
FLANDERS HAS BEEN EXPLORING THE MAZE. FOLLOWING OLD
ART'S ADVICE, JACK PREVENTED HIMSELF FROM HEARING
ANY SOUNDS BY PLACING EARPLUGS IN HIS EARS. AS HE CONTINUED
TO MOVE INSIDE THE TWISTING, TURNING, MIND- BOGGLING
MAZE, HE DISCERNED A PATTERN , A PATTERN THAT REFLECTED
HIS OWN BRAIN RYTHUMS. SOON HE REALIZED THE MAZE WAS
LIKE A MIRROR REFLECTING ALL THAT WAS HIM, ALL THE
BULL THAT HE CREATED AROUND HIM, ALL THAT HE THOUGHT
WAS HIM. HE FELT HIMSELF BEING STRIPPED OF THIS FALSE
SELF, THIS SELF THAT LOOKED TO SOCIETY FOR IT'S MIRROR,
AND IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM TO ENDURE, HE YANKED OUT
THE EARPLUGS AND LISTENED TO THE NIGHT SOUNDS. SOON HE
HEARD MUSIC THAT SOOTHED HIM. HE CONTINUED TOWARD THE
CENTER OF THE MAZE WHERE A BON FIRE BLAZED AND CREATURES
DANCED ON THEIR HIND LEGS AND HOOVES. JACK DANCED TOO,

(MUSIC LOUDER)

HE LEAPED INTO THE AIR , RISING AND FALLING VERY SLOWLY,
UNTIL HE FELT HIMSELF SLIPPING FROM HIS BODY, SLIDING
OUT THROUGH THE TOP OF HIS HEAD. CAUGHT IN THE ECTASY
OF THE MOMENT, HE FELT HIMSELF FLOAT AWAY. HE COULD SEE
HIS BODY FAR BELOW, STILL DANCING, LEAPING LIKE A
DEMENTED PUPPET. SUDDENLY (SFX CLANG) HE'S CAUGHT,
SNARED IN A WEB, AND THERE, TO ONE SIDE OF THE WEB ,...
WAITING, IS A GIANT SPIDER...NO, NO ORDINARY SPIDER BUT

WITH LEGS RIPPLING RESTLESSLY, LEGS LIKE TUBES OF SPAGHETTI, LEGS OF ORANGE AND GREEN AND BLUE AND PURPLE AND OF EVERY CONCEIVABLE COLOUR, RIPPLING HYPNOTICALLY, COLOURS UNDULATING, BREATHING. IT'S HEAD IS A BRILLIANT IRRIDESCENT GREEN, WITH PRICKLY FUR, IT'S EYES ARE ENORMOUS BLAZING RED CIRCLES THAT SEEM TO PIERCE RIGHT TO HIS VERY SOUL. AND IT'S FACE IS THAT OF A WOMAN. BUT NO ONE JACK HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE, OR WOULD EVER CARE TO SEE AGAIN...OBVIOUSLY. AND FROM IT'S CONTORTED MOUTH, GREENISH DRUGS SLOWLY DRIPS.

JACK: STEADY...STEADY...I'M OVER REACTING AT FREAKOUT LEVEL. GOT TO CONTROL MYSELF. (SINGS) OH MY MOTHER DIDN'T RAISE ME TO BE A SPIDER'S DELICACY.

(SFX: SPIDER DROLL)

IT'S COMING TO FEAST ON MY ASTRAL BODY OR WHATEVER I AM...IT'S MOVING CAUTIOUSLY OR IT'S SAVORING THE MOMENT BEFORE HE DEVOURS ME. I WONDER IF IT'LL SUCK MY SOUL OUT OF MY ASTRAL BODY? LIKE SUCKING A PIMENTO OUT OF AN OLIVE? IF THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, THAT DRUGS DRIPPING FROM IT'S MOUTH, YEECH.

(SFX: DRUGS GETTING CLOSER)

(STRUGGLING) THERE MUST BE A WAY... I'M CAUGHT ALRIGHT. IT'S NOT A PHYSICAL WEB BUT ONE WOVEN OUT OF HIGH FREQUENCIES. I CAN SEE THE PATTERNS OF THE FREQUENCIES AND I CAN FEEL THEM... ONLY ABOUT TWO YARDS BEFORE IT'S ON ME...

(SFX: DRUGS GETTING STILL CLOSER)

3 FRI 4

THERE'S STILL ONE CHANCE, TO ALTER MY FREQUENCY OF VIBRATION AND THEN WILL FOR ALL I'VE GOT TO GET PUT OF HERE WHEN THAT THING REACHES OUT. ITLL BE A GOOD INCENTIVE TOO - OGH, IT'S GOT ME! NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT - AHAAGH!

(SFX: POP) (ALL DRUMING STOPS)

I'M IN MY BODY...??... THERE'S NO FIRE.... MANNEQUINS... MANNEQUINS OF SATYR - LIKE CREATURES.

(SFX: TAP TAP)

MADE OUT OF PAPER MACHENO WEB OR SPIDER... NOTHING BUT THESE MANNEQUINS.

L. FREIDA: (THROUGH THR INTERCOM) JACK, GET OUT OF THAT MAZE IMMEDIATLY.

JACK: IT'S LITTLE FREIDA.. WHERE ARE YOU?

L. FREIDA? I'M COMING THROUGH THE ALPHA WAVE INTERCOM.

JACK: OH... HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS PLACE?

L: FREIDA: THERE'S A TRAP DOOR THREE FEET BEHIND YOU. IT'S COVERED WITH SOD BUT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THE RING...THAT'S IT, JUST PULL...IT'S HEAVY ALRIGHT:

(SFX: TRAP DOOR OPENING)

YOU STILL HAVE YOUR TORCH SO YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE (HER VOICE ECHOING AS HE ENTERS THE TUNNEL) YOU'RE NOW INSIDE THE SAME UNDERGROUND PASSAGE WE'VE USED BEFORE. IT'LL TAKE YOU TO THE HOUSE AND YOU'LL BE BACK INSIDE THE WALLS AGAIN... ANY DOOR THAT LEADS OUT

SHOULD TAKE YOU TO THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE. ANY FURTHER QUESTIONS?

JACK: YOU DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYONE BESIDES ME IN THIS TUBE?

L. FREIDA: IT'S CLEAR I'VE CHECKED IT OUT.

JACK: HOW DID YOU CHECK IT OUT?

L. FREIDA: I MEAN I KNOW IT'S PERFECTLY SAFE. YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT NOW.

JACK: I HOPE SO. (TO HIMSELF) LET'S SEE, THERE'S A TURN UP AHEAD HERE AND...AHH, HOME AT LAST.

(SFX: CLIMBING STEPS)

I CAN SEE WHY THE MADONNA VAMPIRA ENJOYS LIVING INSIDE THESE WALLS. THOUGH IT'S KINDA NARROW, THERE'S AN ATTRACTION TO THE SURREAL QUALITY OF LIVING IN ENDLESS HALLWAYS. (WALKING ON THE LEVEL NOW)

SHE HAS IT FIXED UP NICELY TOO... AHH, THERE'S A DOOR...

WELL, MAYBE I'LL CONTINUE ON- I MIGHT MEET THE GOOD MADONNA

AND SHARE A GLASS OF PORT... THAT'D SETTLE ME JUST FINE...

HUMPH, I'VE NEVER BEEN IN THIS PART BEFORE... BEAUTIFUL

PAINTINGS- THE FRAMES LOOK LIKE THAT ELABORATE RO CO CO

STUFF... WHAT AN ODD TIME THAT MUST HAVE BEEN -

VOICES: (FAINT TALKING)

JACK: SOMEONE TALKING.. LET'S SEE NO DOORS HERE - I'LL GO A LITTLE
FURTHER...

L. JOWLS: (VOICE MUFFLED) - GETTING CLOSE) YOU'RE CERTAIN THAT HE
TOOK IT ALRIGHT?

MAZ: PERFECTLY, SUPERBLY, JUST AS THE CREATURE FASTENED IT'S
CLAWS ABOUT HIM HE PROJECTED HIMSELF BACK TO HIS BODY
(SNAPS FINGER) JUST LIKE THAT.

L. JOWLS: NO AFTER EFFECTS?

MAZ: PERFECT- LANDED SQUARE IN HIS BODY. I'VE NEVER SEEN A BETTER
RETURN.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) HEY, WHAT IS THIS?

L. JOWLS: SO HE WAS ABLE TO SOLVE IT HIMSELF.

MAZ: SUPERBLY DONE- NO COACHING WHATEVER.

L. JOWLS: THE MISSING LINK IS STRONG, DR. MAZoola.

MAZ: INCREDIBLY STRONG.

L. JOWLS: WE WILL SUCCEED.

MAZ : HAVE YOU EVER DOUBTED?

L. JOWLS: WHEN HE FIRST ARRIVED I TOOK ONE LOOK AND REALIZED JUST
HOW LITTLE WORK HE HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

MAZ: IT WAS DORMANT - BUT NOW IT IS AWAKING (THEY CONTINUE UNDER)

L. FREIDA: (INTERCOM) JACK?...ARE YOU HUNG UP SOMEWHERE.

JACK: HUH? (WHISPER) OH YEAH - I GUESS I PASSED THE FIRST DOOR
AND I WAS LOOKING AT THE PAINTINGS AND FRAMES AND_

L. FREIDA: CAN YOU HURRY PLEASE...

JACK: OKAY SURE... (MOVES ON) (FOOTSTEPS MOVING OFF, VOICES FADING)
(TO HIMSELF) I DON'T KNOW WHATZ GOING ON, THAT'S FOR SURE

L. JOWLS: (AS BEFORE) AND ANOTHER THING , DR. MAZoola, YOU MUST PROVIDE
SOME SORT OF POWER SUPPLY FOR THE ALPHA WAVE INTERCOM.

MAZ: WHATEVER YOU SAY - I'LL ATTACH SOME DUMMY BATTERIES AT ~~THE~~
MAIN CONTROL PANEL.

L. JOWLS: (LAUGHS) MAIN CONTROL PANEL - I WILL ADMIT DR. MAZoola YOU
ARE A CLEVER ALCHEMIST.

MAZ: I'LL DRINK TO THAT --
(CLICK OF GLASSES TOUCHING AND L. JOWLS LAUGHING)

L. JOWLS: DON'T FORGET NOW, IF HE SHOULD REALIZE THE INTERCOM HAS NO
POWER SOURCE EXCEPT HIS OWN MIND... IT MAY BE A BIT MUCH
FOR HIM AT THIS STAGE. (MUSIC UP)

1 MON V

NARR: WHEN JACK RETURNED FROM THE HORRORS OF THE MAZE HE RETURNED VIA WAY OF THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY THAT RUNS BENEATH THE MAZE AND INTO THE INSIDE WALLS OF THE MANSION. HE FINDS A DOOR WAY AND IS ABOUT TO STEP OUT OF THE WALLS INTO THE INNER ROOMS OF THE MANSION WHEN - (SFX: HARPSICORD) HE HEARS THE FAINT SOUND OF A HARPSICORD - HE CHANGES HIS MIND AND CONTINUES DOWN THE NARROW PASSAGEWAY INSIDE THE WALLS. HE PASSES AN OCCASSIONAL PIECE OF O FURNITURE, MIRRORS WITH HEAVY GOLD LEAF BAROQUE ROCOCO FRAMES AND PAINTINGS OF ROYAL DANDIES AND LADIES CAPTURED AND FROZEN IN PAINT FOREVER, DAMNED TO HANG THERE AND SMILE AND STARE AT NOTHING BUT THE BACK OF AN APPOSITE WALL. THIS IS THE WORLD OF THE MADONNA VAMPYRA WHO LIVES WITHIN THE WALLS OF INVERNESS.

(STOPS PLAYING HARPISICORD)

M. VAMPYRA: YOU JUDGE MY APINTINGS MOST UNJUSTLY.

JACK: OH - THEY'RE ALL RIGHT.

M. VAMPYRA: (MIMIC) OH, THEY'RE ALL RIGHT. DO YOU HAVE ANY TASTE AT ALL, MR. FLANDERS?

JACK: WELL, MISS MADONNA VAMPYRA, I WOULD SAY I HAVE LOTS, IT'S JUST THAT (MOVING OFF) THIS ONE FOR EXAMPLE, I MEAN, LOOK AT HER.

M. VAMPYRA: YOU THINK THERE NEVER WAS A PERSON WHO LOOKED LIKE THAT?

JACK: NOT POSSIBLE.... NO ONE CAN WEAR A MASK LIKE THAT WITHOUT FALLING OVER WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE THING.

2 MON V

M. VAMP: (LAUGHS) WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THAT PAINTING
IS OF ME?

JACK: BULL.

M. VAMP: IT IS.

JACK: DOUBLE BULL.

M. VAMP: I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU SAY THAT.

JACK: SURE, SHE'S ABOUT 15 YEARS OLDER THAN YOU AND
THERE'S NOTHING ABOUT HER THAT EVEN FAINTLY
RESEMBLES WELL..... MAYBE THERE
YOU AREN'T HYPMATIZING ME OR ANYTHING RIGHT?

M. VAMP: (LAUGHS) RIGHT - NO SPELLS.

JACK: WELL, THE EYES THEY AREN'T AS DARK AS YOURS
BUT.... YEAH, HOW DID I MISS THAT? YEAH, WOW,
HUMPH - SURE IS A RESEMBLANCE WAS SHE SOME
ROYAL RELATIVE FROM BACK THEN?

M. VAMP: NO - THAT WAS ME.

JACK: WAS YOU?

M. VAMP: YOU AREN'T AFRAID TO DIE ARE YOU, MR. FLANDERS?

JACK: I DON'T KNOW. BEING AROUND THIS PLACE HAS KEPT
ME SO BUSY AVOIDING BEING KILLED THAT I HAVEN'T
HAD MUCH TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

M. VAMP: DYING IS SUCH A NATURAL THING - IT'T AS NATURAL
AS BEING BORN.... AS NATURAL AS EVEN, GOING TO
THE TOILET.

JACK: THAT'S PRETTY NATURAL.

M. VAMP: NATURALLY, (MOVING OFF) OVER HERE IS
ANOTHER PAINTING OF ME.

JACK: HMMM, WHEN WAS THAT DONE?

M. VAMP: 1740.

JACK: WAS THAT A GOOD YEAR?

M. VAMP: NOT REALLY....(MOVING OFF) AND HERE IS ONE OF
MY FAVORITES.

JACK: HUMPH, WHEN WAS THAT DONE?

M. VAMP: 1831

JACK: HOW DID YOU GROW SUCH A BIG BEARD?

M. VAMP: I WAS A SEA CAPTAIN.

JACK: YEAH, WELL THE, THAT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO

M. VAMP: (OFF) AND OVER HERE - I WAS, AS YOU SAID A DANDY....
I RECITED POETRY AND LED A MOST CHARMING RICH LIFE.

JACK: WHAT'S THAT VINTAGE?

M. VAMP: 16 SOMETHING.... I'VE NEVER GOTTEN THE DATE OF
THE PORTRAIT EXACT.

JACK: YOU'VE BEEN AROUND FOR A LONG RIME.

4 MON V

M. VAMP: SO HAVE YOU.

JACK: NOT QUITE THAT LONG.

M. VAMP: LONGER.

JACK: ODD, YOU DON'T LOOK THAT OLD.

M. VAMP: I KEEP BEING REBORN.

JACK: YOU BELIEVE IN THAT HOCAS POCUS?

M. VAMP: DON'T YOU?

JACK: (LAUGHS) WELL -

M. VAMP: I MEAN, DEEP DOWN, DON'T YOU?

JACK: DEEP DOWN AAAAA NO. (MOVING OFF)
THIS IS FAMILIAR.

M. VAMP: (ON) IT'S LORD JOWLS.

JACK: YOU WEREN'T HIM TOO?

M. VAMP: LADY JOWLS GAVE ME THE PAINTING.

JACK: YOU KNEW HIM?

M. VAMP: LORD JOWLS WAS THE LAST OF THE RENNASANCE MEN -
HE COULD PAINT, RECITE POETRY, COMPASE MUSIC,
HE WAS AN ADVENTURER - A VERY COMPLETE MAN.

JACK: WHERE DID HE MAKE HIS MISTAKE?

M. VAMP: HMMMM?

5 MON V

JACK: HE DISAPPEARED.

M. VAMP: HE CHOOSE TO DISAPPEAR.

JACK: FOREVER AND EVER?

M. VAMP: YOU SEEM TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS THAN I
(CORRECTS SELF) I'M SURPRISED.

JACK: HE WAS SUPPOSED TO RETURN?

M. VAMP: MY, FOR SUCH A DULL CONSERVATIVE PERSON, YOU DO
HAVE FLASHES OF BRIGHTNESS.

JACK:: WHERE DID LORD JOWLS GO AND WHY DIDN'T HE RETURN?

M. VAMP: NO ONE KNOWS WHY HE DIDN'T RETURN. MAYBE HE
LIKED IT THERE.

L. FREIDA: (INTERCOM) JACK?

JACK: YES, LITTLE FREIDA.

L. FREIDA: AFTER DINNER WE ARE GOING TO PRESENT A PLAY.
IT'S AN ALPHA WAVE PALLY.

JACK: OKAY, IS IT TIME FOR DINNER?

L. FREIDA: JUST ABOUT YOU CAN FIND YOUR WAY OUT OF THERE
ALRIGHT?

JACK: YEP.

L. FREIDA: OKIE DOOKIE - BYE.

M. VAMP: THAT ANEMIC LITTLE MIDGET.

JACK: I WONDER WHAT THE PLAYS ABOUT?

JM.VAMP: (CUTE) OH, YOU'LL LOVE IT I'M CERTAIN - LITTLE
FREIDA SET IT UP ESPECIALLY FOR YOU . IT'S HER
FIRST ALPHA WAVE PLAY, YOU KNOW.

JACK: HOW COME YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

M. VAMP: YOU FORGET, I LIVE IN THE WALLS, I HEAR EVERYTHING.

JACK: THAT'S TRUE. WHAT'S THE PLAY ABOUT?

M. VAMP: IT'S ABOUT YOU.

JACK: ME? HOW'S THAT?

M. VAMP: I CAN'T REVEAL THE EXCITING ENDING BUT THE
BEGINNING IS ENTITLED - "THE GREAT AND VAIN
GLORIOUS PAST LIVES OF JACK FLANDERS, HERE AND
NOW"

JACK: PAST LIVES.....? MINE ME?..... BULL.

M. VAMP: STICK AROUND, YOU'LL SEE - (LAUGHS)

(MUSIC UP)

NARR: THE WHOLE FAMILY IS SEATED IN THE GREAT LIVING ROOM OF THE INVERNESS MANSION. LADY JOWLS, CHIEF WAMPUM, MEANIE EENIE, DR. MAZoola, THE MADONNA VAMPYRA, LITTLE FREIDA, OLD FAR SEEING ART, WHAM BHAM SHAZAM, JACK AND JIVES, THE BUTLER.

L. JOWLS: (ADDRESSING GROUP) IT'S GOOD TO HAVE THE WHOLE FAMILY TOGETHER, TO BE SEATED IN A CIRCLE, HAND IN HAND, JOY IN OUR HEARTS.

MEANIE EENIE

~~W. BHAM~~: (OFF) AWWW, LET'S GET ON WITH IT.

L. JOWLS: TONIGHT WE WILL ALL VENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN, BUT WHICH WAS ONCE KNOWN, INTO BUT A FEW OF TH E ~~DOZENS AND~~ HUNDREDS OF LIVES WE HAVE LED IN THE PAST. HOPEFULLY WE WILL RECOGNIZE SOME OF THE PEOPLE HERE IN THIS ROOM. THEY MAY HAVE BEEN PARENTS, THEY MAY HAVE BEEN LOVERS, THEY MAY HAVE BEEN MILKMEN. IF YOU ARE A WOMAN NOW, THEN IN A PAST LIFE YOU MAY FIND YOU ARE A MAN OR A YOUNG BOY. (ASIDE) LITTLE FREIDA WILL YOU START THE METRONOME? SOME OF YOU (SFX: METRONOME AND ALFPHA FREQUENCY BEGINS) HAVE ALREADYEXPLORED THESE LIVES. TONIGHT, WE WILL CROSS REFERENCE EVERYONE IN THIS ROOM, WHEN AND WHERE WE KNEW THEM IN THE PAST. WITH THIS INFOR- MATION WE MAY BE ABLE TO DISCERN A PATTERN IN OUR LIVES. ALSO, WE WILL USE THE ENERGY FROM OUR PAST LIVES TO IMPROVE OURSELVES MENTALLY, PHYSICALLY AND SPIRITUALLY, NOW, RELAX - WHAT YOU ARE HEARING IS A METRONOME WITH ALPHA FREQUENCIES... ... AS YOU RELAX YOUR HEART BEAT WILL ADJUST ITSELF TO THIS PULSE. THIS IS NOT HYPNOSIS, YOU WILL BE CONSCIOUS OF EVERYTHING GOING ON AROUND YOUAT ALL TIMES.... MOST OF YOU HAVE DONE THIS SO YOU CAN GO DIRECTLY INTO YOUR PAST LIVES....

THOSE THAT HAVE NOT WILL EXTEND THEMSELVES
A FEW INCHES THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THEIR FEET..
NOW BACK TO NORMAL NOW EXTEND THEMSELVES
ONE FOOT NOW BACK TO NORMAL (VOICE FADING)
NOW THROUGH THE TOP OF THE HEAD - NOW BACK TO
NORMAL NOW EXTEND YOURSELF THROUGH YOUR
LEGS, ARMS, FACE CHEST HEAD - BLOW YOURSELF
UP LIKE A BALLOON NOW BACK TO NORMAL

(FADE IN AGAIN)

NOW COME DOWN QUICKLY IN ANOTHER LIFE TIME,
SET YOUR FEET DOWN GENTLY BUT FIRMLY. LOOK
AT YOUR FEET AND SEE WHAT YOU ARE WEARING.

JACK: BUCKLES BLACK SHOES WITH BUCKLES.

L. JOWLS: CONTINUE UP LOOK AT YOUR STOCKINGS YOUR DRESS
OR TROUSERS, YOUR SHIRT. FINALLY YOUR HAT.
WHAT DOES YOUR FACE LOOK LIKE? DO YOU HAVE A
BEARD? (VOICE FADING) WHERE ARE YOU STANDING?
WHAT DO YOU HEAR? ARE THERE OTHER PEOPLE
THERE? WHAT IS GOING ON? WHERE ARE YOU? DO YOU
KNOW WHAT COUNTRY? WHAT IS YOUR NAME? ASK
QUESTIONS, QUESTIONS QUESTIONS.

(FADE UP VOICES AND STUFF)

JACK: (CROSS FADE) I'M STANDING IN THE STREET, IT'S
PARIS MAYBE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY....
I HAVE SOME PAINTINGS UNDER MY ARM, AND I'M
GOING SOMEWHERE.... I'M WALKING DOWN THE STREET....
NOW, INTO - IT'S A GALLERY SOMEONE I KNOW,
A COLLECTOR.... HIS NAME IS VICTOR VICTOR
LE... LE... BLANC? SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I'M HOLDING
OUT EACH PAINTING... THERE'S FOUR..... ONE IS A
BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE, AT NIGHT, LIGHTS REFLECTING
OFF THE BLACK WATER.... IT'S A WARM PAINTING...
IT'S PRETTY GOOD.... THE NEXT IS A LANDSCAPE...

PASTELS... THE NEXT IS A YOUNG WOMAN, RATHER PRETTY SHE SHE'S..... MY GOD, THAT'S THE MADONNA VAMPYRA! WHAT'S SHE?..... IT'S HER ALRIGHT... NOT THE SAME AS NOW BUT YES, IT'S HER. NOW I CAN SEE MYSELF IN MY STUDIO, WHEN I PAINTED THE PORTRAIT. HER NAME IS JULIETTE. WE ARE IN LOVE... I THINK.

L. JOWLS: (VOICE FADING IN) NOW MOVE YOURSELF ALONG ONE YEAR..... (FADING OUT) SEE WHERE YOU ARE... WHAT YOU ARE DOING... IS THERE ANYONE FROM THIS LIFE THAT YOU RECOGNIZE.....?

JACK: STRANGE IT'S..... SPAIN, I THINK... I'M PAINTING A LARGE CANVAS.... I REMEMBER THE DEALER... HE SUGGESTED I PAINT ON LARGER CANVASSES.... I EXPLAINED HOW IT SIMPLIFIED THINGS TO ALWAYS FRAME THINGS ON APPROXIMATELY THE SAME SIZE CANVASS... IT'S HOW MY EYES FRAME THINGS NATURALLY... SEE WITH YOUR HEART ALSO, HE SAID. PAINT LARGER HE SAID, IT'LL OPEN E YOU MORE. ALRIGHT, I'M NOW PAINTING A LANDSCAPE ON A CANVAS THE SIZE OF A POSTCARD. I'M CHUCKLING 'CAUSE HE'LL FLINCH WHEN HE RECEIVES IT. (LAUGHS)

L. JOWLS: DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT PERSON IS?

JACK: THE ART DEALER? LET ME LOOK - IT'S OLD FAR SEEING ART... HOW CAN YES, IT'S HIM ALL RIGHT.... DIFFERENT FACE COMPLETELY BUT THAT'S HIM.

L. JOWLS: YOU CAN RETURN TO THAT LIFETIME WHENEVER YOU CHOOSE, BUT NOW COME DOWN IN ANOTHER LIFE TIME..... LOOK AT YOUR FEET.... WHAT DO YOU SEE?

4 TU V

JACK: FEET ARE BARE.... THERE'S BRACLETS AROUND THE ANKLES.... I'M DANCING IT'S IN THE CENTER OF A CIRCLE.... IN A VILLAGE.... THERE'S HUTS.. I HAVE SMALL BREASTS.... I'M A GIRL... MY SKIN IS..... BECK.....

L. JOWLS: (FADING IN) ARE YOU MARRIED? DO YOU HAVE CHILDREN?

JACK: YES... I'M ABOUT 16.... MY HUSBAND IS FIERCE LOOKING WITH A STICK THING THROUGH HIS NOSE... WE COULD BE HEAD HUNTERS FOR ALL I KNOW... I HAVE A BABY... IT'S REALLY CUTE... LITTLE TINY FLAT NOSE, TOES AS TINY AS PEANUTS... I'M DANCING.... THERE'S A SPECIFIC PATTERN TO THIS DANCE.... I SEE THERE'S AN EXACT WAY THE FOOT - THE BALL AND HEEL ~~BU~~ HIT THE GROUND - AN EXACT FEELING MORE THAN TECHINIQUE - THE FEELING IS WHAT'S IMPORTANT....

L. JOWLS: NOW GO TO ANOTHER LIFETIME.... (FADING OUT)
LOOK AT YOUR FEET, LOOK AROUND YOU WHAT DO YOU SEE?

JACK: I'M - IN A MANSION.... IT'S ENGLISH THERE'S SOMEONE PLAYING THE PIANO... I KNOW THAT GIRL.. THAT'S SOMEONE HERE THAT I HAVEN'T MET... BUT THEN HER NAME WAS

L. JOWLS: MOVE AHEAD NOW....

KACK: YES - I'M WEALTHY OR ACTUALLY IT'S MY UNCLE THAT'S RICH.... BIG LAND OWNER - THIS IS HIS COUNTRY ESTATE. I RECITE POETRY A LOT. I' M QUITE A DANDY.

L. JOWLS: WE'LL MOVE ALONG QUICKLY NOW -

JACK: IT'S ENGLAND - LATE 1700'S I THINK... YES I
MARRIED HER... WE HAVE TWO CHILDREN...

L. JOWLS: MOVE ALONG NOW-

JACK: WE'RE GETTING OLDER... I SEE MY ATTITUDE TOWARD
LIFE HAS MELLOWED A GOOD DEAL.... NOW I'M REALLY
GETTING PRETTY OLD.. NOW I'M IN THE HOSPITAL...
MY CHEST, SOMETHING NOT TOO GOOD THERE.... I'M
NOT TOO HEALTHY... I'M DYING... YES, THERE'S
MY SON AND DAUGHTER, SOBING.... VERY TOUCHING
SCENE... I'M WATCHING THIS FROM UP IN THE ROOM,
IN THE AIR.... NOW I'M GOING TO SEE MY WIFE...
YES, SHE'LL DIE SOON TOOO... I WAIT.... NOW,
THERE SHE'S FLOATING/TOO..... WE'RE BOTH YOUNG
AGAIN, IN OUR YOUNG BODIES AGAIN BUT FLOATING IN
THE ROOM.... NOW I'M ALONE, JUST FLOATING, NO
BODY.... IT'S DARK.... I FEEL ALRIGHT THOUGH...

L. JOWLS: NOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE BORN TO YOUR PRESENT DAY
PARENTS.....

JACK: THERE THEY ARE... THEY'RE SO MUCH YOUNGER...
AND THEY'RE HAPPY. MY MOTHER IS PREGNANT,
ABOUT FIVE MONTHS.... I'M OUTSIDE HER BODY,
HANGING AROUND WAITING TO BE BORN.... WAITING
TO ENTER... THERE'S OTHERS LIKE ME THERE....
MUST BE A LOT OF PREGNANT WOMEN OUT IN THE STRET....
THERE'S ALSO OTHERS IN THE ROOM.... THOSE THAT
ARE NOT WAITING TO BE BORN.... THEY'RE
HELPERS. I'LL MOVE AHEAD ONE MONTH. I'M
HANGING AROUND CLOSER TO THE BODY NOW.

L. JOWLS: DO YOU KNOW YOUR NAME?

JACK: AAAAAA..... WELL, I GUESS I'LL ASK ONE OF THE
OTHERS LIKE ME, MAYBE THEY KNOW - HMMMM, I
CAN'T LEAVE..... I'M ABOUT THREE FEET FROM MY
MOTHER, BUT WHERE I COULD MOVE ABOUT IN THE ROOM
BEFORE AND OUTSIDE, NOW I CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER
AWAY THAN THREE FEET. I CAN'T LEAVE HER, THAT'S
BECAUSE I'LL BE BORN SOON.

(MUSIC)

NARR: WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIES! THE 4TH TOWER OF INVERNESS.... JACK HAS BEEN REGRESSED INTO ~~THREE~~ **SEVERAL** OF HIS PAST LIVES. IN THOSE LIVES HE FOUND HIMSELF A PAINTER IN PARIS AT THE TURN OF THIS CENTURY' A YOUNG WEALTHY DANDY IN ENGLEAND IN THE 1700'S AND A YOUNG BLACK FIRL WITH A CHILD IN A TRIBE IN AFRICA JACK RECOGNIZED SEVERAL PEOPLE IN THE ROOM - THEY WERE FRIENDS HE KNEW BACK THEN NOW, HE HAS DIED' FLOATED BODILESS IN SPACE AND IS ABOUT TO BE BORN TO HIS PRESENT DAY PARENTS.

JACK: MY MOTHER IS SEVEN MONTHS PREGRANT, THE CIRCLE, THE VIGILANCE I KEEP OUTSIDE HER BODY EXTENDS ONLY TWO FEET FROM HER - I'M ALSO INSIDE TOO..... I'LL MOVE AHEAD ONE MONTH.... AHH, I'M INSIDE COMPLETELY NOW, I CAN HEAR EVERYTHING PERFECTLY' I can HEAR THE STOMACH GURGLING, I CAN HEAR THE HEART, I CAN EVEN HEAR EVERYTHING GOING ON OUTSIDE, TRAFFIC IN THE STREET, VOICES TALKING - I'M GETTING READY TO BE BORN.... I'LL MOVE AHEAD... NOW I'M HEAD FIRST WAITING... NOW I'M COMING OUT, A LOT OF GURGLING SOUNDS! THE DOCTOR - OOOOH, HE HAS COLD HEANDS, HE HAS RUBBER GLOVES AND THEY SURE ARE COLD, LIGHTS ARE HARSH' A LOT OF STAINLESS STEEL, HE, HE'S HOLDING ME UP.... MY MOTHER CAN'T SEE, SHE'S OUT, DRUGS.... NOW I'M BEING WHEELED DOWN A HALLWAY, I'M LYING ON MY BACK IN SORT OF A BASSENETTE.

L. JOWLS: TAKE YOURSELF AHEAD THREE YEARS.

JACK: WELL THERE I AM STANDING NEXT TO MY UNCLES.
THEIR LEGS ARE LIKE TREE TRUNKS COMPARED TO MY
SIZE... THERE'S UNCLE JOWLS... HE'S REALLY AN
INCREDIBLE PERSON, SUNTANNED, BRILLIANT TEETH,
LAUGHING AND THERE'S YOU AUNTIE, WEARING ONE
OF THOSE SHOULDER PADDED 40'S DRESSES
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL THE TWO OF YOU LOOK SO HAPPY....

L. JOWLS: WE'LL STOP NOW. WHNEVER YOU WISH TO CONTINUE' AT
SOMELATER TIME, YOU MAY DO SO BY SIMPLY RELAXING
MAKING YOURSELF FULL OF LIGHT AND CONTINUING WHERE
YOU LEFT OFF. ALRIGHT'. (SNAPS FINGERS)

(SFX: ALOT OF YAWNS AND STRETCHES'
MUMBLINGS, BACKGROUND COMMENTS)

L. JOWLS: WELL JACK' HOW WAS YOUR LETTLE TRIP?

JACK: THAT'S AMAZING STUFF. WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

L. JOWLS: THERE IS A MAN NAMED SWYGARD WHO SOMEHOW ARRIVED
AT THE METHOD. IT'S SO SIMPLE ANYONE CAN DO IT.
BUT OF COURSE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR MOST PEOPLE TO
BELIEVE THAT THEY CAN DO ANYTHING AT ALL.

JACK: IT'S STRANGE.... YOU KNOW, HWHEN I LIVED IN PARIS
AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY; I COULD SEE THAT THERE
WERE CERTAIN THINGS IN MY PERSONALITY THAT I STILL
HAVE AND AM TRYING TO WORK OUT.

L. JOWLS: YES' THAT'S TRUE OFTEN.

JACK: ALSO, WHEN I WAS LOOKING AT MY PAINTINGS, FOR
EXAMPLE A FARM HOUSE AND THE YARD AND THE WELL
OUTSIDE AND CHICKENS AND THE FARMER AND HIS WIFE
OFF IN A FIELD, WHILE I LOOKED AT THAT PAINTING,
I FOUND MYSELF STANDING THERE IN THE YARD DOING
THE PAINTING... DO YOU SEE? AND THEN I WAS BACK
AT MOUSIER LA BLANC'S GALLERY LOOKING AT THE PAINTING.
AND THIS WAS TRUE FOR ALL THE PAINTINGS - IF IT
WERE A BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE AT NIGHT WITH LIGHTS
REFLECTING OFF THE WATER' THEN I WOULD BE THERE,
STANDING THERE HEARING ALL THE SOUNDS, BREATHING
THE AIR, WATCHING THE PEOPLE IN MOTION AND THEN
BACK IN THE GALLERY LOOKING AT THE PAINTING. THAT
WAS INCREDIBLE.

L. JOWLS: YES, THE MIND HAS THE ABILITY TO GO OUT AND GRASP
INFORMATION FROM ANYWHERE, IT'S SAD THAT WE DON'T
BELIEVE WE CAN DO IT COME LET US GO OUT ON
THE TERRACE ... (FADE OFF) IT'LL BE QUIETER THERE....

(SFX: NIGHT SOUNDS - DOG BARKING' NIGHT
BUGS, ETC)

YES' YOU MAY REGRESS YOURSELF OFTEN' YOU'LL FIND
THAT YOU'VE KNOWN EVERYONE HERE - YOU MAY HAVE
BEEN THEIR FATHER AT ONE TIME, OR THEIR DAUGHTER, OR
A GOOD FRIEND. IT'S A NICE EXERCISE' DON'T YOU
THINK SO?

(SFX: MUSIC - OLD DANCE TYPE)

JACK: YEAH, I GUESS SO. I'M STILL BEWILDERED THAT IT WORKS.... IT'S SO SIMPLE, I EXPECTED ALL KINDS OF HOCUS POCUS GOING ON.

L. JOWLS: MAGIC?

JACK: SURE, THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH WEIRD THINGS HAPPENING TO ME AROUND HERE, I DIDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING SO STRAIGHT.

L. JOWLS: POSSIBLY 90% OF MAGIC IS SHOWMANSHIP. AS YOU TRAVEL MORE IN PAST LIVES YOU'LL SEE HOW EVERYONE CREATES SUCH THEATRE IN THEIR LIVES. IT IS LIKE WATCHING A PLAY.

JACK: MMMMM HMMMM.

L. JOWLS: AND DEATH WE DIE OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND STILL WE KEEP COMING BACK AND DOING IT OVER. WHEN THE BUDDHA WAS ASKED WHY WE MUST GROW OLD AND DIE' HE REPLIED' BE CAUSE WE ARE BORN. AND SO IT IS, BIRTH IS DEPENDENT UPON THE PROCESS OF BECOMING AND THIS PROCESS WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SET IN MOTION IF THERE HAD NOT BEEN A WILL TO LIVE AND A CLINGING TO LIFE.... A THIRST AFTER THE OBJECTS OF LIFE AND THEN WE GET INTO THE TIBETIAN WHEEL OF LIFE.

JACK: GO ON.

L. JOWLS: YOU'VE SEEN THE TIBETIAN WHEEL OF LIFE?

JACK: SURE, IN THE LIBRARY, BUT I JUST WANT TO SAY ONE
THING FIRST.

L. JOWLS: YES?

JACK: WHY WASN'T I SOMEONE FAMOUS, OR A SAINT OR SOMETHING
IN MY PAST LIVES?

L. JOWLS: IF YOU HAD BEEN A SAINT, YOU WOULD'T BE HERE
NOW.

JACK: HUMPH.

L. JOWLS: AND YOU SHOULD BE NICE TO YOUR PARENTS, SINCE YOU
ARE THE ONE WHO CHOOSE THEM.

(SFX: BLANG!)

WHAT WAS THAT?

JACK: IT'S THE BELL, IT MEANS WE'VE CAUGHT THE DRAGON!
WE'LL CONTINUE WITH THIS LATER AUNTIE, RIGHT NOW
I HAVE TO HELP MAZOOOLA -

(BLANG!)

HMM' THERE IS GOES AGAIN, MUST'VE CAUGHT SOMETHING
ELSE - WELL I'D BETTER

(BLANG!)

AGAIN?

L. JOWLS: DR. MAZOOOLA'S DRAGON FLY PAPER APPEARS TO BE WORKING
QUITE WELL.

(BLANG!! BLANG!)

QUITE WELL INDEED.

(BLANG! BLANG! BANG!)

(MUSIC UP)

1 THUR V

NARR: AS JACK AND LADY JOWLS STOOD ON THE TERRACE
DISCUSSING THE TIBETIAN WHEEL OF LIFE, A BELL
SOUNDED SIGNALING THAT THE DRAGON HAD ENTANGLED
ITSELF IN DR. MAZoola'S STICKY DRAGON FLY PAPER.
THERE'S MUCH ACTIVITY AS ALL ABLE HANDS ARE
CALLED UPON.

(SFX: BLANG!)

MAZ: (FROM A DISTANCE) THERE SHE BLOWS, WE'VE
GOT 'ER FOR SURE. ALL HANDS ON DECK, WE'RE
GOIN' FOR - (SFX: BLANG!) THERE SHE GOES
AGAIN..... BRING EXTRA NETS AND CABLES LADDIES,
WE'VE GOT TWO OF 'EM! (SFX: BLANG!) WHOOP,
MAKE THAT THREE. IT'LL TAKE ALL THE BINDING
WE'VE GOT - THREE BY GAR. (SFX: BLANG) MAKE
THAT FOUR - FOUR FAT AND SASSY DRAGON'S -
FOUR - (BLANG! BLANG! BLANG!) SEVEN, BY GAR!
STEP LIVELY NOW, SEVEN LEAN AND SLITHERLY,
FIRE BELLOWING BEAUTIES, SEVEN (BLANG! BLANG!)
NINE, NINE, DI I HEAR TEN?..... NINE, I'VE
GOT NINE? TEN- DO I HEAR TEN - GOING ONCE,
GOING TWICE..... (BLANG!) TEN! TEN WE'VE GOT
LADDIES. (BLANG! BLANG! BLANG! BLANG!) HOW
MANY'S THAT?

VOICE: FOURTEEN CAPTA".

MAZ: FOURTEEN IT IS FOURTEEN -
(BLANG! BLANG!)
SIXTEEN, SIXTEEN BIG AND BURLEY -
(BLANG! BLANG!)
NINETEEN - NINETEEN? WAIT A MINUTE

(BLANG! Blang!)

WAIT A MINUTE, HOLD ON, THERE CAN'T BE NINETEEN
DRAGONS -

VOICE: TWENTY-ONE, CAPTAIN.

MAZ: WELL, WHATEVER IT (BLANG!) IS. SOMETHIN'S
FISHY.

JACK: (RUNNING UP) DR. MAZoola WHY DOES THAT ALARM
BELL KEEP BANGING?

MAZ: IT MAY BE A MAMA DRAGON WITH A LOT OF BABIES

JACK: IS THAT POSSIBLE?

MAZ: NO. (BLANG!)

VOICE: TWENTY-THREE.

MAZ: (CALLS AFTER) ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT - DRAGON'S
LAY EGGS LIKE LIZARDS, BUT NOT LIKE TURTLES -
(BLANG BLANG) ONE FEMALE DRAGON IS NOT GOING
TO LAY 25 EGGS AT ONE - (BLANG) 'ER 26 AT ON E
(BLANG) HUMPH - TIME.

JACK: MAYBE WE OUGHT TO INVESTIGATE.

MAZ: OF COURSE - (CALLS OUT) ALRIGHT MATIES, LOOK
ALIVE, WE'LL BE CASTIN' OFF NOW -

1. FREIDA: (RUNNING UP) I WANNA GO TO, JACK.

JACK: AHhh, LITTLE FREIDA.....

MAZ: (VOICE OFF) LOAD THSOE CABLES IN THE CART THERE,
BOYS -

JACK: THIS MAY BE A BIT DANGEROUS.

L. FREIDA: THAT'S TOUGH, YOU FORGET - THE TIME WE FIRST SAW THE DRAGON.

JACK: THAT'S RIGHT, YOU STOOD THERE AND I RAN.

L. FREIDA: YOU RAN AND PICKED ME UP BEFORE HE SWALLOWED ME.

MAZ: ALRIGHT LADS, LET'S WHEEL THOSE CARTS ON OUT TO THE CAVE.

(FSX: CREAK RUMBLE)

JACK: THE MOON IS REALLY WEIRD TONIGHT - IT HAS A DOUBLE RING AROUND IT. WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

L. FREIDA: IT'S LIKE TOW POLACKS TAKING A BATH TOGETHER.....

JACK: HUH?

L. FREIDA: A DOUBLE RING CEREMONY.

JACK: I DIDN'T EXPECT SOMETHING LIKE THAT FROM YOU.

L. FREIDA: IT'S ALRIGHT, I'M POLISH.

JACK: OH.

L. FREIDA: DO YOU KNOW WHY POLOCKS NEVER COMMIT SUICIDE

JACK: NO, WHY NOT?

L. FREIDA: YOU CAN'T COMMIT SUICIDE LEAPING OUT A BASEMENT WINDOW -

JACK: (LAUGHING) THAT'S TERRIBLE.

L. FREIDA: (FADING OUT) IT'S FUNNY THOUGH. I USED TO GET PEOPLE UPTIGHT TELLING THESE JOKES, BUT THEN I'D TELL THEM I WAS POLISH AND THEY'D RELAX AND THINK IT WAS FINE AND THEY COULD THEN LAUGH. THAT'S REALLY. DUMB.

(MUSIC INTERLUDE)

JACK: WE'RE APPROACHING THE CAVE NOW THIS OUGHT TO BE SOMETHING -

MAZ: (OFF) SHHH - QUIET, JACK AND I WILL APPROACH QUIETLY. WE'LL SOON SEE HOW MANY WE'RE CAUGHT.

JACK: HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET THEM LOOSE FROM THE DRAGON FLY PAPER?

MAZ: ONE STEP AT A TIME AH HH, THE MOON IS ACTING AS OUR STREET LAMP, I CAN MAKE OUT THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE.

JACK: SURE LOOKS EERIE, THOSE WHITE PILLARS IN THE MOON LIGHT AND THAT FLY PAPER STRUNG ALL OVER THE PLACE WAIT A MINUTE -

MAZ: WHAT DO YOU SEE?

JACK: YOUR DRAGON FLY PAPER, IT'S COME ON, LET'S MOVE CLOSER

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

YOU SEE.

MAZ: AAAAW, MY LOVELY DRAGON FLY PAPER,

JACK: RIPPED TO SHREDS.

MAZ: YOU COULDN'T DRIVE A MAC TRUCK THROUGH THAT.

JACK: (MOVING OFF) BY THE LOOKS OF IT, THAT
DRAGON DECIDED IT WASN'T GOING TO LEAVE ANY OF YOUR
PAPER, HANGING FROM ANYWHERE

MAC: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, I'VE WORKED MONTHS PERFECTING
THE FORMULA - THEN, WITHIN MOMENTS SOME NITWIT
MONSTER RIPS IT APART LIKE LIKE

L. FREIDA: (APPROACHING) TISSUE PAPER.

MAZ: TISSUE PAPER? NEVER.

JACK: I GUESS WE'D BETTER PICK UP THE LITTER.

MAZ: I DON'T BELIEVE ANY NIT WIT DRAGON IS THAT
SMART.

L. FREIDA: MAYBE HE HAS A TRAINER?

MAZ: MAYBE - MAYBE. THAT'S A THOUGHT.

JACK: AROUND THIS PLACE ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE, IN FACT -
HEY! LITTLE FREIDA, YOUR PIG TAILS ARE BEGINNING
TO RISE UP.

L. FREIDA: THEY ALWAYS DO THAT WHEN I SENSE DANGER.

MAZ: THE DRAGON?!

L. FREIDA: I DON'T KNOW, ALL I KNOW IS THAT THERE'S SOMETHING
HERE - A POWER HERE IN THE RUINS OF THIS TEMPLE...
A POWER SO STRONG THAT....

JACK: (UNDERNEATH) SHE'S GLOWING - GLOWING COLORS.

6 THUR V

L. FREIDA: IF ONE IS ABLE TO TAP AN THIS POWER, THAT IT WOULD
BE POSSIBLE TO TAKE THE ENERGY AND -

MAZ: SHE'S BEGINNING TO DISAPPEAR.

L. FERIDA: APPLY IT TO DO ANYTHING YOU WISHED, AS LONG AS YOU
DIDN'T

JACK: HEY, LITTLE FREIDA --

L. FREIDA: TAKE YOURSELF TO A POINT WHERE YOU DIDN'T RETURN -

JACK: HEY, LISTEN

MAZ: SHAKE HER - SHAKE -

JACK: SHE'S GONE DISSOLVED ... INTO THIN AIR...

(MUSIC UP)

NARR: RESPONDING TO THE BELL THAT SIGNALLED THE ENTRAP-
MENT OF THE DRAGON' JACK' DR. MAZoola' LITTLE
FREIDA AND OTHERS HURRIED TO THE OLD TEMPLE NEAR
THE DRAGON CAVE. THERE THEY DISCOVERED DR. MAZoola'S
HEAVY DUTY DRAGON FLY P APER WAS TORN TO SHREDS.
WHILE THEY STOOD AMIDST THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE
COMTEMPLATING THIS DISASTER' LITTLE FREIDA BEGAN
TO FEEL A STRANGE POWER WITHIN THE SEVEN INNER
PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE. LITTLE FREIDA BEGAN TO
EMIT LIGHT, THEN COLORS, THEN SHE DISSOLVED.

JACK: DID YOU SEE THAT?

MAZ: REMARKABLE.... INTO THIN AIR.

JACK: WHAT HAPPENED?

MAZ: I'M NOT CERTAIN, BUT I BELIEVE SHE DISSOLVED.

JACK: OBVIOUSLY, SHE DISSOLVED

MAZ: DISSOLVED INTO PURE ENERGY - WHICH WE ARE ANYWAY -
BUT WHEN SHE BEGAN TO FEEL WHATEVER THIS ENERGY
IS, HERE AMONG THESE PILLARS, SHE BEGAN TO DISSOLVE
JUST LIKE A TEASPOON OF SUGAR THAT'S DROPPED INTO
A CUP OF TEA.

JACK: IS SHE ALIVE?

MAZ: HOW SHOULD I KNOW?

JACK: YOU DIDN'T ENGINEER THIS?

MAZ: I SWEAR TO YOU THIS IS NO ILLUSION.

JACK: I KNOW IT'S NO ILLUSION - IT'S JUST, DAMN, WHAT
CAN WE DO?

MAZ: GO IN THERE AFTER HER.

JACK: WE'RE STANDING IN THE SPOT WHERE SHE DISAPPEARED
AND NOTHING'S HAPPENING TO US - SO - HOW?

MAZ: I'LL INVENT SOMETHING.

JACK: OH BOY' DR. ZARKOFF OF INVERNESS.

MAZ: YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT INVERNESS, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING -
THERE ARE POWERS HERE THAT GO BACK AÆS - THIS WHOLE
AREA IS SACRED TERRITORY - THAT MOUNTAIN WHERE THE
HOUSE STANDS WAS ONCE A PLACE OF WORSHIP. THE HOUSE
WAS BUILT, ALL INTRICATE ANGLES TO CAPTURE AND
MULTIPLY THE VIBARTIONS THAT EMIT FROM THIS SACRED
EARTH AS WELL AS THOSE THAT COME FROM OUT THERE.
ESSENTIALLY IT'S A PYRAMID' BUT NOT TO THE NAKED
EYE. NO, TO THE EYE IT'S AN OLD VICTORIAN MANSION
IMPRESSIVE AND THAT'S ALL. AND THIS TEMPLE, THESE
RUINS, NO ONE KNOWS WHO BUILT THEM.

JACK: (SUBDUE) OKAY, WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT LITTLE FREIDA?

MAZ: SHE MAY RETURN ON HER OWN. IF NOT, WE'LL GO AFTER
HER.

JACK: HOW DO WE DO THAT?

MAZ: I DON'T KNOW YET.

JACK: I'VE GOT IT. CHIEF WAMPUM! HE'D KNOW!

MAZ: HE MIGHT. TALK TO HIM, IN THE MEANWHILE I MAY
AS WELL PICK UP THIS DRAGON LITTER.

JACK: I HAVEN'T SEEN THE CHIEF TONIGHT, HE MUST BE BACK
AT THE HOUSE, I'LL SEE YA

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS MOVING OFF)

(TO SELF) THIS PLACE IS REALLY WEIRD. I THINK
DR. MAZoola WAS BEING HONEST ABOUT LITTLE FREIDA.
FROM WHAT I CAN FIGURE THEY CAUSE SOME OF THE THINGS
THAT ARE GOING ON, BUT THERE'S A LOT THAT - WHO
KNOWS? I SUSPECT THAT LITTLE FREIDA COULD ALREADY
DO THAT OR WAS ON THE VERGE OF BEING ABLE TO DO
THAT.... SOMEHOW, IT - WEIRD AS IT WAS' SEEMED KIND
OF NATURAL. I DUNNO - I - AHHH' THE MOON IS REALLY
BRIGHT, THERE'S A NICE VIEW OF THE MANSION.
IMPRESSIVE ALRIGHT.. QUITE A PIECE OF ARCHETECTURE.
THOSE FOUR TOWERS RISING UP INTO THE SKY WITH
THJ EIR - FOUR? THERE'S ONLY THREE - NO, THERE'S
FOUR. WOW! THERE'S THE FOURTH ONE! I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT' IT'S AS SOLID LOOKING AS THE REST OF
'EM -

(SFX: FAINT JUKE BOX)

AND THAT JUKE BOX THAT PLAYS EVERYTIME AN "ACCIDENT"
IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN. I'LL BDT THERE'S A WAY OF
GETTING IN THERE, BY GOING THROUGH THE WALLS.....

FROM THE INSIDE COME ON FEETS, DO YOUR STUFF -

(RUNS OFF) (MUSIC) (RUNNING ON, BREATHING
HARD)

SOMEWHERE HERE, IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERGROUND
PASAGE WAY - HERE IT IS!

(SFX: ECHOING RUNNING FEET)

(MUSIC)

(FADING ON) NOW, LET'S SEE - I THINK I KNOW - THIS
WAY! (RUNS INSIDE WALLS)

(FADING ON) NOW, AROUND THIS CORNER AND -
DEAD END! THIS IS AS BAD AS THE MAZE. LET'S
SEE - IT' BOUND TO BE HERE, SOMEWHERE, I'M POSITIVE
OF THAT.... LEMME EXAMINE THIS DEAD END - JUST
A FULL LENGTH MIRROR AND I REMEMBER HOW IN THE
COCTEAU MOVIES THEY'D LEAP INTO THE MIRROR AND
DISAPPEAR. I WONDER IF THAT'S POSSIBLE? NAW.
BUT WHAT IF - ? WELL, HERE GOES -

(RUNNING FOORSTEPS - BLAM FALLING FLAT)

UGHH! SO MUCH FOR THAT IDEA. MAYBE THERE'S
A BUTTON, OR SOMETHING TO PUSH OR - AHHH' THE
MIRROR SWINGS OPEN. IT'S A DOOR. SEE WHAT'S ON
THE OTHER SIDE - ANOTHER MIRROR? WHAT IS THIS, AN
AMUSEMENT PARK? THIS MIRROR - WOW I STEPPED RIGHT
THROUGH IT - I - NOTHING, NOTHINGNESS, SPACE -
THERE'S CLOUDS FLOATING BELOW BUT THERE - BEYOND
THE SPACE ON THE OTHER SIDE - ARE STEPS LEADING UP.
I CAN'T LEAP THAT SPACE.... WELLL, HERE I AM,

5 FRI V

INSIDE THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS AT LAST -
BUT AT THE BOTTOM AND I CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER.
I'M STUCK.

(MUSIC)

NARR: WE NOW BEGAN THE SIXTH WEEK, BUT FOR JACK IT'S
AS THOUGH THREE DAYS HAD PASSED. THE TIME MOVES
DIFFERENTLY WHEN IN THE REALM OF INVERNESS. WHO
EVER THE ANCIENTS WERE THAT INHABITED THIS MOUNTAIN
THEIR CEREMONIES, THEIR WORSHIP OF THE GODS,
CREATED VIBRATIONS SO STRONG THEY PIERCED DEEP
INTO THE EARTH AND ROCK OF INVERNESS. THE ROOTS
OF THE TREES AND GRASS HAVE DRUNK OF THESE VIBRATIONS
UNTIL THE VERY VEGETATION UPON THE MOUNTAIN, AT
TIMES APPEARS TO SHIMMER WITH SACRED PRAISES TO
THE GODS. BUT THERE ARE THOSE THAT TAP THESE
VIBRATIONS AND CHANNEL THEM INTO OTHER USES
WHEN WE LAST LEFT JACK FLANDERS, HE HAD ONCE AGAIN
SEEN THE 4TH TOWER OF INVERNESS - HE RAN AS FAST
AS HE COULD TO THE MANSION - RAN THROUGH THE
SECRET PASSAGEWAYS INSIDE THE WALLS UNTIL HE CAME
TO A DEADEND WITH A FULL LENGTH MIRROR UPON THE
WALL. INVESTIGATING, HE FOUND IT WAS A DOOR,
BEHIND THE DOOR WAS ANOTHER MIRROR, BUT WHEN HE
STEPPED THROUGH IT HE FOUND HIMSELF STANDING UPON
A CONCRETE LEDGE - WITH STEPS BEYOND - LEADING UP,
BUT INBETWEEN, SPACE - CLOUDS BELOW DRIFTING BY -
AND HE WAS IN THE 4th TOWER - BUT HE COULD NOT
LEAP THE SPACE TO CLIMB THE STEPS SO THERE HE
STOOD

JACK: I CAN'T JUMP THAT DISTANCE - IT'S ABOUT TWELVE FEET
TO THOSE STEPS. I GET THIS FAR AND NOW I HAVE TO

TURN BACK. I DON'T KNOW WHEN THE TOWER WILL
SHOW ITSELF AGAIN. OH SHOOT - WHY IS IT EVERY
TIME I GET WHAT I WANT IT'S NOT WHAT I EXPECTED?
WELL, BACK OUT - AND THROUGH THE MIRROR.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES)

L. JOWLS: (HAVING TEA) (FADING UP) SO LITTLE FREIDA
DISSOLVED INTO COLOR AND DISAPPEARED
SHE'S SUCH A SENSITIVE GIRL, BUT I'M CERTAIN SHE'LL
BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF HERSELF.

JACK: YOU DON'T SEEM VERY CONCERNED, AUNTIE.

L. JOWLS: I DON'T KNOW HOW CONCERN WILL HELP HER. I SUPPOSE
SHE WAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE ECTASY OF THE MOMENT
AND JUST LET HERSELF DISSOLVE.

JACK: SHE'S NOT A LUMP OF SUGAR.

L. JOWLS: SHE IS SWEET. NO, THE REASON I'M NOT OVERLY
CONCERNED - I AM CONCERNED - BUT JUST ENOUGH ...
THE REASON IS THAT LITTLE FREIDA HAS ABILITIES
THAT HUMAN BEINGS, NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS HAVEN'T
REALIZED.

JACK: YOU'RE INFERRING THAT SHE'S DONE THIS BEFORE?

L. JOWLS: I'M INFERRING? NO NO, I'M SAYING SHE MAY
HAVE DECIDED, AT THE MOMENT, THAT EVERYTHING
WAS EXACTLY RIGHT - EXACTLY AS IT SHOULD BE AND
..... LET GO.

JACK: SHE DIDN'T DIE, DID SHE?

L. JOWLS: THE WAY YOU SAY THAT - IM SURPRISED. AFTER RE-EXPERIENCING SEVERAL PAST LIVES I WOULD'VE THOUGHT YOUR VIEW OF DEATH WOULD BE HEALTHIER THAN THAT? EVEN YOUR TIME MAGAZINE HAS ALTERED THEIR COLUMN "BIRTHS AND DEATHS" OR WHATEVER IT WAS, TO "TRANSITONS". SOON PEOPLE WILL REALIZE THAT THEY JUST KEEP COMING BACK AND COMING BACK. DO YOU MIND BEING BORN AGAIN?

JACK: NOT THAT MUCH IT'S GOING THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL AGAIN... I COULD DO WITH OUT THAT.

L. JOWLS: YES, THE "TIBETIAN WHEEL OF LIFE" WE WERE EXAMING LAST NIGHT, THEY HAVE IT ALL DOWN PAT, AS THEY SAY. DO YOU REMEMBER THE WHEEL?

JACK: VAGUELY -

L. JOWLS: WELL, LET ME PUT IT PROPERLY - DO YOU SEE THE WHEEL?...
... IN YOUR MIND?

JACK: WELL I -

L. JOWLS: YOU CAN SEE A\$ WHITE ELEPHANT? YOU CAN SEE THE WHEEL. VERY SIMPLE, YOU MUST LEARN TO TRAIN YOUR MIND TO RUN ERRANDS FOR YOU.

JACK: I'M NOT CERTAIN THAT I -

L. JOWLS: A LITTLE PRACTICE IS ALL YOU NEED. THE MIND CAN BE SENT OUT TO GATHER INFORMATION OF ALL SORTS.... IT'S LIKE SPEAKING ON A TELEPHONE AND SEEING THE OTHER PERSON, WHAT THEY'RE WEARING, THE ROOM ROUND THEM.... YOU - DON'T DO THAT, I ASSUME?

JACK: THAT SOUNDS KIND OF PSYCHIC.

L. JOWLS: IT'S WORDS LIKE THAT THAT 'CAUSE PEOPLE TO THINK THEY CANNOT, CANNOT, CANNOT - WHEN YOU REALIZE THAT YOU CAN, THEN YOU CAN SIT IN THE LEISURE OF YOUR ARM CHAIR AND SEND YOUR MIND OUT TO GATHER ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

JACK: IF YOU SAY SO.

L. JOWLS: (MIMICO IF YOU SAY SO..... IT'S EXPRESSIONS OF ENTHUSIASM LIKE THAT ONE THAT'LL GET YOU AT LEAST ANOTHER 15 LIFETIMES.

JACK: I DON'T THINK BEING REBORN IS SO BAD.

L. JOWLS: IT'S GROWING OLD AND LISTENING TO YOUR BONES CREAK THAT'S BUT LET ME CONTINUE WITH THE "TIBETIAN WHEEL OF LIFE". AS YOU CAN SEE, ON THE OUTER RIM, THERE ARE TWELVE CHARACTERS. A BLIND WOMAN REPRESENTING IGNORANCE' FEELING HER WAY WITH A STICK. BECAUSE OF HIS SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS MAN BLUNDERS THROUGH LIFE, CREATING AN ILLUSORY PICTURE OF HIMSELF AND THE WORLD AND HIS WILL IS THEN DIRECTED UPON UNREAL THINGS, WHILE HIS CHARACTER IS FORMED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THIS DIRECTION OF HIS WILL, HIS DESIRE AND HIS IMAGINATION.

THE NEXT IS THE POTTER, THE FORM CREATING ACTIVITY. JUST AS THE POTTER CREATES THE SHAPE OF POTS, ~~SO~~ SO WE FORM OUR CHARACTER AND OUR DESTINY OR,

MORE CORRECTLY, OUR KARMA, THE OUT COME OF OUR DEEDS IN WORKS, WORDS AND THOUGHTS. AS A RESULT OF THESE VOTITIONAL ACTS, THIS BECOMES A CAUSE OF NEW ACTIVITY AND CONSTITUTE THE ACTIVELY DIRECTING PRINCIPLE OR CHARACTER OF A NEW CONSCIOUSNESS.

JACK: I DON'T KNOW IF I -

L. JOWLS: CHARACTER IS NOTHING BUT A TENDENCY OF OUR WILL, FORMED BY REPEATED ACTIONS. EVERY DEED LEAVES A TRACE, A PATH FORMED BY THE PROCESS OF WALKING, AND WHEREVER SUCH A ONCE-TRODDEN PATH EXISTS, THERE WE FIND, WHEN A SIMILIAR SITUATION ARISIES, THAT WE TAKE TO THIS PATH SPONTANEOUSLY. THIS IS THE LAW OF ACTION AND REACTION, WHICH WE CALL KARMA THE LAW OF MOVEMENT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE LEAST RESISTANCE, MEANING - THE FREQUENTLY TRODDEN AND THEREFORE EASIER PATH. IT IS WHAT IS COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE "FORCE OF HABIT" JUST AS THE PTTER FORMS VESSELS OUT OF FORMLESS CLAY, SO WE CREATE THROUGH DEEDS, WORDS AND THOUGHTS, OUT OF THE STILL UNFORMED MATERIAL OF OUR LIFE AND OUR SENSE IMPRESIONS, THE VESSEL OF OUR FUTURE CONSCIOUSNESS, NAMELY THAT WHICH GIVES IT FORM AND DIRECTION.

JACK: WHEW, THAT'S PRETTY HEAVY.

L. JOWLS: YES, IT IS, WOULD YOU CARE FOR A CUP OF TEA?

6 MON VI

JACK: LOVE ONE.

L. JOWLS: GOOD, WE'LL TAKE A BREAK THEN -

(MUSIC)

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIES, THE 4TH TOWER OF INVERNESS. WHEN WE LAST LEFT JACK FLANDERS, HIS AUNT, LADY JOWLS, WAS EXPLAINING THE CHARACTERS ON THE OUTER RIM OF THE "TIBETIAN WHEEL OF LIFE".

(THEY SIP TEA)

L. JOWLS: WHEN DEPARTING FROM ONE AND ENTERING INTO ANOTHER LIFE, IT IS THE CONSCIOUSNESS THUS FORMED WHICH CONSTITUTES THE NUCLEUS OR GERM OF THE NEW EMBODIMENT. THIS CONSCIOUSNESS WHICH STANDS AT THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE, IS REPRESENTED IN THE THIRD PICTURE, IN A FORM OF A MONKEY GRASPING A BRANCH. JUST AS A MONKEY RESTLESSLY JUMPS FROM BRANCH TO BRANCH, SO THE CONSCIOUSNESS JUMPS FROM OBJECT TO OBJECT. CONSCIOUSNESS, HOWEVER, CANNOT EXIST BY ITSELF. IT HAS NOT ONLY THE PROPERTY OF INCESSANTLY GRASPING SENSE OBJECTS OR OBJECTS OF IMAGINATION, AND TO LET GO OF ONE OBJECT FOR THE SAKE OF ANOTHER, BUT IT HAS ALSO THE CAPACITY TO CRYSTALIZE AND TO POLARIZE ITSELF INTO MATERIAL FORMS AND MENTAL FUNCTIONS. CONSCIOUSNESS IS THE BASIS OF THE COMBINATION "MIND AND BODY". THIS CLOSE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN BODILY AND MENTAL FUNCTIONS IS COMPARED WITH TWO PEOPLE IN A BOAT. THIS IS SHOWN IN THE FOURTH PICTURE IN WHICH YOU CAN SEE A FERRYMAN PROPPELLING A BOAT WITH TWO PEOPLE IN IT.

THIS PSYCHO-PHYSICAL ORGANISM, MIND AND BODY, IS FURTHER DIFFERENTIATED THROUGH THE FORMATION AND ACTION OF THE SIX SENSES - SEEING, HEARING, SMELLING, TASTING, TOUCHING, AND THINKING. THESE FACULTIES ARE LIKE THE WINDOWS OF A HOUSE, THROUGH WHICH WE LOOK UPON THE WORLD OUTSIDE. THEY ARE DEPICTED AS A HOUSE WITH SIX WINDOWS.

THE SIXTH PICTURE SYMBOLIZES THE CONTACT OF THE SENSES WITH THEIR OBJECTS, IN THE FORM OF THE FIRST CONTACT BETWEEN LOVERS.

THE FEELING RESULTING FROM THE CONTACT OF THE SENSES WITH THEIR OBJECTS, IS REPRESENTED IN THE SEVENTH PICTURE BY A MAN WHOSE EYE HAS BEEN PIERCED BY AN ARROW.

JACK: THAT'S A BIT STRONG, DON'T YOU THINK?

L. JOWLS: THERE'S MORE. THE EIGHTH PICTURE SHOWS A DRINKER, WHO IS SERVED BY A WOMAN. IT SYMBOLIZES THE THIRST FOR LIFE OR CARVING CAUSED BY AGREEABLE SENSATIONS. THE ARROW IN THE EYE DOES NOT INDICATE "PLEASURE", BUT ONLY THE INTENSITY OF THE FEELING AND PERHAPS IT'S FUTURE PAINFUL CONSEQUENCES WHICH OVERTAKE THOSE WHO ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE CARRIED AWAY BY AGREEABLE SENSATIONS.

JACK: I DON'T KNOW, I NEVER THOUGHT OF TIBETIAN\$AS PRUDES BUT THEY SEEM TO TAKE A LOT OF THE OL' KICK OUT OF LIFE.

L. JOWLS: FROM THE THIRST FOR LIFE ARISES THE GRASPING OF AND CLINGING TO THE DESIRED OBJECTS. THIS IS SYMBOLIZED IN THE NINTH PICTURE BY A MAN WHO PLUCKS FRUIT FROM A TREE AND GATHERS IT IN A BASKET. CLINGING LEADS TO A STRENGTHENING OF THE BOUNDS OF LIFE, TO A NEW PROCESS OF BECOMING. THIS IS SYMBOLIZED BY THE SEXUAL UNION OF A MAN AND WIFE, AS SEEN IN THE TENTH PICTURE.

JACK: HMMMM, THEY'RE PRETTY EXPLICIT ALRIGHT.

L. JOWLS: THE TIBETIAN ATTITUDE TOWARDS SEXUAL THINGS IS OF A DISARMING NATURALNESS AND OBJECTIVITY. THE TIBETIAN DEOS NOT HESITITE TO DEPICT THE SEXUAL ACT AND THE ACT OF GIVING UNDISGUISED AND WITHOUT AMBIQUITY. THE ELEVENTH PICTURE SHOWS A WOMAN GIVING BIRTH TO A CHILD. BECOMING LEADS TO REBIRTH IN A NEW EXISTENCE. YOU SEE, HEACTUALLY LAYS GREATER STRESS UPON NEARNESS OF LIFE THAN UPON PHILOSOPHICAL ABSTRACTIONS. IN SPITE OF THIS HE SUCCEEDS IN HIS SYMBOLISM (OF WORDS AS WELL AS OF VISIBLE FORMS) TO EXPRESS THE FINEST SHADES OF SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE WITH AN ASTONISHING PERCISION. HIS MYSTICISM IS NEVER INIMICAL TO LIFE' HIS PHILOSOPHY NEVER MERELY AN EXPRESSION OF SPECULATIVE THOUGHT, BUT THE RESULT OF PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. DUE TO THE SAME ATTITUDE HE ENDEAVORS TO PUT RELIGIOUS IDEAS INTO SUCH VISIBLE

FORMS AND SIMILIES, THAT EVEN THE SIMPLIEST MIND CAN GRASP THEM AND INCLUDE THEM INTO THE REALM OF CONCRETE LIFE. IN ORDER TO AVOID MISUNDERSTANDINGS, EACH OF THESE SYMBOLIC PICTURES BEARS A SHORT INSCRIPTION - SUCH AS "MONKEY - CONSCIOUSNESS", "BLIND WOMAN - IGNORANCE" AND SO ON.

JACK: THEY ARE AS ACTIVE AS BEAVERS, AREN'T THEY?

L. JOWLS: THE TWELFTH PICTURE SHOWS A MAN WHO CARRIES A CORPSE (WITH KNEES DRAWN UP, SWATHES IN CLOTHS ACCORDING TO TIBETIAN CUSTOM) ON HIS BACK TO THE CREMATION GROUND (OR THE PLACE WHERE DEAD BODIES ARE DISPOSED OF). IT ILLUSTRATES THE LAST OF THE TWELVE LINKS OF THE FORMULA OF DEPENDENT ORIGINATION WHICH SAYS THAT **A**LL THAT HAS BEEN BORN, LEADS TO OLD AGE AND DEATH.

THE BUDDHA STARTED WITH THE SIMPLE QUESTION; "WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES OLD AGE AND DEATH POSSIBLE?" AND THE ANSWER WAS; "ON ACCOUNT OF BEING BORN, WE SUFFER OLD AGE AND DEATH." IF THERE HAD NOT BEEN A WILL TO LIVE AND A CLINGING TO THE CORRESPONDING FORMS OF LIFE, THIS PROCESS OF BECOMING WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SET IN MOTION.

JACK: IT SEEMS A BIT SEVERE DON'T YOU THINK?

L. JOWLS: OH YES, FOR AS THEY EXPLAIN IT, THIS CLINGING IS DUE TO CRAVING, DUE TO UNQUENCHABLE "THIRST" AFTER THE OBJECTS OF SENSE-ENJOYMENT, AND THIS AGAIN IS CONDITIONED BY FEELING (BY DISCERNING AGREEABLE AND DISAGREEABLE SENSATIONS), YOU SEE? FEELING, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS ONLY POSSIBLE BY THE CONTACT OF THE SENSES WITH THEIR CORRESPONDING OBJECTS. THE SENSES ARE A BASED ON A PSYCHO-PHYSICAL ORGANISM AND THE LATTER CAN ONLY ARISE IF THERE IS CONSCIOUSNESS. CONSCIOUSNESS; HOWEVER, IN THE INDIVIDUALLY LIMITED FORM OF OURS, IS CONDITIONED BY INDIVIDUAL, EGOCENTRIC ACTIVITY (DURING COUNTLESS PREVIOUS FORMS OF EXISTENCE) AND SUCH ACTIVITY IS ONLY POSSIBLE AS LONG AS WE ARE CAUGHT IN THE ILLUSION OF OUR SEPARATE EGOHOOD.

JACK: A VICIOUS CIRCLE.

L. JOWLS: THAT'S WHY THE TWELVE FOLD FORMULA OF DEPENDENT ORGINATION IS REPRESENTED AS A CIRCLE. IT HAS NEITHER BEGINNING NOR END. EACH LINK RE PRESENTS THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL OTHER LINKS AND IS THE PRE-CONDITION AS WELL AS THE OUTCOME OF ALL OTHER LINKS. AND ALL PHASES OF THIS DEPENDENT ORGINATION ARE PHENOMENA OF THE SAME ILLUSION, THE ILLUSION OF EGOHOOD. BY OVERCOMING THIS ILLUSION, WE STEP BEYOND THE CIRCLE IN WHICH WE IMPRESON OURSELVES' AND WE RELIZE THAT NO THING AND NO BEING CAN EXIST IN ITSELF OR FOR ITSELF, BUT THAT EACH FORM OF LIFE HAS THE WHOLE UNIVERSE AS IT'S BASIS AND THAT

THEREFORE THE MEANING OF INDIVIDUAL FORM CAN ONLY BE FOUND IN ITS RELATIONSHIP TO THE WHOLE. THE MOMENT IN WHICH THE HUMAN INDIVIDUAL BECOMES CONSCIOUS OF THIS UNIVERSALITY, HE CEASES TO IDENTIFY HIMSELF WITH THE LIMITS OF HIS TEMPORAL EMBODIMENT AND FEELS FLOODED WITH THE FULLNESS OF LIFE, IN WHICH THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE DOES NOT EXIST ANY MORE.

JACK: WHEW.

L. JOWLS: ALL THIS HAS BEEN EXPLAINED BY LAMA GOVINDA IN THE FOUNDATIONS OF TIBETIAN MYSTICISM.

JACK: HOTCHA! LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF TEA. (POURS INTO MUSIC)

1 WED VI

C. WAMPUM:
as NARR

THE HUMAN MIND DOES NOT EXIST ONLY WITHIN THE HUMAN BODY. WE KNOW THE MIND AND THE BRAIN ARE NOT THE SAME THING, THE BRAIN MUST STAY WHERE IT IS BUT THE MIND IS FREE TO ROAM AT WILL, YOU SEE? FOR EXAMPLE, YOU THE LISTENER - COME WITH ME, LET ME BORROW YOUR MINDS FOR A MOMENT, BUT DO NOT WORRY, THEY ARE STILL YOURS - I HAVE MY OWN, I DO NOT WISH TO POSSESS MORE THAN ONE. ONE MIND, IF ATTENDED TO, WILL KEEP YOU BUSY EVERY MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE, YOU SEE? YOUR MIND IS FLEXIBLE, IT CAN STRECH LIKE RUBBER - FOR WHILE YOU WILL SIT THERE LETTING YOUR MIND GO FAR AWAY INTO THE DARK PASSAGEWAYS OF THAT MYSTERIOUS MANSION OF INVERNESS, YOU WILL STILL BE ABLE TO HEAR EVERYTHING GOING ON AROUND YOU - VOICES, TRAFFIC, EVERYTHING. THE MIND IS A GOOD FRIEND...NEVER LOSE IT, HEHEHEH. THAT WAS A JOKE, YOU SEE?

SO, WITH YOUR MIND COME OUTSIDE YOUR BODY, - AT A DISTANCE OF THREE FEET FROM YOU - NOW WITHN YOUR MIND NOTICE THE COLOR HAIR, THE EYEBROWS - THE MOUTH AND THE TEETH (SNAP SNAP) THE LIPS ~~THE~~ AND NOSTRILS (SNAP SNAP) VERY GOOD, NOW AGAIN, WITH YOUR MIND LOOK ABOUT THE ROOM YOU AER IN - WHAT IS ON THE WALL IN FRONT OF YOU? BEHIND YOU? TO THE LEFT? TO THE RIGHT?.. GOOD, NOW WE ARE GOING FOR A JOURNEY, FIRST TAKE YOUR MIND UP TO THE CEILING, NOW LOOK DOWN AT YOU SITTING THERE. NOW - LEAVE THE BUILDING - AWAY ACROSS THE ROOF TOPS, SEE THE BUILDINGS PASSING BELOW - AHH, YOU ARE FLYING, VERY GOOD. NOW YOU ARE FLYING ABOVE THE COUNTRY-SIDE, SEE THE TREES, FAR FAR BELOW, THERE'S A RIVER WAY BELOW, A ROAD, PASTURES, A WOODS , PINE TREES AND FINALLY A BAY WITH BIRDS CIRCLING FAR BELOW YOU AND THERE, UPON A MOUNTAIN ~~THE~~ THAT RISES UP FROM THE BAY OF INVERNESS - THE BIG, GREY VICTORIAN MANSION WITH THREE TALL TOWERS - AND NOW, WE FLY RIGHT DOWN AND IN THROUGH THE WALL AND THERE WE ARE INSIDE THE WALL, INSIDE THE DARK PASSAGE WAY BETWEEN THE WALLS WHERE LIVES THE MADONNA VAMPIRA...BUT SHE IS NOT THERE , YOU ARE ALONE - MAKE THE HALLWAY LIGHTER WITH YOUR MIND, LIGHT ENOUGH TO SEE WELL, NOW WE FLOAT PAST THE GILDED FRAMES

2 WED VI

C.WAMPUM
AS NARR:

UPON THE WALLS, PAINTINGS OF LADIES WITH TIGHT
CORSETED ELEGANCE FROM AGES OF ROYALTY PAST --
FINALLY WE STOP BEFORE A MIRROR -- WE SEE NOTHING,
THE MIRROR DOES NOT REFLECT OUR MIND...WE MOVE INTO
THE MIRROR, THROUGH THE GLASS, INTO THE SILVER BACKING
BEHIND AND THE BLACK BEHIND AND THROUGH THE WOOD
BACKING AND FINALLY THROUGH THE WALL ITSELF --
AND WE ARE INTO THE ROOM OF CHIEF WAMPUM

JACK: YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED MY QUESTION.

CHIEF: I FEEL A PRESENCE IN THE ROOM...

JACK: A PRESENCE?

CHIEF: THE LISTENER.

JACK: COME ON, I KNOW YOU KNOW BUT YOU SIT THERE IN SILENCE.

CHIEF: IF YOU WISH TO KNOW ABOUT DEMONS, ASK MEANIE EEINIE,
HAH HAH HEH HEH

JACK: I HAVEN'T SEEN MEANIE EEINIE IN SOME TIME. I DON'T
KNOW WHERE TO EVEN LOOK FOR HER.

CHIEF: MAYBE SHE CAN BE FOUND IN THE DRAGON'S CAVE? HEH HEH HEH

JACK: VERY FUNNY CHIEF.

CHIEF: SOME PEOPLE LEARN THROUGH PAIN AND SUFFERING, OTHERS,
THROUGH LAUGHTER AND JOY. HEH HEH HEH

JACK: YOU'RE ONE OF THE LAUGHTER AND JOY ONES I TAKE IT?

CHIEF: WHY NOT? HEH HEH

3 WED VI

JACK: TELL ME, CHIEF, IF YOU WERE STUCK ON A LEDGE ABOUT TWELVE INCHES WIDE AND WISHED TO LEAP A CHASM TO ANOTHER LEDGE, BUT THE CHASM WAS TWELVE FEET ACROSS, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

CHIEF: I WOULD LEAP IT, HEH HEH

JACK: HOW WOULD YOU DO THAT?

CHIEF: WITH MY MIND, YOU SEE? HEH HEH

JACK: YEAH, WELL THAT'S OKAY FOR YOU TO DO, BUT WHAT IF YOU HAD TO TAKE YOUR BODY ALONG WITH YOU? THEN HOW WOULD YOU GET ACROSS THE CHASM?

CHIEF: AN ALUMINUM EXTENSION LADDER. VERY GOOD FOR, HOW YOU SAY? YAWNING CHASMS, YOU SEE? HEH HEH HEH

JACK: SAY, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, CHIEF.

CHIEF: OH YES, YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME WHEN THE GOING GETS ROUGH AND YOU ARE STUCK OUT ON RUE MORGUE AVENUE HEH HEH HEH

JACK: THANKS. I'LL REMEMBER THAT.

CHIEF: HEH HEH HEH

JACK: WELL, I'M OFF. SAY, YOU THINK THAT LITTLE FRIEDA IS ALL RIGHT?

CHIEF: (A LITTLE SUBDUED) OH YES, I'M CERTAIN SHE WILL RETURN. HER PIGTAILS - EH? HOW YOU SAY? STAND ON END? WHEN DANGER LURKS NEAR, BUT WHEN SHE WENT PPOOOF, EH? PIGTAILS WERE VERY RELAXED, YOU SEE?

JACK: THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE KEEPS ASSURING ME, THAT SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WAS DOING...OKAY, THANKS CHIEF, I'LL SEE YA.

4 WED VI

(SFX: DOOR SLAMS)

(PAUSE)

CHIEF: LITTLE FRIEDA?

L.FRIEDA: YES, CHIEF?

CHIEF: YOU WERE HERE ALL THE TIME?

L.FRIEDA: I CAME IN WHEN YOU BROUGHT IN THE LISTENERS. HE HAS COURAGE.

CHIEF: FOOLISH COURAGE...BUT, HE'LL COME THROUGH I BELIEVE. HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU TO REMAIN IN THAT STATE?

L.FRIEDA: A LITTLE LONGER. I DON'T WANT TO MATERIALIZE YET. I DON'T WISH TO LIE TO JACK AND WHEN HE STARTS ASKING QUESTIONS, I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO TELL HIM EVERYTHING.

CHIEF: YES, HE BALANCES THE CIRCLE. WITH HIS PRESENCE ALL OF US WILL BE ABLE TO ACHIEVE WHAT WE WERE NOT ABLE TO ACHIEVE BEFORE.

L.FRIEDA: HE MAY EVEN FIND LORD JOWLS.

CHIEF: HIS PATH THROUGH THE FOURTH TOWER HAS MANY DANGERS. EACH LEVEL CONTAINS WORLDS THE RATIONAL MIND IS UNACCOMSTUMED TO, OUR ATTEMPTS TO DISORIENT THIS RATIONAL MIND ARE BUT MERE CHILDS PLAY TO WHAT HE WILL NOW BEGIN TO EXPERIENCE. WE HAVE DONE OUR BEST, MAY THE GODS NOW GUIDE HIM SAFELY, AND MAY OUR PRAYERS HELP TO GIVE HIM STRENGTH TO ENDURE... NOW, FOR A GLASS OF SHERRY, EH?

L.FRIEDA: HOW DID YOU KNOW I CAN DRINK SHERRY?

CHIEF: THERE WAS ONCE A FAMOUS YOGI, A BELOVED PRANKSTER WHO WOULD DEMATERIALIZE THEN FLOAT INTO THE HOMES OF THE

5 WED VI

CHIEF: ENGLISH THERE IN INDIA. WHEN THE DRINKS WERE BEING
PASSED THERE WOULD OFTEN BE ONE THAT...DISAPPERRED
INTO THE AIR -- HEH HEH HEH

L.FRIEDA: I BET IT TASTED PRETTY GOOD, EH CHIEF?

CHIEF: (SMAKING LIPS) IT WAS A RARE EQUISITE WARMTH THAT FLOWED
THROUGH EVERY LOOSE MOLECULE; FOLLOWED BY A SILENT
SMACKING OF DEMATERIALEZED LIPS.

(MUSIC UP)

1 THURS VI

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIES
THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. DARKNESS SHROUDS THE
OLD VICTORIAN MANSION SET HIGH UPON THE MOUNTAIN TOP
OVERLOOKING THE BAY OF INVERNESS. CLOUDS MOVE SWIFTLY
ACROSS THE MOON. IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT A FORM
CAN BE SEEN CREEPING SLOWLY, CAUTIOUS, THROUGH THE DARK
SILENT HALLS OF INVERNESS.

(SFX: CRASH TINKLE)

JACK: (OFF) OHH? SHOOT.

NARR: FINALLY IT STOPS. REACHING, FEELING BENEATH THE WOODWORK
IT FINDS A SMALL IVORY OVAL BUTTON, IT PRESSES THE
BUTTON.

(SFX: PANEL SLIDES)

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

A PANEL SLIDES OPEN. IT STEPS THROUGH, CAREFULLY MANUVERING
A 12 FOOT ALUMINUM EXTENSION LADDER.

(SFX: CRASH TINKLE)

JACK: (OFF) DARN

NARR: FORTUNATELY, THE MANUVERING IS NOT TOO DIFFICULT, FOR THE
LADDER IS COLLAPSABLE.

(SFX: CRASH)

EVENTUALLY HE MAKES IT THROUGH INTO THE INNER PASSAGEWAY
BETWEEN THE WALLS.

(SFX: PANEL CLOSING)

HE CLOSES THE PANEL BEHIND HIM AND CONTINUES DOWN THE INNER
PASSAGE. HIS WAY IS LIGHTED BY CANDLES...ROWS OF
CANDLEABRAS SHAPED LIKE HUMAN ARMS...EACH CANDLEABRA HOLDS

2 THURS VI

NARR: SIX LONG WHITE TAPERS..HE'S NOW IN THE REALM OF THE MADONNA VAMPYRA...THE STRANGE PALE BEAUTIFUL CREATURE THAT LIVES WITHIN THE WALLS OF INVERNESS.

(SFX: PIANO FAINT)

THE MADONNA VAMPYRA USUALLY SLEEPS BY DAY AND MOVES BY NIGHT. HALF SAINT, HALF DEVIL; HALF MADONNA, HALF VAMPIRE, THIS STRANGE EXOTIC WOMAN, HER LONG SLENDER BODY, HER PALE MILK WHITE SKIN, HER JET BLACK HAIR, DARK GREEN EYES AND FACE OF THE MADONNA, CASTS A FASCINATING SPELL UPON MEN WHO FOOLISHLY THINK THEY CAN POSSESS SUCH A CREATURE. SHE IS NOT A FAIRY TALE VAMPIRE, WITH VULGAR PAINTED FANGS THAT PIERCE INTO THE SOFT VEINS OF HER VICTIMS. NO, SHE IS AN ASTRAL VAMPIRE, ONE WHO SLOWLY SUCKS THE ENERGY FROM HER VICTIMS UNTIL THEIR MINDS LAY LIKE SO MANY BLEACHED AND BROKEN BONES SCATTERED AT HER DOOR STEP. JACK FLANDERS IS AWARE OF ALL THIS. HE'S BEEN LIGHT ON HIS FEET ALWAYS PRESENTING A MOVING TARGET, AND WHILE HE DODGED, THEY'VE BECOME FRIENDS. HE ALMOST TRUSTS HER -- ALMOST.

(SFX: PIANO HAS GOOTEN CLOSER, IT STOPS)

JACK: FANCY MEETING ME HERE.

M.VAMP: GOING TO THE FIREMEN'S BALL?

JACK: OH, THIS LADDER? NO, I PLAN TO SCALE THE FOURTH TOWER.

M.VAMP: WHY DO YOU WISH TO DO THAT, BECAUSE IT'S THERE?

JACK: EVER SINCE MAN BEGAN TO BUILD TOWERS, THERE'S BEEN SOME BLOKE WHO WANTED TO CLIMB IT, YOU SEE?

M.VAMP: AREN'T THERE STEPS?

3 THURS VI

JACK: YEAH, BUT I PREFER THE GERMAN SCHOOL OF TOWER CLIMBING.
STRAIGHT UP THE SIDE. IT'S QUICKER.

M.VAMP: WHICH SIDE?

JACK: THE INSIDE. HEH

M.VAMP: HMMM (STARTS TO PLAY AGAIN) THERE ARE STEPS YOU KNOW.

JACK: HOW DID YOU KNOW?

M.VAMP: I READ IT IN A BOOK.

JACK: WHERE IS THAT BOOK, ANYWAY?

M.VAMP: I BORROWED IT FROM LADY JOWLS AND LENT IT TO DR.MAZOOLA.

JACK: WHAT ELSE DID IT SAY?

M.VAMP: I DON'T KNOW, I BECAME BORED.

JACK: OH COME ON~~E~~, YOU MUST REMEMBER SOMETHING ELSE.

M.VAMP: NO THAT'S ALL.

JACK: WELL, THANKS ANYWAY.

M.VAMP: YOU'RE LEAVING SO SOON?

JACK: YEP, IT'S CLIMBING TIME. (MOVING OFF) SEE YA.

M.VAMP: (CALLING AFTER) OHH WAIT, I DO REMEMBER SOMETHING ELSE.

JACK: (BACKING UP) YEAH, WHAT?

M.VAMP: WOULD YOU CARE FOR A CUP OF TEA?

4 THURS VI

JACK: I JUST HAD ONE, THANK YOU.

M.VAMP: HOW ABOUT A LIVERWURST ON RYE?

JACK: NAW, IT'S TOO HEAVY FOR CLIMBING.

M.VAMP: HOW ABOUT A REALLY RARE, EXOTIC DELICACY?

JACK: WHAT?

M.VAMP: ME.

JACK: THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. NO, NOT TONIGHT, I HAVE A TOWER TO CLIMB.

M.VAMP: DID YOU EVER READ THE MASTER BUILDER?

JACK: IBSEN? SURE, WHY?

M.VAMP: I DON'T KNOW...I JUST WONDERED IF YOU EVER READ ANYTHING.

JACK: YEAH, WELL I AIN'T GONNA BATTLE WITH YOU NOW (MOVING OFF)
I'LL SEE YA.

M.VAMP: (QUICKLY) THERE ARE 12 LEVELS WITHIN THE TOWER.

JACK: (BACKING UP AGAIN) TWELVE LEVELS?

M.VAMP: EVERYLEVEL IS A WORLD IN ITSELF.

JACK: REALLY?

M.VAMP: THAT'S WHAT THE BOOK SAID. AND IT CAN BE DANGEROUS.

JACK: DEMONS AND THINGS?

M.VAMP: THE REAL DANGER IS ORIENTATION. YOUR MIND EXPECTS THINGS
TO BE A CERTAIN WAY. THEY WON'T BE...AT ALL. YOUR MIND

5 THURS VI

M.VAMP: WILL STRIVE TO MAKE SENSE OUT OF WHAT YOU'LL SEE, TRYING TO CREATE SOME LOGICAL PATTERN. THIS PRESSURE MAY CAUSE THE MIND TO BURST APART AND YOU'LL BE INSANE FOR THE REST OF THIS LIFE.

JACK: MAYBE I SHOULD TAKE ALONG A CRASH HELMET?

M.VAMP: I'M SERIOUS. ALSO, SINCE YOU'RE TAKING YOUR BODY, THERE MAY BE....CREATURES THAT WANT TO ENTER YOUR BODY.

JACK: WHAT WOULD THEY WANT THIS THING FOR? (POUNDS ON CHEST) IT'S STURDY, BUT THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE.

M.VAMP: NO, THERE'S ROOM FOR MANY. A CLAIRVOIYANT MAY SEE MANY PEOPLE PLAGUING AN INSANE PERSON.

JACK: OKAY. I'LL PLUG UP ALL MY HOLES.

M.VAMP: I REALLY AM SERIOUS ABOUT THIS.

JACK: WHAT ELSE?

M.VAMP: DON'T WORRY. BE HAPPY.

JACK: OH GREAT, NOW SHE TELLS ME---

M.VAMP: WORRYING WILL ATTRACT NEGATIVENESS, POSITIVE ATTRACTS POSITIVE. BUT IT'S ALL ALRIGHT BECAUSE SINCE YOU WERE ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE MAZE AND KEEP YOUR COOL, YOU'LL BE JUST FINE. (BIG SMILE)

JACK: WELL---A---THANKS.

M.VAMP: THERE'S BETTER WAYS TO THANK ME.

JACK: HOW?

6 THURS VI

M.VAMP: SET THAT LADDER DOWN, TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS AND KISS ME...
OBVIOUSLY.

JACK: WELL...IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T-----

M.VAMP: OH YOU LILY LIVERED LITTLE SNEAK!

JACK: NOW WAIT A MINUTE---

M.VAMP: YOU SNIVELING, SNOTTY LITTLE CRETIN.

JACK: I REALLY LIKE YOU, YOU KNOW, BUT---

M.VAMP: WE'LL SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT ALWAYS KEEPING A MOVING
TARGET, EH? TRY THIS!

(SFX: CRASH TUMBLE)

JACK: YIKES!

M.VAMP: AND THIS!

(SFX: CRASH BLANG)

JACK: YEOWWW! FEET DO YOUR STUFF.

M.VAMP: I HOPE THE DEMONS PLUCK YOUR EYES OUT AND USE 'EM FOR
MARBLES.

(SFX: CRASH)

AND MAY THEY USE YOUR RIB CAGE FOR A TRAMPOLINE.

(SFX: CRASH BLANNG GINKLE)

AND YOUR PELVIC BONE TO SCRAPE THE 'SLIME FROM OFF THEIR
PAWS!

7 THURS VI

(SFX: CRASH TINKLE BOANG BLONG TINKLE)

(SHE SOBS)

M.VAMP: JACK?!?

JACK: (FAR OFF) WHAT?

M.VAMP: GOOD LUCK.....(SNIFF SNIFF)

(MUSIC UP)

1 FRI V1

NARR:

WE NOW RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, "THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS".

(CLOCK STRIKING)

IT'S NIGHTTIME SOMEWHERE IN THE OLD VICTORIAN MANSION, A CLOCK STRIKES, THREE A.M. IN THE ROOM WHERE JACK SLEEPS, A PANEL SLOWLY, SILENTLY, SLIDES OPEN. IN THE STILL, BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT, TWO FIGURES SLIP FROM THE WALL AND CAUTIOUSLY CREEP TOWARD THE BED WHERE SLEEPS JACK. BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE, LO!; JACK IS NOT THERE, THE BED IS EMPTY. THEY SCRATCH THEIR HEADS AND RETURN INTO THE WALL.

MEANWHILE, AWAY OFF ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OLD MANSION, SOMEWHERE IN THE WALLS, IS JACK. HE CARRIES A TWELVE FOOT ALUMINUM EXTENSION LADDER. FORTUNATELY, THE LADDER COLLAPSES INTO 2-SIX FOOT LENGTHS, SO HE IS ABLE TO MANUEVER THE SHARP TURNS WITHIN THE NARROW WALLS. HE STOPS BEFORE THE MIRROR DOOR. HE OPENS THE DOOR AND THERE, ONLY ABOUT FOUR FEET AWAY, IS A SECOND COND MORROR BUT DIFFERENT IN SHAPE, A LARGE OVAL MIRROR. A BLUISH WHITE LIGHT EMINATES FROM DEEP WITHIN THE MIRROR. JACK STEPS BACK, THEN, PLUNGES HEAD LONG THROUGH THE OVAL REFLECTION AND INTO THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS!

(MUSIC - BADOOM!)

JACK

(TO HIMSELF)

WELL, HERE I AM, INSIDE THIS BIG MOTHER, SAME AS BEFORE. THERE'S THE NARROW LEDGE AND THE BOTTOMLESS SPACE IN BETWEEN AND THE CLOUDS DRIFTING BELOW - AND ACROSS THE GAP, THERE'S THE OTHER LEDGE AND STEPS LEADING UP. SO, THIS LADDER -

(LADDER SOUNDS)

EXTENDED ACROSS, SHOULD REACH --- IT DOES! GOOD, NOW TO SCAMPER ACROSS -

(CREAK, ETC...)

WHEW, THAT SPACE REALLY IS BOTTOMLESS.....WHITE CLOUDS LAZILY DRIFTING BY, BLUE SKIES BENEATH, AND HERE IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE NIGHT, I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS AT ALL. WELL, FORWARD ...(REACHES OTHER SIDE) THERE, ON THE OTHER SIDE. I WONDER IF I SHOULD TAKE

2 FRI VI

THE LADDER WITH ME? GOOD QUESTION. IF I HAVE TO RETURN IN A HURRY, AT LEAST I'LL BE ABLE TO CLAMOUR ACROSS..., I'LL LEAVE IT.

NOW LET'S SEE WHERE THESE STEPS LEAD.....

(STARTING UP THE STEPS)

STRANGE SYMOBLS PAINTED ON THE WALLS, TORCHES BURNING HERE, LIGHTING THE WAY - I WONDER IF IT'S REAL - OW! YEAH, IT'S REAL FIRE ALRIGHT.

THERE'S A DOOR UP AHEAD. THE STEPS CONTINUE UP. I'LL TAKE A PEEK THROUGH THE DOOR AND THEN CONTINUE.

(DOOR CREAKING OPEN)

THIS DOOR LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF MIDIEVAL TIMES...AMAZING, IT OPENS INTO A ROOM THAT'S ... HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE? IT'S THE LIVING ROOM OF INVERNESS... BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS DOOR BEFORE.... THE LIGHT IS SO STRANGE... THE FLOOR SEEMS TO BE TILTED... NO WONDER IT FEELS FUNNY, IT IS TILTED... SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT. IT'S AS IF EVERY PIECE OF FURNITURE WERE ALIVE IN SOME WAY... I WONDER IF THE OTHER ROOMS ARE LIKE THIS?... EEIRIE BLUISH WHITE LIGHT THAT UNDULATES... AS THOUGH BREATHING... (HE LISTENS TO THE SOUNDS) IT'S AS THOUGH THE MANSION WERE ALIVE, BREATHING LIKE A LIVING CREATURE... OR IS IT ME? NO, I'M OKAY... I'LL CHECK OUT THE LIBRARY... WHEW! THOSE BOOKS - WHAT IS IT? WHAT A STRANGE YELLOWISH GLOW COMING FROM WITHIN THE BINDINGS... BUT IT'S THE FEELING IN THIS ROOM THAT IS REALLY WEIRD. (CLOSE ON) THERE'S BOOKS HERE I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE... SOME OF THESE HAVE YET TO BE PUBLISHED. AM I IN THE FUTURE?... NO, I DON'T THINK SO... IT'S SOMETHING ELSE. BUT WHAT? WHAT'S GOING ON? (HIS VOICE ECHOS).

NARR: JACK REMOVES A THIN VOLUME OF POEMS FROM OFF THE SHELF - BUT WHEN HE OPENS THE BOOK, THE WORDS SLIDE FROM THE PAGES AND FALL TO THE FLOOR, SHATTERING LIKE TINY PIECES OF CRYSTAL.

(TINKLE, TINKLE, SHATTER)

THE PAGES BECOME BLANK, EMPTY AND HIS MIND SUDDENLY IS DRAWN IN TUMBLIGN THROUGH SPACE, BUT NO, NOT FREELY, CAUGHT AND DIRECTED BY THE AUTHOR'S MIND, THE CREATOR'S MIND - CAUGHT IN HIS INSPIRATION, HIS HANG UPS, HIS SOUL, AND THEN FINALLY - FREED.

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JACK: WHEW... THAT'S ENOUGH READING FOR ONE DAY. BOY, IF THE AUTHOR
HAS SOME POINTS TO BE MADE IT'S LIKE CRAWLING THROUGH BARBED
WIRE.

NARR: HE SELECTS ANOTHER SLIM VOLUME, TUCKS IT BENEATH HIS ARM, AND
RETURNS TO THE LIVING ROOM.

JACK: THIS PLACE AIN'T RIGHT, THAT'S FOR SURE. IT'S LIKE STEPPING
THROUGH A DOOR AND INTO A DREAM...IT'S A BIT MUCH TO HANDLE-
 (SCREAMING)
MY GOD, THIS PLACE IS IN MOTION... WE'RE FLOATING THROUGH THE
AIR... LOOK AT THE WINDOWS - THERE'S STARS EVERYWHERE - THIS
THING'S FLOATING OUT IN SPACE

NARR: SUDDENLY, THE ROOM TILTS, JACK DROPS TO THE FLOOR AND DIGS HIS
FINGERS INTO THE CARPET AS THE ROOM BEGINS TO SPIN, SLOW AT
FIRST, THEN FASTER AND FASTER - THE STARS AND PLANETS WHIRL PAST
THE WINDOWS FASTER AND FASTER UNTIL THEY BECOME STREAKS OF LIGHT,
COMETS CHASING THEIR OWN TAILS!... AND THEN IT SLOWS... AND THEN
IT STOPS... JACK CAUTIOUSLY CRAWLS TO THE DOOR FROM WHICH HE'D
ENTERED -

 (CLICK, OPENS)

HE STANDS UP, TAKES ONE LAST LOOK AT THE LIVING ROOM - THE BRILLIANT
STARS, WHEN FAR OFF IN SPACE, HE SEES SOMEONE SITTING UPON A
PRAYER CARPET, SAILING THROUGH THE STARS- THEY DO A QUICK LOOP-
DE-LOOP AROUND A SMALL ASTEROID, AND CONTINUE ON OUT OF SIGHT.

CHIEF W: (FAR OFF) HI OH, SILVER AWAY!

 (MUSIC UP - WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE)

1MON 7

NARR:

AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIES, "THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS". JACK FLANDERS HAS FINALLY GAINED ACCESS TO THE MYSTERIOUS FOURTH TOWER. AFTER CLIMBING THE STEPS UP FROM THE BASE OF THE TOWER, JACK FOUND HIMSELF IN FRONT OF A LARGE HEAVY DOOR WITH CAST IRON HINGES AND FITTINGS. OPENING THE DOOR, HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE INVERNESS MANSION, BUT SOMEHOW IT WAS DIFFERENT. PLANETS AND STARS SHONE BRIGHTLY THROUGH THE WINDOWS - HE REALIZED HE WAS ADRIFT IN SPACE. AFTER A SERIES OF EVENTS WE WON'T GO INTO NOW, SINCE IT'S THE PAST ANYHOW, JACK STANDS AGAIN IN THE DOOR-WAY, ABOUT TO RETURN INSIDE THE TOWER - BUT HE HESITATES. THE STARS ARE GROWING DIMMER, THE ROOM IS BECOMING MORE LIGHT. THE WALLS OF THE LIVING ROOM SEEM TO STRETCH UPWARD HIGHER AND HIGHER - UNTIL THEY BECOME THE STEEP SIDES OF A MOUNTAIN. THE FURNITURE DISSOLVES INTO TREES AND ROCKS AND BOULDERS. WHERE THE FISH BOWL RESTED UPON THE TABLE, IT'S NOW A LAKE, WITH BIRDS CHATTERING HAPPILY AMONG THE CATTAILS AND MARSH REEDS.

(SFX: SOUNDS BIRDS, ETC.)

WHERE THE CEILING WAS - IS NOW THE SHY, DEEP BLUE, CLOUDLESS WHERE THE HEAVY GLASS CHANDELIERS HUNG IS NOW THE SUN, DIRECTLY OVERHEAD, FLOODING THE VALLEY WITH SOFT WARMTH. AT HIS FEET, A NARROW YELLOW BRICK ROAD BEGINS - OR ENDS, AND STRETCHES OUT, WEAVING THROUGH THE VALLEY AND AWAY, DISAPPEARING OUT OF HIS SIGHT. WHERE THE BOOKCASE STOOD IS A WOODS, GREEN AND ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF BIRDS AND A WARM BREEZE GENTLY RUSTLING THE LEAVES.

JACK STANDS THERE, BEWILDERED BY THIS STANGENESS THAT HAS TAKEN PLACE BEFORE HIS EYES. HE STANDS SILENT FOR A MOMENT, AWED BY THE GENTLE BEAUTY OF THIS VALLEY, HE OPENS HIMSELF, ALL HIS SENSES ALERTED AS HE ABSORBS THE VALLEY,, WATCHING TO SEE IF ANY PART OF HIM RINGS AN ALARM OR CAUTIONS THAT, SOMETHING ISN'T TO BE TRUSTED. JACK IS WELL AWARE THAT HE IS BUT A MERE SOFT BACKED BUG IN THE PRESENCE OF VERY POWERFUL MAGIC.

THEN HE STARTS DOWN THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD...

(SFX: WALKING)

HE CONTINUES FOR SOME TIME UNTIL HE COMES TO THE LAKE. HE STOPS - LOOKING AT HIS REFLECTION THEN DROPS A PEBBLE INTO THE WATER. (SFX: PLOP)

2 MON 7

JACK: MAKES A GOOD CIRCLE.

(SFX: ANOTHER PLOP)

WHY AM I HERE? (PLOP) WHERE DOES THIS ROAD LEAD? (PLOP)
I DON'T THINK I'LL GET LOST SINCE IT STILL MUST BE PART
OF INVERNESS.... I DON'T KNOW. (PLOP, PLOP)

VOICE: (FAR OFF) HOWDIE STRANGER!

JACK: IT'S OLD FAR SEEING ART!... NO IT'S NOT, THIS FELLOW IS
MUCH SHORTER...YOUNGER, BUT IT SURE SOUNDED LIKE HIS
VOICE. (CALLS) HOWDIE!....THAT'S WEIRD HE'S GLIDING ALONG
- LOOKS LIKE HE'S FLOATING A FEW INCHES OFF THE ROAD.

OLD ART:(CLOSER) HOW YA DOIN, YOUNG FELLER?

JACK: I'M ALRIGHT,SO FAR. HOW DO YOU DO THAT?

OLD ART:(MOVING ON MIKE) SAIL ALONG YA MEAN? WELL, IT'S SIMPLE.
FIRST YA PICK UP ONE FOOT, ... THAT'S RIGHT, THEN THE OTHER
AN' - NO, NO, YOU DON'T PUT THE FIRST ONE DOWN AGAIN.

JACK: I UNDERSTAND BUT IT DOESN'T WORK FOR ME.

OLD ART:TAKE OFF YER BOOT THERE... NOW LEMME SEE. (CLOSE ON)
HMMM, NO WONDER - WHAT ARE YOU WEARIN THOSE THINGS FER?

JACK: THOSE ARE MY TOES.

OLD ART:I THINK THEY'D GET IN YOUR WAY BUNCHED UP AT THE END OF
YER BOOT THERE. WHY DONCHA CARRY 'EM IN YER POCKET?

JACK: I HAPPEN TO BE FOND OF THOSE TOES AND THEY'RE STAYIN'
WHERE THEY ARE.

OLD ART:THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO THE MARKET, THIS LITTLE PIGGY,
STAYED HOME, THIS -

JACK: HEY, CUT IT OUT -

OLD ART:AIN'T THEY A LOT LIKE LITTLE PIGGIES?

3 MON 7

JACK: AM I SAFE IN THIS PLACE?

OLD ART: SAFE AS A BEAN IN A BUCKET.

JACK: YEAH, WELL...WHERE'S THIS BRICK ROAD LEAD TO?

OLD ART: LEADS TO THE PALACE OF THE WICKED KUBLA KUBLA.

JACK: WICKED KUBLA KUBLA, I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS PLACE IS SAFE?

OLD ART: WHERE YER STANDIN' BE SAFE.

JACK: I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS...IT'S LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

OLD ART: YEP. BUT IT FIGURES.

JACK: WHAT DOES?

OLD ART: SIT DOWN SONNY AN' I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO YA.... YOU SEE THAT TOWER THERE IS A WAY OF GETTIN' UP TO THE DIFFERENT PLANES. YER A THIRD PLANE BEIN' AND THIS HERE IS THE FOURTH PLANE. NOW WHATCHER SEEIN' BE ONLY A PART A YOU, CAUSE PART A YOU EXISTS IN ALL THE PLANES. LIKE WHERE DO FAIRY TALES COME FROM? FROM HERE. LIKE WHEN YOU GET ZAPPED WITH AN INSPIRATION, SHE COMES FROM THAT PART OF YOU THAT EXISTS IN THAT PLANE. THAT'S WHY YOU GOT A BOOK THERE THAT AIN'T BEEN PUBLISHED YET, ON YER PLANE. THESE THINGS ARE LET GO ACCORDIN' TO THE BIG PLAN. NOW THE THING YOU GOTTA DO OF YOU WANTA GROW AND GET OUTA HERE WITH YER HIDE INTACT, IS INTEGRATE YERSELF WITH ALL YER PLANES. AND THAT'S WHAT 'CHER DOIN' , EVEN THOUGH YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT...BUT YER IN A SPECIAL SITUATION....VERY SPECIAL.

JACK: I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

OLD ART: WELL SONNY, IT'S A LOT LIKE WHEN PEOPLE DIE ON YER PLANE

4 MON 7

OLD ART: YOU KNOW? AND THEIR GHOSTS HANG AROUND 'CAUSE THEY'RE ATTACHED TO THAT PLACE. THEY REMAIN THE SAME - IF THEY WERE MISERABLE IN LIFE, THEY'RE MISERABLE IN DEATH. YOU NEED A BODY TO WORK THINGS OUT.

JACK: IS THAT TRUE?

OLD ART: I AIN'T FINISHED. SO, YOU SEE, THERE'S DEMONS LURKIN' AROUND FILLED WITH MISCHIEF AN' THEY'D LOVE TO GET THEIR CLAWS ON A BODY LIKE YERS. YEP, THEY SURE WOULD.

JACK: I'M BEGINNING TO SEE -

OLD ART: EVEN ALL THE ~~HEAVENLY~~ HEAVENLY GODS HAVE GREAT RESPECT FER THE HUMAN BODY..IT'S A SACRED THING, SONNY. YEP, AS THEY SAY, AROUND THESE PARTS A GOOD BODY IS WORTH A THOUSAND DREAMS.

(MUSIC UP)

1 TUES 7

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIES,
"THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS". HAVING FOUND ACCESS TO
THE MYSTERIOUS FOURTH TOWER, JACK FLANDERS FINDS HIMSELF
IN A STRANGE VALLEY. FOLLOWING A NARROW YELLOW BRICK
ROAD, JACK ENCOUNTERS SOME ONE STRANGELY SIMILAR AND YET
PHYSICALLY DIFFERENT THAN THAT OLD FSR SEEING ART. SPEAK-
ing WITH THE FELLOW, JACK LEARNED ABOUT THE DANGERS THAT
LURK IN THIS PEACEFUL VALLEY.

OLD ART: TEMPTATION, GREED, ENVY, JEALOUSY, YOU NAME IT, IT HAS A
PARTICULAR VIBRATION OF IT'S OWN, AND ATTRACTS A LIKE
VIBRATION. THE STRONGER IT IS, THE MORE IT ATTRACTS.
SINCE YOU AIN'T NO SAINT YET, WATCH OUT. KUBLA KUBLA
AND HIS BAND OF DEMENTED DWARFS, WOULD LOVE TO HAVE YER
HIDE STRECHED OUT ON HIS THRONE, YOU SEE?

JACK: I THINK I'LL STAY HERE IN THE VALLEY.

OLD ART: THAT'S WHAT YOU OUGHTA DO IF YOU HAD A CHOICE.

JACK: WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

OLD ART: YER HERE LOOKIN' FER SIR HENRY JOWLS, AINT'CHA?

JACK: YOU KNOW ABOUT LORD JOWLS?

OLD ART: HE PASSED THROUGH HERE SOME TIME BACK.

JACK: DID HE MAKE IT THROUGH ALRIGHT?

OLD ART: DUNNO...HE FOLLOWED THAT YELLOW BRICK ROAD THERE, RIGHT
THROUGH THE PALACE OF THE WICKED KUBLA KUBLA.

JACK: THERE'S NO WAY OF GOING AROUND?

OLD ART: NOPE... RUNS RIGHT PAST THE FOOT OF HIS THRONE...SO'S
HE CAN LEER DOWN AT EVERY TRAVELLER.

JACK: THEN PEOPLE DO GET THROUGH?

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OLD ART: ALL THE TIME, BUT AS I SAID, MOST DON'T TAKE THEIR BODIES
' LONG WITH 'EM...LIKE YOU AN' JOWLS AN' SOME OTHERS.
BUT THERE'S ADVANTAGES.

JACK: LIKE WHAT?

OLD ART: YER AURA. THEM DEMONS'LL TRY TAH GETCHA ONE A TWO WAYS,
BREAKIN DOWN YER MIND SO YER AURA GETS WEAK AND THEY
CAN PUNCTURE THROUGH, OR SIMPLY FINDIN A WEAK SPOT IN
YER AURA AND HAMMERIN AWAY.

JACK: YOU MEAN THE AURA WILL ACT AS ARMOUR?

OLD ART: YEP, YOU SEEM PRETTY HEALTHY - SHPULD BE A GOOD MATCH.

JACK: THAT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER, ANYTHING ELSE?

OLD ART: YEP, DON'T FIGHT 'EM.

JACK: WHAT?

OLD ART: CAN'T LIKELY WIN IF YOU FIGHT EM ON THEIR OWN GROUND.
THE ENERGY YOU PUT OUT TO KEEP THEM AWAY WILL ONLY
WEAKEN YOU AND THEY'LL COME IN CLOSER.

JACK: I THINK I SEE.

OLD ART: ONLY IF YOU ARE NOT ATTACHED CAN YOU
FIGHT EM AND WHOP EM GOOD, YOU SEE?

JACK: YEAH, I GOTTA KEEP COOL.

OLD ART: YOU GOTTA BE COOL, WITHOUT ANY GOTTAING , TO BE ANYTHING

JACK: IT'S PRETTY SUBTLE.

OLD ART: YEP, THAT'S WHY NOT SO MANY GET BY THEM.

3 TUES 7

JACK: WELL, THANKS A LOT - I DON'T KNOW WHAT WOULD'VE HAPPENED
IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG.

OLD ART: WHEN YOU NEED SOMEONE TO TELL YOU SOMETHIN' - JUST STOP
AN LISTEN - THEY'LL BE THERE.

JACK: (MOVING OFF) THANKS AGAIN - I'LL -

OLD ART: HEY, AINTCHA GONNA TAKE A WEAPON?

JACK: (COMING BACK) WHAT KIND OF WEAPON?

OLD ART: SEEIN' YOU DON'T GOT NOTHIN - TAKE THIS STAFF A MINE.

JACK: THAT STICK?

OLD ART: THAT STICK IS AS FLEXIBLE AS A SWORD, SONNY. MANY A WISE
ass DEMON'S HAD HIS SMART REMARKS CLEAVED IN TWO BY
SARAH HERE. TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER.

JACK: GLAD TO MEET YOU SARAH.

OLD ART: DON'T YOU START GETTING SMART WITH HER. (MOVING OFF)
SEE YOU LATER ALLIGATER - HEH HEH.

JACK: WELL, ONWARDS, TO THE PALACE OF THE WICKED KUBLA KUBLA.
(MUSIC INTERLUDE)

NARR: THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD WOVE THOUGH THE WARM, PEACEFUL
VALLEY THEN IT STARTED UP THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS, JACK
CONTINUED. ~~THEN HE STARTED UP THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS~~
EVERYTHING WAS SOMEHOW FAMILIAR TO HIM HE WAS ENJOYING
THE WALK WHEN SUDDENLY, ^{HE FELT A PRESENCE} HE LOOKED UP, AND THERE ~~WAS~~ IT
WAS! HIGH UPON A MOUNTAIN TOP, LIKE A GIANT JEWEL ENCRUST-
ED TOAD, SQUATED THE SEVEN SPIRALED PALACE OF THE WICKED
KUBLA KUBLA.

(MUSIC UP)

1 WED 7

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILING ADVENTURE SERIES ,
" THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS". JACK FLANDERS HAS FOUND
HIMSELF IN A SMALL VALLEY, APPARENTLY ON A PLANE OF
EXISTENCE, HE WAS NEVER AWARE OF BEFORE. FOLLOWING A NARROW
YELLOW BRICK ROAD, - THAT LEADS OUT OF THE VALLEY AND UP
THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS, JACK SUDDENLY LOOKS UP AND SEES,
SHIMMERING IN THE SUN, HIGH UPON A MOUNTAIN TOP, THE
SEVEN SPIRALED PALACE OF THE WICKED KUBLA KUBLA.

JACK: IT IS REMINISCENT OF INVERNESS...BUT INVERNESS DOES NOT
HAVE THE SMELL OF EVIL THIS PLACE HAS. AND YET, I DON'T
FEEL AFRAID...MAYBE IT'S THIS STAFF THE OLD FELLOW LENT
ME? I FEEL VERY STRONG.

NARR: BUT AS HE DRAWS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE PALACE, THE AIR
BEGINS TO CHILL AROUND HIM, THE BIRDS BECOME RATHER
SCARCE, AND JACKS COURAGE BEGINS TO DECREASE WITH EACH S
STEP.

JACK: THIS PLACE IS TOO CREEPY. DARN, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET
AROUND IT IN ANY WAY...WHAT WOULD LORD JOWLS' HAVE DONE?
....WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE DONE IS SEND HIS
MIND IN FIRST. IN THAT WAY I'LL BE ABLE TO CHECK THE PLACE
OUT AND WATCH MY BODY TOO. BY GOING INTO MY ALPHA LEVEL,
I CAN BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME. AUNTIE JOWLS
FAKE INTERCOMM DID COME IN HANDY AFTER ALL. IT SHOWED ME
I COULD DO IT...TAKE THREE DEEP BREATHS AND COUNT DOWN
(BREATH ONE) THREE, THREE, THREE, (BREATH TWO) TWO,
TWO,TWO, (BREATH THREE) ONE , ONE , ONE, THERE IN THE
ALPHA LEVEL, NOW, THROUGH THAT THICK DOOR.

(SLIGHT REVERB TO HIS VOICE)

STRANGE CASTLE, VERY HIGH VAULTED CEILINGS; ODD, IT
APPEARS VACANT...THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD CURVES THROUGH
THE DINING HALL, PAST THIS LONG, HEAVY OAK TABLE,....
EVERYTHING IS COVERED WITH DUST. THIS PLACE HASN'T
BEEN JUMPING IN SOME TIME. NOW THE ROAD SEEMS TO -
YES, IT MUST BE THE MAIN HALL - IT IS. THE ROAD LEADS

2 WED 7

JACK: STRAIGHT TO THE THRONE THEN TURNS LEFT AND CONTINUES ON.
FROM THERE IT MUST LEAD OUT OF THE CASTLE. WELL, I'LL
RETURN TO MY BODY AND THINK THIS THING OUT...(VOICE
NORMAL) THERE. I THINK IT'S OKAY TO CONTINUE ON, IF I
CAN GET THIS DOOR OPEN.

(SFX: CLICK, SQUEEEAK)

IT'S NOT LOCKED. FEELS LIKE IT HASN'T BEEN OPENED IN CEN-
TURIES...I THINK I'LL LEAVE IT OPEN A CRACK JUST IN CASE
I HAVE TO BEAT A QUICK RETREAT.

(SFX: SLAM, BOLT)

WHAT THE? IT CLOSED BEHIND ME?

(TRIES BOLT)

IT'S LOCKED. OH BOY, THAT'S A FINE PICKLE. WELL ONWARDS.

(FOOTSTEPS ECHOING)

NOW, THROUGH THE DINING HALL...PAST THE LONG OAK TABLE
...THAT'S STRANGE;; THIS TABLE WAS COVERED WITH DUST
A MOMENT AGO. NOW IT'S PERFECTLY - HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?
A SETTING? ...A FORK AND A KNIFE AND A PLATE AND GOBLET
AND A LARGE COVERED SILVER PLATTER. I WONDER WHAT'S BENEATH
THE LID? I'LL PEAK...NO, ON SECOND THOUGHT I WON'T PEEK..
.. I'LL GET GOIN INSTEAD...

(FOOTSTEPS RESUME)

AH, HERE'S THE MAIN HALL AND THE THRONE AT THE END THERE...
MAYBE IT'LL BE SMOOTH GOING AFTER ALL...WAIT A MINUTE,
THERE WASN'T ANYONE SITTING IN THAT THRONE BEFORE... IS
HE ALIVE?...AN OLD MAN WITH A BEARD DOWN TO HIS KNEES.
IF HE'S STILL ALIVE HE MUST BE ASLEEP. I MIGHT BE ABLE TO
TIP TOE PAST...OOT AHH, AN EYELID LIFTS.

OLD MAN: MY SON, STOP FOR A MOMENT AND EXCHANGE A FEW WORDS WITH
M. EENIE A LONELY OLD MAN.

AS ORIENTAL

JACK: HI....I REALLY DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME, YOU SEE.. I'M PASSING
THROUGH

OLD MAN: TIME, WHAT IS TIME? HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO TIME TIME?

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JACK: TIME TIME? WHERE I COME FROM THAT'S WHAT THEY DO ALL THE TIME....CLOCKS.

OLD MAN: CLOCKS? PRAY LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS ...HMM..WHAT IS THE TIME OF YOUR DESTINY?

JACK: TIME OF MY DESTINY?

OLD AMN: PERHAPS IT'S CIRCULAR.

JACK: A CIRCULAR DESTINY?

OLD MAN: TO REPEAT OVER AND OVER UNTIL THE LESSON IS LEARNED.

JACK: IT'S BEEN NICE TALKING WITH YOU -

OLD MAN: PRAY LINGER AWHILE LONGER...I'M A VERY LONELY KING...NO SUBJECTS AS YOU CAN SEE...

JACK: WHO SETS THE TABLE?

OLD MAN: AHH, SUPPERTIME...HARK THE SUPPER BELL TINGING FAR OFF ACROSS THE AUTUMN FIELDS AS THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS SILENTLY FLUTTER DOWN UPON THE SNOWY GROUND. WILL YOU HAVE SUPPER?

JACK: I'D REALLY PREFER TO CONTINUE ON.

OLD AMN: ON DOWN THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD.

JACK: YEAH.

OLD AMN: WELL THEN SOMEDAY, WHEN YOU'RE AS OLD AS I, AND YOUR BEARD IS SO LONG YOU CAN TUCK THE TIP INTO THE TOP OF YOUR SHOE, I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE MORE TOLERANCE THAN I HAVE FOR YOU.

JACK: I'M SORRY.

4 WED 7

OLD AMN: TRUST IS SUCH A FRAGILE THING.

JACK: (MOVING OFF) GOOD-BYE

OLD MAN: GOOD-BYE YOUNG MAN...MAY YOUR PATH LEAD YOU TO A PLEASANT NOW.

JACK: (FAR OFF) I'LL SEE YA.

OLD MAN: (SIGH) WELL,,(MOVING OFF) I MAY AS WELL HAVE A NIBBLE IN THE GREAT SUPPER HALL.

(TRANSITION)

(MOVING ON) AHH YES, WILD GROUSE. A FEAST FIT FOR A KING.

(STARTS EATING LOUDLY, A BIT SAVAGELY)

(HE STOPS) I SEE YOU'VE RETURNED.

JACK: (OFF NEARING) THIS ROAD, IT LED ME RIGHT BACK TO THE DINNING HALL.

OLD AMN: OH YES, IT'S A TRICKY FELLOW - A LITTLE LIKE TREADING ~~WATER~~ UPON THE BACK OF A SNAKE...AT ANY MOMENT IT'S LIABLE TO TURN AND NIP AT YOU.

JACK: WELL HOW DO I GET OUT OF HERE?

OLD MAN: (OUT OF HERE? (CHUCLES AND RETURNS TO TEARING APAET HIS FOOD)

(MUSIC UP)

1 THURS VII

NARR: WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL - THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. JACK FLANDERS HAS ENTERED THE MYSTERIOUS 4TH TOWER. HE FOLLOWED A NARROW YELLOW BRICK ROAD, THROUGH A VALLEY AND INTO THE MOUNTAINS, FINALLY INTO THE PALACE OF THE ALLEGEDLY WICKED, KUBLA KUBLA. AFTER HAVING A BRIEF CHAT WITH THE OLD KING, JACK CONTINUED ON HIS MERRY WAY, BUT FOUND THAT INSTEAD OF LEADING OUT OF THE PALACE, THE ROAD CIRCLED AROUND AND BACK INTO THE DINING HALL OF KUBLA KUBLA.

M. EENIE: WELCOME BACK, TRAVELER OF THE STARS.
(AS KUBLA)

JACK: HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS PLACE?

KUBLA: WON'T YOU JOIN ME IN SOME SUPPER?
(BITES INTO A BIRD CARCUS)

JACK: I'M NOT HUNGRY.

KUBLA: (WIPING HIS MOUTH) MMM, THE ROAST GROUSE IS MOST DELICIOUS.

JACK: NO THANKS.

KUBLA: HOW ABOUT SOME PEAS? THEY'RE LOVELY. LOOK AT THE WAY THEY ROLL ABOUT ON THE PLATE - LIKE HUNDREDS OF LITTLE GREEN EYEBALLS (STABS A COUPLE)

(STAB, STAB, STAB)

(SINGS) THOSE GREEN EYES WITH THEIR SOFT LIGHT, ETC...

JACK: LOOK, COULD YOU JUST TELL ME HOW TO GET OUT OF HERE?

KUBLA:
~~CHIEF~~: WON'T YOU AT LEAST HAVE SOME WHOLE WHEAT BREAD?

JACK: NO THANKS, I'D JUST LIKE...

CHIEF: VERY NOURISHING...GOOD FOR THE TEEEEETH. STONE GROUND - KEEPS 'EM SHARP. I LOVE MASHED POTATOES - YUMMY - (MOUTH FULL) I LOVE GREAT STEAMING SHOVELFULS OF MASHED POTATOES. (SHOVELS IN MORE) AND ASPARAGUS...AT LEAST, YOU'LL HAVE SOME ASPARAGUS, EH?

JACK: I'D JUST LIKE TO LEAVE.

KUBLA: (WIPING MOUTH) WELL THEN, LET ME HELP YOU - (BURP) - EXCUSE ME... THERE'S A KEY SOMEWHERE...(PATS ABOUT HIS PERSON FEELING FOR KEY) NOPE, I MUST'VE LEFT IT SOME--AHHH, I REMEMBER---(MOVING OFF) I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. (OFF) OHH, HAVE SOME DESERT, GOOSEBERRY PIE I BELIEVE -- IT'S BENEATH THE LARGE COVERED PLATER THERE...(GOES OUT SINGING GREEN EYES)

JACK: OH LORD, I'VE STEPPED INTO IT THIS TIME. GOOSEBERRY PIE? HMMM... MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO HAVE SOME GOOSEBERRY PIE...THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT COVERED PLATER...AS THOUGH IT WERE WAITING JUST FOR ME. MAYBE JUST A TINY PEEK, UNDER THE COVER...HMMM IT'S A BIG PIE ISN'T IT? (SNIFFS) GOLDEN BROWN, FRESHLY BAKED. WELL, HE DID OFFER ME SOME. IT'S PROBABLY ALRIGHT. I'LL JUST SLIDE IT OUT HERE AND SLICE ME A BIG...DID I SEE THAT CRUST BULGE? AS THOUGH SOMETHING BUMPED IT'S HEAD AGAINST THE TOP?...DO YOU THINK THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE? I'LL JUST TAKE A LITTLE PEEK UNDER THE CRUST HERE...JUST RAISE UP ONE SIDE JUST A HAIRLINE OF A PEEK...IT'S DARK UNDER THE CRUST BUT NOW I CAN SEE...GOOD GOD! THERE'S THOUSANDS OF TINY LITTLE GREEN EYES STARING AT ME.

KUBLA: (OFF SINGING) THOSE GREEN EYES WITH THEIR SOFT LIGHT---

JACK: I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE.

KUBLA: AHH, I JUST REMEMBERED THE KEY HAS BEEN ~~ADDED~~ INTO THE GOOSEBERRY PIE. SO -- (SNIFFS) --AHHH--DOESN'T THAT MAKE YOUR NOSTRILS SNORT WITH APPROVAL? WOULD YOU CARE FOR A PIECE?

JACK: I'D JUST LIKE TO LEAVE, RIGHT NOW.

KUBLA: LET'S SEE...I'LL SLICE IT RIGHT ACROSS THE TOP -- LIKE THIS.

3 THURS VII

NARR: AND THEN IT HAPPENS. THE MOMENT THE KNIFE BLADE SLICES THROUGH THE THIN UPPER CRUST--THE WHOLE PIE EXPLODES INTO LIFE! (VOICES OF DEMENTED DWARVES) OUT THEY POUR---THOUSANDS OF THEM, GREEN DEMON EYES GLARING, SHARP LITTLE TEETH SNAPPING, CLAWS CLUTCHING--- ITS THE DREADED DEMENTED DEMON DWARVES!

JACK: YIKES! LEMME OUTA HERE. FEETS DO YOUR STUFF.

NARR: TOO LATE, FOR THE WICKED KUBLA KUBLA POINTS WITH A CROOKED, ARTHRITIC FINGER AND SAYS --

KUBLA: SIC EM!

NARR: AND THEY JUMP UPON JACK LIKE A FLASH. (INSANE CHATTER) EVEN THE STRENGTH OF HIS HEALTHY AURA CANNOT HOLD BACK THESE FIENDISH DEVILS. AS THEY CLIMB UNDER HIS ARMS AND UP HIS PANT LEG AND TICKLE MERCILESSLY.

JACK: HEH HEH, HEH HEH, CUT THAT OUT -- TAKE THIS AND THIS AND THAT.

(SFX: WHACK WHACK)

NARR: YES, JACK HAS REMEMBERED HIS STURDY STAFF AND HE UNLEASHES IT WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, SENDING THE DEMENTED LITTLE DEMONS FLYING EVERY WHICH WAY.

JACK: TAKE THAT AND THIS, YOU CURSED LITTLE CREATURES. (SFX: WHACK WACK)

NARR: BUT MORE AND MORE COME LEAPING OUT OF THE GOOSEBERRY PIE,...JACK IS FORCED TO RETREAT, FINALLY FORCED TO TURN ON HIS HEELS AND FLEE... WHACKING THIS WAY AND THAT WAY AS THE DEMENTED DEMON DWARVES FOLLOW IN HOT, HOPPING, GLEEFUL, PURSUIT.

(THEY FADE OUT ONE SPEAKER AND FADE BACK ON ANOTHER)

NARR: BUT AS BEFORE, THE NARROW YELLOW BRICK ROAD LEADS JACK RIGHT BACK THROUGH THE GREAT DINNING HALL.

(SHOUTS AND WHACKS AND TEE HEES AS THEY PASS BY AGAIN)

4 THURS VII

NARR: AND YET AGAIN THEY PASS BY. IS THERE NO WAY OUT FOR OUR HERO?
POSSIBLY NOT. AND WHAT ABOUT THE WICKED KUBLA KUBLA?

KUBLA: IF YOU CANNOT STAND A STING, DO NOT PUT YOUR FINGER INTO A
SCORPION'S NEST. HEH HEH HEH HEH...

(SFX: MEANWHILE, THEY CONTINUE TO FIGHT ON--ROUND AND ROUND)

NARR: IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY, YOU WICKED MAN?

KUBLA: NO, ONE MORE. A DONKEY LADEN WITH BOOKS IS NEITHER AN INTELLECTUAL
NOR A WISE MAN. ~~EMPTY OF ESSENCE, WHAT LEARNING HAS HE ---~~
~~WHETHER UPON HIM IS FIREWOOD OR BOOK?~~
FOR, HOWEVER MUCH YOU STUDY, YOU CANNOT KNOW WITHOUT ACTION.

(SFX: FADES OUT WITH WHACKS, SHOUTS AND TEE HEES)

(MUSIC UP)

1 FRI 7

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. BY ENTERING THE FOURTH TOWER, JACK FLANDERS NOW FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED IN THE PALACE OF THE WICKED KUBLA KUBLA. BUT NOT ONLY IS HE TRAPPED, HE'S PURSUED BY KUBLA KUBLA'S LITTLE GREEN EYED DEMENTED DEMON DWARFS.

(SFX: PURSUIT SOUNDS)

JACK FLAILS AT THE GRABBY LITTLE CREATURES, HIS STURDY STAFF TAKING OUT DOZENS WITH EACH HEARTY SWING. BUT STILL THEY COME MORE AND MORE FROM OUT OF THE WOOD WORK, FROM EVRYWHERE.

JACK: (PANTING) I CAN'T KEEP THEM OFF MUCH LONGER, THIS YELLOW BRICK ROAD JUST LEADS AROUND AND AROUND IN A CIRCLE, THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT OF THIS PALACE. - THIS STAFF I'M FLAIING THESE DEMONS WITH, I SWEAR IT'S BEGINNING TO GLOW - EITHER FROM DEMON DUST OR IT HAS MAGIC OF SOME SORT...YES, THE MORE THIS STAFF GLOWS THE LESS CLOSE THESE DEMONS DARE COME. OH, I SEE, - THEY'VE FALLEN BACK TO REGROUP FOR A FINAL ATTACKTHE WICKED KUBLA KUBLA HIMSELF IS GOING TO DIRECT THE ATTACK. HE HOLDS HIS BATON HIGH AND -

DEMONS:

(SINGING) THOSE GREEN EYES WITH THEIR SOFT LIGHT. (ETC.)

JACK: THAT SONG IS CAUSING THEM TO GO INTO A MAD FRENZY. I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE. WAIT, THIS STAFF IS ALMOST ALIVE, IT'S TUGGING AT MY HANDS - IT'S DIRECTING ME TO THOSE STEPS THAT LEAD DOWNWARDS INTO SOLID BLACKNESS - WHAT IF IT'S A TRAP? BUT STILL, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FOLLOW.. AHH, THE STAFF GLOWS A PALE BLUISH LIGHT, I CAN SEE QUITE WELL, THE STEPS SEEM TO LEAD IN A SPIRAL DOWN AND DOWN DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

(HIS VOICE AND FOOTSTEPS ECHO MORE AND MORE AS HE DESENDS)

THIS IS A HORRIBLE PLACE TO BE TRAPPED - NO ROOM TO FIGHT ...STILL THESE STEPS GO DEEPER....

(FAINT SOUNDS OF GREEN EYES DRIFTS DOWN)

2 FRI 7

JACK: THEM'RE STILL REHEARSING, SO I HAVE A CHANCE.... AHH, HERE'S THE BOTTOM. THERE'S A HEAVY DOOR HERE - I'LL SEE IF I CAN PUSH - OFF! IT MUST BE LOCKED FROM THE OTHER SIDE...MAYBE IT'S JUST JAMMED - OOF - NO IT WON'T BUDGE.

NARR: IT HAD BETTER BUDGE, JACK, BECAUSE THOSE TINY HORIBLE LITTLE DEMENTED DEMON DWARFS HAVE COMPLETED CHOIR PRACTICE AND ARE NOW WORKED INTO A FROTHING FIENDISH FRENZY AND ARE ABOUT TO STORM DOWN THOSE SPIRAL STEPS AND LEAP FOR YOUR THROAT. AND, SPEAK OF THE DEVIL, HERE THEY COME.
(SFX: YIYI ETC. ECHOING FIENDISHLY OFF THE WALLS)

JACK: YIKES, HERE THEY COME AND I'M TRAPPED AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS WELL - COME ON DOOR, OPEN - OOF! IT WON'T BUDGE. IN A MOMENT THEY'LL BE ON ME, TICKLING UNTIL I FALL TO THE FLOOR - I'VE GOT TO GET OUT, SOMEHOW.

NARR: QUICK JACK, USE YOUR STAFF, STRIKE THE LOCK WITH YOUR STAFF.

JACK: GOOD IDEA,
(SFX: WHOM - CLICK, OPENS)
IT OPENED, I'M FREE.

NARR: AND JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME FOR THOSE FIENDISH CREATURES ARE ALMOST UPON HIM.

JACK: WHY I'M BACK IN THE FOURTH TOWER. I'VE GOT TO SEAL THIS DOOR BEFORE THEY ENTER THIS TOWER - OTHERWISE THEY'LL OVERRUN ALL OF INVERNESS - A NAUSEATING THOUGHT.

NARR: TOO LATE TO CLOSE, FOR AS JACK PUSHES THE HEAVY DOOR, THEY PUSH BACK WITH A FORCE GREATER THAN HIS - HIS FEET SLIP ON THE DAMP STONE FLOOR AND IN THEY POUR INTO THE FOURTH TOWER - ONE OVER THE OTHER LEAPING UPON HIS FALLEN BODY - BUT THEY MELT...LIKE SOFT OLEO MARGARINE THEY SLOWLY MELT INTO A SOGGY GREEN PUDDLE; SEEPING AND SIZZLING INTO THE CRACKS. THE REMAINING DEMONS THAT HAVE NOT

3 FRI 7

NARR: STEPPED INTO THE TOWER TAKE FLIGHT BACK TO WHERE THEY CAME.
(SFX: DEMONS SCURRYING BACK UP STEPS)

JACK: I'LL BE DARNED, AS SOON AS THOSE NASTY LITTLE DEMONS
STEPPED INTO THE FOURTH TOWER, THEY DISSOLVED...AS THOUGH
THIS TOWER WERE A SACRED PLACE...AND WOULD NOT TOLERATE
SUCH BLASPHEMY...WHEW, I DON'T THINK I'M PREPARED TO
VENTURE ANY FURTHER UP INTO THIS TOWER. I'LL RETURN AND
REST A BIT AT INVERNESS.

NARR: SO JACK RETURNS, BACK DOWN THE STEPS OF THE TOWER - ACROSS
THE EXTENSION LADDER BRIDGE THAT HE'D IMPROVED, BACK
THROUGH THE WALLS OF THE OLD VICTORIAN MANSION, AND IN
THROUGH THE SLIDING PANEL IN THE STUDY.

JACK: WELL, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK. SEEMS LIKE I'VE BEEN AWAY FOR
YEARS...ODD, THINGS LOOK DIFFERENT, SOMEHOW...IT'S STRANGE
THAT THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT....IT'S SO QUIET...

JIVES: WELCOME BACK.

JACK: YIII! ..OH IT'S YOU JIVES, I DIDN'T SEE YOU STANDING IN
THE SHADOWS THERE.

JIVES: DID YOU HAVE A PLEASANT TRIP MASTER JACK?

JACK: JIVES, COME INTO THE LIGHT....

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLE CLOSER)
(HORRIFIED) JIVES....WHAT HAPPENED? YOU'RE SO...SO OLD.

JIVES: MASTER JACK HAS BEEN AWAY FOR A LONG TIME...HEH HEH HEH

(MUSIC UP)

1 MON VIII

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL,
THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. JACK FLANDERS HAS RETURNED
FROM THE MYSTERIOUS FOURTH TOWER, THE TOWER THAT APPEARS
ONLY TO THE EYES OF THOSE THAT ARE DESTINED TO ENTER INTO
IT'S STRANGE LEVELS OF EXISTENCE. NOW, ONCE AGAIN, INSIDE
THE OLD VICTORIAN MANSION OF INVERNESS, JACK MEETS THE
BUTLER JIVES. JIVES LOOKS VERY OLD AND WEATHERED.

JACK: JIVES, HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN AWAY?

JIVES: MANY YEARS, MASTER JACK.

JACK: MANY YEARS!? I -- I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT. I'VE BEEN GONE
ONLY A FEW HOURS---A DAY AT MOST.

JIVES: WHEN ONE TURNS THEIR BACK AND TIME SLIPS PAST.

JACK: I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT COULD'VE HAPPENED.

JIVES: TIME IS FREE WILL. PERHAPS MASTER JACK SHOULD LOOK INTO
A MIRROR.

JACK: A MIRROR?...LET ME SEE...WHEW, THE SAME AS AL^WAYS. TELL
ME, THE OTHERS, ARE THEY--- ~~THE SAME~~

JIVES: CHANGED?

VOICE: (OFF--NEARING) DO DE DOODEE DOO..ETC.

JIVES: LITTLE FREIDA APPROACHES, YOU'LL SEE.

JACK: LITTLE FREIDA, SO SHE'S BACK---BUT, WHAT WILL SHE LOOK
LIKE?

L.FRIEDA: (OFF) JACK! (RUNS UP, THEY HUG EACH OTHER) OH JACK, IT'S
SO GOOD TO SEE YOU.

2 MON VIII

JACK: AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU. BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOU ARE EXATLY THE SAME AS WHEN I LEFT.

L.FRIEDA: YOU'VE ONLY BEEN GONE A FEW HOURS JACK.

JACK: BUT JIVES HERE...HE'S GONE! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM HE WAS REALLY OLD.

L.FRIEDA: REALLY? I SAW HIM AN HOUR AGO AND HE LOOKED FINE. MAYBE HE'S AN OLD QUICK CHANGE ARTIST, OR SOMETHING.

JACK: OR SOMETHING...YEAH, A DISGUISE EXPERT MAYBE...ANYWAY, HOW DID YOU GET BACK?

L.FRIEDA: I WANTED TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR ADVENTURES.

JACK: FIRST TELL ME HOW YOU MATERIALIZED AGAIN.

L.FRIEDA: IT WAS SIMPLE. WHEN WE WERE AT THE TEMPLE, THE ENERGY WAS SO STRONG THAT I KNEW I COULD DISSOLVE IF I CARED TO LET MYSELF GO. SO I DID.

JACK: HOW DID YOU GET BACK THOUGH?

L.FRIEDA: WELL, IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN...IT'S A MATTER OF NOT GETTING SCARED AND LETTING YOURSELF GO. ANYONE CAN DO IT, AND THEN YOU REAPPEAR BY SIMPLY GATHERING YOURSELF BACK TOGETHER AGAIN--CONCENTRATION, ONE-POINTEDNESS OF MIND, THAT SORT OF THING.

JACK: BUT WHERE WERE YOU?

L.FRIEDA: THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU.

3 MON VIII

JACK: OKAY...AFTER YOU'D DISSOLVED AND I WAS HEADED BACK TO THE MANSION---(FADING OUT) SUDDENLY I SAW THE TOWER, I TOOK OFF RUNNING AS FAST AS MY LEGS COULD CARRY---
(FADING BACK ON)
SO THEN THE LITTLE GREEN-EYED, GOOSEBERRY DEMONS MELTED AWAY, AS SOON AS THEY STEPPED INTO THE TOWER. ODD, THE WAY THAT HAPPENED.

L.FRIEDA: THEN YOU'RE CERTAIN LORD JOWLS MAY BE THERE? SOMEWHERE?

JACK: POSSIBLY. THAT HE DID ENTER THE FOURTH TOWER, THAT MUCH I'M CERTAIN OF--BUT WHETHER HE'S STILL ALL RIGHT AND WHAT LEVEL MIGHT HE BE ON? FINDING LORD JOWLS IS GOING TO BE LIKE SEARCHING FOR A PORCUPINE IN A PIN FACTORY.

LADY JOWLS:I HEARD THAT REMARK AND I DON'T SEE THE POINT OF IT AT ALL.

JACK: AUNTIE, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

L.JOWLS: WHY, HAVE I BEEN SOMEWHERE?...SO--YOU'VE BEEN OUT RISKING YOUR SKIN FOR THAT HUSBAND OF MINE.
FOOLHARDY

JACK: THERE'S A POSSIBILITY THAT UNCLE JOWLS MAY STILL BE ALIVE.

L.JOWLS: OH JACK...STAND STILL A MOMENT, LET ME LOOK AT YOU...YES, YOU'RE DIFFERENT THAN YOU WERE YESTERDAY. YOU HAVE THAT ADVENTURERS' SPARK IN YOUR EYES NOW...LIKE HENRY USED TO HAVE. POOR HENRY, THE LAST OF HIS KIND AND YET ONE OF THE FIRST.

JACK: I DON'T UNDERSTAND?

L.JOWLS: LITTLE FREIDA, PLEASE PUFF YOUR HAVANNA TAPER IN SOME OTHER DIRECTION, MY NOSTRILS ARE BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE VENUS FLY TRAPS, SNAPPING FOR AIR.

L.FREIDA: SORRY LADY JOWLS.

4 MON VIII

L.JOWLS: AS I'VE SAID--CUBA IS FINE AND CASTRO IS FINE FOR THE CUBANS, BUT IN MY HOUSE KEEP HAVANNA DOWN WIND, PLEASE.

L.FREIDA: YES, LADY JOWLS.

L.JOWLS: IN FACT, LET US LEAVE THIS SANITARIUM FOR EXPIRING TOBACCO LEAVES AND RECEIVE SOME FRESH MORNING AIR (FADING OUT) OUT ON THE TERRACE.

JACK: (FADING ON) YOU WERE SAYING, AUNTIE, ABOUT UNCLE JOWLS BEING THE LAST OF HIS KIND YET ONE OF---

L.JOWLS: YES, HE WAS---ONE OF THE LAST GREAT EXPLORERS AND ADVENTURERS. AND LOOK AT YOU JACK--WHERE CAN YOU GO NOW---AFRICA? SOUTH AMERICA? BORNEO? HARDLY, THE DAY OF THAT KIND OF EXPLORER IS OVER.

I'M TALKING ABOUT--NEW CONTINENTS, NEW WORLDS, PLANES OF EXISTENCE BEYOND THE IMAGINATION--THIS IS THE NEW EXPLORER. HEARTY LIKE THE OLD BREED AND YET REQUIRING A SENSITIVITY AND DISCIPLINE, AND SPIRIT THAT SELECTS ONLY THOSE WHO---

VOICE

DR. MAZ: (OFF--NEARING--RUNNING) HELP -- HELP -- HELP

L.JOWLS: WHAT IS THAT?

JACK: IT'S DR. MAZoola. HE'S RUNNING AS THOUGH THE VERY DEVIL WAS AFTER HIM.

DR. MAZ: (NEARING--THOUGH STILL AWAYS OFF) HELP -- HELP

L.FRIEDA: LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING COMING AFTER HIM!

JACK: HOLY SMOKES, IT'S-IT'S THE DRAGON.

L.JOWLS: I WARNED DR. MAZoola, WATCH YOURSELF POKING AROUND IN THAT

5 MON VIII

L.JOWLS: DRAGON'S CAVE. BUT NO, HE WOULDN'T LISTEN. NOW LOOK AT THE
OLD CODGER RUN---(SHOUTS) HE'S HOT ON YOUR HEELS--FASTER
DR. MAZoola, FASTER!

(MUSIC UP)

1 TUES VIII

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. JACK FLANDERS HAS RETURNED FROM THE MYSTERIOUS FOURTH TOWER. HE, LITTLE FREIDA AND LADY JOWLS ARE NOW STANDING ON THE TERRACE OVER-LOOKING THE ROSE GARDEN AND THE MAZE BEYOND. THEY WERE ENJOYING THE LATE MORNING AIR, WHEN SUDDENLY, A CALL FOR HELP WAS HEARD. AND THERE BELOW THEM, RUNNING AS FAST AS HIS BRIEF LEGS COULD CARRY HIM, WAS DR. MAZoola. HOT ON HIS HEELS, LEAPING AND BELLOWING SMOKE AND HISSING FIRE, WAS A MONSTROUS DRAGON!

(MAZoola SHOUTING HELP UNDERNEATH)

L.JOWLS: (SHOUTING) FASTER, MAZoola, FASTER---(TO JACK) OH DEAR, I'M AFRAID HE'S NOT GOING TO MAKE IT.

L.FRIEDA: THE MAZE, IF HE TRIED FOR THE MAZE.

L.JOWLS: OH, I CAN'T BEAR TO WATCH.

JACK: (SHOUTING) THE MAZE, DR. MAZoola, TRY FOR THE MAZE!

L.FRIEDA: HE'S HEADED FOR THE MAZE.

JACK: I THINK HE CAN DO IT.

L.FRIEDA: IT'SS BE CLOSE...

JACK: HE DID IT, HE'S INTO THE MAZE.

L.JOWLS: IN THAT CASE, I WILL LOOK--OH HH DEAR, THE DRAGON IS FURIOUS, IT'S TEARING APART THE HEDGES AS THOUGH THEY WERE LITTLE ROWS OF TEA BISCUITS.

L.FRIEDA: DR. MAZoola SEEMS TO BE RUNNING THE MAZE QUITE WELL.

2 TUES VIII

JACK: IT COULD WELL BE A NEW RECORD.

L.JOWLS: IT'S FORTUNATE LORD JOWLS IS NOT HERE TO WITNESS THIS DESTRUCTION OF HIS MAZE. HE'D BE MOST PERTURBED. HE'D RUN RIGHT DOWN THERE AND BOP THAT DRAGON RIGHT SQUARE ON THE SNOOT.

JACK: (STARTING TO MOVE OFF) I THINK I'D BETTER GIVE DR. MAZoola A HAND.

L.FREIDA: LOOK, THE DRAGON HAS STOPPED. IT'S LOOKING UP AT US.

L.JOWLS: (RINGING A SERVANTS BELL) (CALLING) JIVES! JIVES! MY ROLOFLEX---HURRY!

L.FREIDA: IT'S EYES---LOOK AT IT'S EYES.

L.JOWLS: JIVES, QUICKLY, MY ROLOFLEX!

JACK: (RETURNING) IT'S TURNED, IT'S GOING AWAY.

L.FREIDA: IT'S RETURNING TO THE CAVE.

L.JOWLS: DAMMIT JIVES, WHERE ARE YOU?

JACK: WHAT DID YOU SEE IN IT'S EYES, JUST NOW?

L.FREIDA: WELL, I SAW THE BEWILDERMENT OF A BEAST.

L.JOWLS: I GIVE UP. LOOK, THERE HE GOES, DRAGGING HIS TAIL BEHIND HIM.

L.FREIDA: IT HAD NO IDEA WHAT IT WAS DOING...IT WAS SAD, ACTUALLY...

JACK: WELL, I DON'T KNOW, THAT MAZE IS PRETTY SAD RIGHT NOW.

3 TUES VIII

L.JOWLS: (^SHOOUTING DOWN) DR. MAZoola, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

DR. MAZ: (SHOUTING UP) I'M FINE, THANK YOU.

L. JOWLS: (SHOUTING DOWN) GOOD, AFTER YOU SHOWER, COME HAVE TEA WITH US.

JACK: (MOVING OFF AGAIN) I'M GOING DOWN TO MAKE CERTAIN HE'S ALL RIGHT.

L.JOWLS: I WONDER WHAT DR. MAZoola WAS UP TO, THIS TIME?

L. FREIDA: I GUESS HE MUST'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING THE CAVE.

L.JOWLS: I SHOULD HOPE THAT NEXT TIME HE'S EITHER MORE CONSCIOUS ABOUT HIS ACTIONS OR HE USES SOMETHING FASTER THAN HIS OWN LITTLE FEET.

L.FREIDA: LADY JOWLS, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TELL JACK?

L.JOWLS: I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

L.FREIDA: YES, YOU DO.

L.JOWLS: IT'S DIFFICULT TO REFRAIN FROM TELLING THE TRUTH TO YOU. YOUR STRANGE EYES, THEY MUST SEE EVERYTHING.

L.FREIDA: YES.

L.JOWLS: THOSE SHIMMERING PATTERNS YOU SEE--IS IT THE COLOR CHANGE THAT EXPOSES ONE?

L.FREIDA: YES...THE PATTERNS CHANGE ALSO--WHEN SOMEONE LIES OR HOLDS BACK THE TRUTH, THEIR PATTERNS STIR SUDDENLY AND THEN RE-SETTLE...THOUGH NOT EXACTLY THE SAME AT FIRST. IF THE PERSON IS AN EXPERT, HE'LL EITHER KEEP HIS PATTERNS IN ORDER,

4 TUES VIII

L.FREIDA: OR SEND THEM OUT TO MINGLE WITH YOURS AND CONFUSE YOU.
SO WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TELL JACK?

L.JOWLS: I DON'T KNOW IF IT MAKES MUCH DIFFERENCE AT THIS POINT.
BESIDES, HE HAS ENOUGH THINGS TO CONCERN HIMSELF WITH.

L.FREIDA: WE SHOULD BE HONEST WITH HIM.

L.JOWLS: OHH, YOU ARE SUCH A MORALIST, LITTLE FREIDA! IF IT WEREN'T
FOR THOSE HAVANNA CIGARS YOU SO INDULGE YOURSELF IN, I'D
FEAR YOU HAD NO VICES AT ALL. A DISTURBING THOUGHT.

L.FREIDA: MY PEOPLE WERE---

L.JOWLS: OH YOUR PEOPLE WERE AS PURE AS LITTLE FAIRIES--BUT FILLED
WITH MISCHIEF. I COULDN'T TURN MY BACK ON YOUR FATHER
WITHOUT HIS SLIPPING A POO POO CUSHION BENEATH MY SEAT,
A MOST STARTLING EXPERIENCE.

L.FREIDA: WHEN DO WE TELL JACK AND WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU GOING TO
TELL HIM?

L.JOWLS: YOU ARE A PERSISTING LITTLE CHILD. WHAT EXACTLY I'LL
SAY WILL BE -- IN GENERAL -- TO EXPLAIN HOW WE WERE ALL
TOGETHER IN ATLANTIS, ONCE UPON A TIME. AND HOW WE'VE
ALL GONE THROUGH MANY INCARNATIONS SINCE THEN AND HOW
WE'VE ALL ADVANCED OUR CONSCIOUSNESS, SIGNIFICANTLY, WITH
EACH INCARNATION---ALL EXCEPT FOR JACK WHO WAS HAVING A
GOOD TIME. SO NOW WE'VE ALL COME TOGETHER AGAIN---BUT---
FOR THE CIRCLE TO BE COMPLETE, IT WAS NECESSARY TO HAVE
GIVEN THAT LOAFER A CRASH COURSE AND ALSO WE NEED LORD JOWLS.

L.FREIDA: WHEN DO WE TELL HIM --"THE REST"???

L.JOWLS: WHEN THE TIME COMES....HE'S HARDLY READY TO HEAR "THE REST"
....YET.

(MUSIC UP)

1 WED VIII

NARR: AND NOW WE CONTINUE WITH THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. AS WE LOOK IN ON THE STATELY OLD VICTORIAN MANSION, WE SEE JACK FLANDERS AND DR. MAZoola STANDING IN THE GOOD DR.'S LABORATORY. THEY ARE DISCUSSING DR. MAZoola'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE MONSTROUS DRAGON.

DR. MAZ: HE MUST WEIGH ABOUT FOUR TONS.

JACK: BUT HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

DR. MAZ: HMMM--HOW DID IT HAPPEN? I DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE HIS CAVE.

JACK: UNARMED?

DR. MAZ: NO, NOT AT ALL. I CARRIED A VERY POTENT TRANQUILIZER RIFLE.

JACK: THE TRANQUILIZER DIDN'T EFFECT IT?

DR. MAZ: I DON'T KNOW -- YOU SEE, WHEN HE SAW ME HE GAVE A SUDDEN LUNGE FORWARD, IT SO STARTLED ME I FIRED AND MISSED!

JACK: YOU MISSED THAT THING?

DR. MAZ: FORTUNATE FOR ME THOUGH, WHEN HE LUNGED HE BONKED HIS HEAD ON A LONG STALAGTIGHT THAT HUNG FROM THE CEILING OF THE CAVE.

JACK: THAT SLOWED HIM DOWN?

DR. MAZ: CONSIDERABLY. BUT STILL HE LET OUT A BELLOW OF FLAME THAT FAIRLY SCORCHED MY MACKINTOSH AS YOU CAN SEE.

JACK: I SEE.

DR. MAZ: I'M AFRAID IT SINGED THE HAIRS ON MY HAND AND I DROPPED THE TRANQUILIZER GUN.

JACK: IT'S STILL BACK IN THE CAVE?

DR. MAZ: I'M AFRAID SO.

JACK: WELL, LUCKY HE DOESN'T HAVE A TRIGGER FINGER, OTHERWISE HE'S LIABLE TO COME HUNTING FOR YOU.

DR. MAZ: HUMMPH, HE'S ARMED ENOUGH WITH THAT BREATH OF HIS.

JACK: I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE BOTHERING HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE.

DR. MAZ: IT'S THE NEIGHBORS -- HE'S BEEN NIPPING AT THEIR SHEEP, I'M AFRAID. ALSO, IF THEY EVER GET A LOOK AT THIS THING, THEY'LL HAVE THE AUTHORITIES DOWN HERE SO FAST.

JACK: THEY MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP.

DR. MAZ: HA! THINK OF THAT CONFOUNDED PUBLICITY -- BUT WORSE, THINK OF THAT POOR DRAGON BEING HAULED AWAY AND PUT IN SOME CAGE FOR THE REST OF IT'S LIFE.

JACK: WHERE DO YOU THINK IT COMES FROM?

DR. MAZ: THAT'S WHAT I'M HOPING TO DISCOVER...AND TO GET HIM BACK THERE AGAIN.

JACK: I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY DRAGONS ARE SUCH A POWERFUL SYMBOL EXISTING ALL OVER THE WORLD.

DR. MAZ: I BELIEVE -- JUST A THEORY MIND YOU -- THAT THIS ONE MAY HAVE SOMEHOW COME FROM A LOWER LEVEL

JACK: A LOWER PLANE LEVEL OF EXISTENCE?

DR. MAZ: YES. BUT HOW DID HE GET INTO THIS LEVEL?

JACK: YOU THINK THAT TEMPLE NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT?

3 WED VIII

DR. MAZ: IT MUST -- BUT EXACTLY WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND.

JACK: BUT CREATURES FROM OTHER PLANES DON'T USUALLY MATERIALIZE ON THIS PLANE -- DO THEY?

DR. MAZ: RARELY--BUT OCCASIONALLY...YES...ONCE WHEN I WAS MEDITATING WITH CHIEF WOMPUM, I SAW A PHONIX COME OUT OF THE TOP OF HIS HEAD---IT FLEW ABOUT THE ROOM AND RETURNED INTO HIS HEAD AGAIN.

JACK: GOOD GRIEF!

DR. MAZ: IT RATHER STARTLED THE CHIEF. MYTHS ARE DEEP WITHIN US.

JACK: (STARTING TO MOVE OFF) WELL, I WISH YOU LUCK.

DR. MAZ: AAAA (CALLING AFTER) I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT LEND A HAND.

JACK: (OFF) WHICH ONE? I'M RATHER FOND OF BOTH, YOU KNOW?

DR. MAZ: (QUICKLY) IF WE BOTH GO IN THERE ARMED WITH TRANQUILIZERS WE MAY BE ABLE TO DISCOVER WHETHER THE CAVE IS JUST A CONVENIENT HOLE FOR THE DRAGON TO SLEEP IN, OR WHETHER IT LEADS DOWN INTO SOMETHING.

JACK: (STILL OFF) OKAY, I'LL HELP (OPENS DOOR) BUT RIGHT NOW I NEED SOME SLEEP. I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(OUTSIDE SOUNDS)

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) IT'S STRANGE, THE DRAGON MYTHS HAVE A FASCINATING POWER THAT GOES FAR BEYOND ANYTHING LOGICAL. THERE WERE MANY PREHISTORIC CREATURES WE KNOW EXISTED, YET THESE DINASOURS AND SUCH NEVER AFFECTED OUR MYTH

4 WED VIII

JACK: CONSCIOUSNESS AS DRAGONS HAVE.

M.VAMP: (SLIGHTLY OFF) YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY?

JACK: AHH, THE MADONNA VAMPYRA, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU.

M.VAMP: (SLIGHTLY OFF) IS IT?

JACK: WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP IN THAT TREE?

MA.VAMP: I'M SUCKING BIRD'S EGGS, WOULD YOU CARE FOR SOME?

JACK: YOU AREN'T SERIOUS?

M.VAMP: I DON'T THINK SO. WILL YOU HELP ME DOWN?

JACK: SURE...(HELPS HER) THERE.

M.VAMP: (CLOSE ON--STANDING CLOSE TO HIM) IT'S NICE TO BE CLOSE TO YOU AGAIN.

JACK: IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU.

M.VAMP: HMMM MMM...(THEY BEGIN TO WALK) YOU WERE ASKING ABOUT THE DRAGON MYTHS...

JACK: YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THAT?

M.VAMP: THE DRAGON IS NOT A REPTILE--IT'S ONLY A CONVENIENT FORM IN WHICH TO DESCRIBE A COSMIC PHENOMENA. IT WAS AT THE END OF THE TERTIARY AGE...OR WHAT CAUSED THE END, A SATELLITE ABOUT ONE HALF THE MASS OF OUR PRESENT MOON AND 4/5THS IT'S SIZE...THE TERTIARY SATELLITE, CAME TO ORBIT THE EARTH. IT GREW CLOSER AND CLOSER UNTIL IT'S CENTRE WAS ONLY ABOUT 1.8 EARTH RADII AWAY FROM THE CENTRE OF OUR PLANET. THE SATELLITE BEGAN TO BREAKUP--TO DISINTEGRATE. IT WAS

M.VAMP: THIS DISINTEGRATION AND WHAT OCCURRED AFTER THAT ETCHED IN THE CELLS OF MAN, THE POWERFUL DRAGON MYTHS. FOR DAY AFTER DAY THE SATELLITE, WHICH APPEARED MUCH LARGER THAN OUR PRESENT MOON, WOULD RISE UP OVER THE RIM OF THE EARTH--STREAMING BEHIND IT SHOWERS OF FIRE LIKE A TWISTING, LASHING TAIL THAT SWEEPED ACROSS THE SKY...LIKE A FIREY SERPENT CLAWING AND RAGING ACROSS THE HEAVENS. THE EARTH GUSHED, THE HILLS REELED AND THE WATERS SWIRLED AND BOILED. "WHEN THE BLOOD OF ELIJAH DROPS DOWN UPON THE EARTH, THE MOUNTAINS BEGIN TO BELCH FIRE, NO TREE REMAINS UNSCATHED UPON THE LAND, THE WATERS DRY UP, THE SEA DISAPPEARS, THE HEAVENS BEGIN TO BURN IN A DULL FLAME, THE MOON FALLS, THE EARTH IS ON FIRE, NO STONE REMAINS UPON ANOTHER."

JACK: GOOD LORD.

M.VAMP: THEN CAME THE TERRIFIC RAINS AND THE DELUGE.

JACK: THE GREAT FLOOD?

M.VAMP: AND NOAH'S ARK, YES. AND ATLANTIS, KNOWN IN THE BIBLE AS BABYLON, DID NOT SINK BUT MERELY WENT UNDER THE WATERS THAT SHIFTED AND ROSE. SO, YOU SEE, DRAGONS LIE DEEP IN THE SHADOWS OF MAN.

(MUSIC UP)

1 THURS VIII

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THAT THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL,
THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. AS WE LOOK IN UPON THE
GREAT OLD VICTORIAN MANSION, WE SEE JACK FLANDERS AND
THE LOVELY MADONNA VAMPIRA SLOWLY SROLLING THROUGH
GARDENS OF INVERNESS.

JACK: DON'T YOU EVER WISH THAT YOU WEREN'T A VAMPIRE?

M. VAMP: OH JACK, YOU REALLY ARE A MORALIST AREN'T YOU?

JACK: WELL -

M. VAMP: BEING A VAMPIRE IS FAR MORE EXCITING THAN BEING AN
AVERAGE BORED, TRAPPED, HOUSEWIFE.

JACK: YEAH - WELL, THAT'S AN EXTREME.

M. VAMP: IS IT?

JACK: I MEAN, THERE'S OTHER -

M. VAMP: DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A GOOD WOMAN OUT OF ME?

JACK: OH LORD.....

M. VAMP: HMMM?

JACK: JUST, OH LORD

M. VAMP: YOU SILLY DREAMER.

JACK: YEAH, I GUESS SO...WHAT DO YOU DREAM ABOUT?

M. VAMP: AN IDEAL THAT...THAT I KNOW IF I COULD HAVE I WOULD
DESTROY IT.

JACK: DOESN'T THAT BOTHER YOU?

M. VAMP: IT'S VERY HONEST JACK. WE ALL DESTROY OUR IDEALS.

JACK: I DON'T KNOW...WHAT IF ONE'S IDEAL IS TO BECOME GOD?

M. VAMP: THEN YOU'LL DESTROY THAT PERSON WHO WANTS TO BECOME
GOD...YOU'D NO LONGER BE JACK... LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT.
DO YOU KNOW HOW VAMPIRES ORIGINALLY CAME ABOUT?

JACK: COUNT DRACULA.

M. VAMP: LONG BEFORE THAT. THERE WAS A CULT OF PEOPLE WHO WOULD
STEAL BODIES RIGHT AFTER THEY DIED AND SUCK THEIR AURAS
FOR THE PRANA, WHICH ALSO MEANT DRINKING THEIR BLOOD -
THEY NEVER KILLED PEOPLE - BUT THE PEASANTS HEARING
ABOUT SUCH THINGS THOUGHT THEY DID IT FOR THE BLOOD -
SO THE MYTH OF VAMPIRES CAME ABOUT. NO VAMPIRES
ALWAYS SUCKED ENERGY.

JACK: IT'S NICE TO KNOW YOUR ROOTS.

M. VAMP: HA!...AHH JACK, YOU DREAMER.

JACK: YEP.

M. VAMP: I SUPPOSE YOU HEAR THAT?

JACK: HEAR WHAT?

M. VAMP: THAT MUSIC YOU KEEP CHASING.

JACK: THE 50'S STUFF? I DON'T HEAR ANY -

M. VAMP: LISTEN...

(SFX: VERY FAINT, UP COMES THE MUSIC)

JACK: THATS IT! (LISTENS) COMING FROM THE FOURTH TOWER ALRIGHT.
I'M GOING TO GET TO THAT MUSIC BEFORE IT STOPS.

M. VAMP: YOU HAD BETTER HURRY IT A SHORT SINGE YOU HAVE TWO MINTES AND 21 SECONDS.

JACK: I'M OFF -

M. VAMP: (CALLS AFTER) GOOD LUCK...(TO HERSELF) YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT...(SOFTLY) OH JACK..I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I CAN'T LET IT GO.

NARR: AND SO ONCE AGAIN JACK FLANDERS TAKES TO THE HOLLOW WALLS WITHIN THE OLD MANSION. HE RACES THROUGH NARROW PASSAGES, AROUND HAIRPIN TURNS, ALL THE TIME THE CLOCK TICKING AGAINST HIM - FOR HE MUST REACH THE MUSIC BEFORE IT STOPS. ONWARD HE DASHES, DUCKING, TWISTING, DIGING, FINNALLY HE REACHES THE MIRRORED DOOR AT THE BASE OF THE FOURTH TOWER. HE OPENS IT SWIFTLY, - TAKES SEVERAL GIANT STEPS AND BLUNGES HEAD LONG THROUGH THE OVAL MIRROR, THE LAST THIN MEMBRANE THAT SEPARATES JACK FROM THE TOWER'S INTERIOR.

JACK: (BREATHLESS) GOOD, THE LADDER IS STILL THERE FORMING A BRIDGE ACROSS THAT CHASM OF EMPTY SPACE. ONE MINUTE AND SEVEN SECONDS LEFT.

NARR: JACK SCAMPERS ACROSS THE LADDER, UP ON HIS FEET AND UP THE STEPS. PAST ROWS OF GLOWING TORCHES, TORCHES THAT LOOK AS THOUGH THEY'VE HUNG THERE BURNING^Z FOR ETERNITIES. JACK ARRIVES AT THE HEAVY OAK DOOR. 41 SECONDS.

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE...IT'S NOT COMING FROM THAT DOOR. THE MUSIC IS HIGHER UP IN THE TOWER.

(SFX: RUNNING AGAIN UP STEPS)

NARR: UPWARDS HE CLIMBS - THE MUSIC DRAWING NEARER WITH EVERY STEP. 18 SECONDS.

JACK: I'LL DO IT - I'LL GET TO THAT MUSIC IF IT TAKES MY LAST GASP OF BREATH. ...AH, A DOOR.

4 THURS VIII

NARR: NINE SECONDS - JACK HESITATES A MOMENT BEFORE THE DOOR -
COCKS HIS HEAD AND LISTENS -

JACK: IT'S COMING FROM IN HERE ALRIGHT - IN I GO.

(SFX: CLICKS DOOR OPENS - LOUD RIVER RUSHING
BY)

WHAT THE ...? A RIVER? IT'S PRETTY BIG TOO...AND CLEAR..
..AND DEEP. THAT'S A FINE PICKLE. HUMPH - THERE'S A SIGN
...(MOVING OFF) WONDER WHAT IT SAYS... (CLOSE ON AS READS
SIGN) "HE WHO TASTES NOT, KNOWS NOT." WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
HAVE A DRINK...THE WATER LOOKS TASTY AND I'M AS DRY AS
A DOG.

(SFX: SLURP, SLURP)

THIS WATER IS SO CLEAR.

NARR: JACK STOOPS DOWN AND DRINKS OF THE RIVER - AS HE DRINKS,
HE HEARS THE SOUND OF SOMETHING APPROACHING THROUGH THE
WATER. HE LOOKS UP, AND THERE, SKIMMING ACROSS THE WATER,
COMING IN HIS DIRECTION, IS A RAFT, POLED BY AN OLD
FERRY MAN. JACK STANDS UP AS THE RAFT GLIDES TO THE STEPS
THAT LEAD DOWN FROM THE OPEN DOORWAY.

JACK: (KIND OF CALLING TO THE FERRYMAN) WHAT IS THE NAME OF
THIS LAND I'VE COME UPON?

NARR: THE FERRYMAN IS SILENT, BUT JACK CAN SEE A TINY SMILE
ON HIS LIPS, AND THE WRINKLES ABOUT THE CORNERS OF HIS
EYES GATHER TOGETHER IN SILENT LAUGHTER. THE FERRYMAN
MOTIONS FOR JACK TO CLIMB ABOARD.

JACK: I THINK IT'S SAFE. HE SEEMS TO HAVE PRETTY GOOD VIBES.

NARR: AND ACROSS THE WATERS THE FERRYMAN GUIDES HIS RAFT. FOR
WHAT UNKNOWN DESTINATION IS JACK HEADED?... ONLY TOMORROW
CAN TELL

(THE FERRYMAN'S POLE SLOWLY FADES OFF)

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE 4TH TOWER OF INVERNESS. JACK FLANDERS HAS ONCE AGAIN ENTERED THE MYSTERIOUS 4TH TOWER -- IN SEARCH OF THE SOURCE OF THE MUSIC HE HAS HEARD WHILE UPON THE PHYSICAL PLANE OF INVERNESS. THIS TIME JACK HAS CLIMBED TO A LEVEL HIGHER THAN THE TIME BEFORE. HE CAME UPON ANOTHER DOOR - OPENED IT, AND THERE WAS A RIVER.

(SFX: RIVER)

AS HE DRANK FROM IT'S COOL WATERS, A FERRYMAN CAME POLING A RAFT ACROSS THE WATERS...HE MOTIONED FOR JACK TO CLIMB ABOARD AND THEY SET OFF FOR A DESTINATION UNKNOWN. WHEN ASKED QUESTIONS, THE OLD FERRYMAN ONLY SMILED A LITTLE SMILE AND REMAINED SILENT.

JACK: WE'RE MOVING DOWNSTREAM - BUT APPARENTLY WE ARE MAKING OUR WAY TOWARD THE OTHER SIDE. STRANGE COUNTRY MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE AND I CAN SEE PAINTED TEMPLES OFF IN THE FOOTHILLS. I CAN HEAR MUSIC BUT I SEE NO ONE...THE TREES ARE TALL LIKE POPLURS, BUT NO, MORE LIKE THOSE ON THE ISLANDS OF GREECE - YET SOMEHOW THE TREES ARE ALMOST HUMAN. THEY DON'T LOOK SO PASSIVE AS TREES NORMALLY DO. THE WHOLE LAND IS SO ALIVE, AS THOUGH I CAN FEEL IT BREATHING

NARR: THEY CONTINUE DOWNSTREAM, THE FERRYMAN GENTLY EDGING THE RAFT CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE OPPOSITE BANK. THE VEGETATION ALONG THE RIVER BANK APPEARS TO BECOME THICKER AS THEY MOVE DOWNSTREAM. FINALLY THE FERRYMAN HEADS HIS RAFT DIRECTLY INTO A TALL ROW OF REEDS, THEY PART BEFORE THE BLUNT DOW AND WITH A FINAL HEAVE THE FERRYMAN PUSHES THROUGH AND THERE THEY ARE, IN A NARROW CHANNEL. THERE'S VINES CRISS CROSSING OVERHEAD WITH ENORMOUS TUBULAR FLOWERS HANGING DOWN, SWAYING IN THE SOFT BREEZE. THESE GIANT JUNGLE FLOWERS HAVE GREAT PETALS THAT GENTLY BRUSH JACK'S FACE AS THEY PASS BENEATH. THE SCENTS RADIATING FROM THE PETALS ARE THICK, LUSH, EXOTIC, STIRRING FEELINGS THAT EASILY CLOUD HIS ALERTNESS. HE FINDS HIMSELF RELAXING, SLOWLY TURNING HIMSELF OVER TO A BEAUTY THAT OVERPOWERS HIS EVERY SENSE. FINALLY THE CHANNEL OPENS AND THERE IS A LAKE - OR IS IT MERELY A POOL? SO INTOXICATED BY HIS SENSES JACK NO LONGER KNOWS OR CARES TO KNOW.

JACK: (SOFTLY TO HIMSELF) ROW, ROW, ROW, YOUR BOAT GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM;
MERRILY, MERRILY, MERRILY, LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.

NARR: THE OLD FERRYMAN STOPS POLING HIS RAFT... THEY FLOAT THERE IN SILENCE.
JACK BEGINS TO REVIVE FROM HIS DREAMY STATE, FOR THERE'S SOMETHING IN
THE AIR- ANTICIPATION, YES, THEY ARE WAITING FOR SOMEONE...AND STILL
NOTHING HAPPENS...THEY DRIFT COLSER AND CLOSER TO THE GRASSY BANK,
THE OLD FERRYMAN PERFECTLY STILL...WAITING...AND THEN IT HAPPENS,
FAINT AT FIRST, BUT UNMISTAKEABLE...THAT FAMILIAR SONG, MUSIC FROM
AN ERA LONG PAST.

(MUSIC "ANGEL BABY")

JACK IS NOW FULLY AWAKE, EVERY MUSCLE IS TENSED, EVERY SENSE IS ALERT,
READY FOR ACTION - YET HIS MIND IS CALM, ALMOST RELAXED, AS IT AWAITS
TO PROCESS THE DATA HIS SENSES ARE ABOUT TO FEED INTO THE MIND. BUT
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, NOT EVEN THE MOST ALERT AMONG US COULD HAVE ANTI-
CIPATED. FOR JACK LOOKED DOWN AT THE CLEAR, CALM WATER, FOR JUST
A MOMENT HE SAW A REFLECTION OF A PERSON HE'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE, AND
YET WAS SO TRULY HIMSELF IT WAS AS THOUGH HE'D SEEN HIS VERY SOUL.
FOR IN THAT MOMENT HIS HEART HAD BEEN OPEN AND THE NEXT MOMENT, IT
WAS GONE. AS HIS MIND TRIED DESPERATELY TO BRING BACK THE IMAGE, HE
FELT HIS EYES BEING DRAWN UP, AWAY FROM THE REFLECTION.

PRINCESS
OLONG T.:
(AS NARRATOR)

FOR WHEN HE LOOKED UP, HE SAW A WOMAN IN A BOAT OF SANDAL, WITH SILVER
OARS, FLOATING ON A POOL OF WHITE LOTUSES. IN THE BOW OF THE CRAFT
STOOD A BEAUTIFUL OLD JUKE BOX, SILENT, BUT IT'S COLORS ISSUED FORTH
RAYS THAT TOUCHED ALL WITHIN IT'S REACH. ^{POOR} JACK REMEMBERED HIS DREAM
WHERE AN ASCETIC SEATED ALONE IN A CAVE EMINATED SUCH STRIKING PURE
COLORS THAT HE TOUCHED THE WHOLE UNIVERSE. FOR HERE THE CHANGING
REDS AND YELLOWS AND GREENS AND BLUES AND PURPLES THAT RADIATED FROM
THE BEAUTIFUL WURLITIZER NOT ONLY REFLECTED ACROSS THE GENTLE RIPPLING
WATERS OF THE POOL, BUT ALSO EXTENDED TO THE CLOUDS HIGH ABOVE THAT
DRIFTED LAZILY IN THE WARM SUMMER BREEZE. FOR THE EVER CHANGING COLORS
EXTENDED OUT LIKE BRILLIANT RAINBOW AURA THAT TOUCHED THE CLOUDS
AND CARASSED THEIR SOFT UNDERBELLIES. ^{PARA} AS JACK STOOD THERE SPELLBOUND,
HE COULD FEEL THE WHOLE LANDSCAPE BREATHING WITH THE RHYTHMS OF THESE

EVER CHANGING COLORS. AND THE WOMAN IN THE BOAT WAS RESTING HER CHIN ON ONE HAND AS SHE LAY, AND WITH THE OTHER, DROPPING ONE BY ONE INTO THE WATER, THE PETALS OF A LOTUS, RED AS BLOOD. AND HER LIPS MOVED FOR SHE WAS COUNTING THE PETALS AS THEY FELL. ^{Now} SHE LOOKED UPON THE LOTUSES THAT FLOATED IN THE POOL, AND HER GLANCE FELL UPON THOSE SNOWY FLOWERS AND TURNED THEIR TINT TO BLUE, FOR HER EYES WERE LOWERED.

^{Now} THEN SHE WAS STANDING BEFORE HIM LIKE THE NEW MOON AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY, A PURE FORM OF EXQUISITE BEAUTY, A CRYSTAL WITHOUT A FLAW, TINGED WITH THE COLOR OF HEAVEN. AND HER EYES WERE FRINGED WITH LONG BLACK LASHES, LOOKING LIKE RAIN CLOUDS HANGING LOW TO HIDE THE RISING MOON.

UNDULATING AS SHE MOVED LIKE A SWAN AND SWAYING LIKE A FLOWER WAVING IN THE WIND, FOR HER WAIST COULD BE GRASPED BY THE FIST, AND HER BOSOM WAS GLORIOUS, LIKE THE SWELL OF AN OCEAN WAVE. WHILE THE FLASHING JEWELS IN WHICH SHE WAS COVERED ALL OVER CHANGED COLOR, AS IF WITH ENVY AT BEING OUTSHONE BY THE PLAY OF HER EYES.

HE STOOD STILL, HOLDING HIS BREATH, GAZING AT HER, FEARING TO MOVE, FOR HE THOUGHT IT WAS A DREAM. THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME, SHE LOOKED AT HIM AND SMILED BATHING HIM WITH THE COLOR OF HER EYES. AND IT SEEMED TO HIM HE STOOD IN A POOL OF COLOR FORMED BY THE ESSENCE OF ALL BLUE LOTUSES IN THE WORLD. HE STOOD THERE INTOXICATED BY THOSE TWO GREAT EYES. HE PLUNGED INTO THEIR SEA AND WAS DROWNED IN IT AND THE WHOLE WORLD SEEMED TO HIM TO BE MADE OF LOTUS BLUE.

(MUSIC)

1MON IX

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. AS YOU MAY WELL KNOW, JACK HAS ONCE AGAIN ENTERED THE MYSTERIOUS FOURTH TOWER IN SEARCH OF THE SOURCE OF THE MUSIC HE HAS HEARD WHILE ON THE PHISICAL PLANE OF INVERNESS. NOW HE HAS ENTERED A STRANGE EXOTIC LAND. A SILENT OLD FERRY MAN HAS BROUGHT HIM ACROSS A SWIFT FLOWING RIVER INTO A NARROW CHANNEL THAT LED THROUGH THE JUNGLE-LIKE VEGETATION AND FINALLY TO A SMALL LAKE. IT IS HERE THAT HE SAW THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF WOMEN, EVEN HIS FURTHEST OUT DREAMS COULD NOT MATCH THE BEAUTY OF THIS EXQUISITE GODDESS-LIKE CREATURE.

(WE REPEAT THE LAST PARAGRAPH FROM FRIDAY)
ONCE AGAIN HIS HEART SEEMED TO HAVE OPENED FOR BUT A MOMENT AND THEN SHE WAS GONE.

JACK: I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE SP BEAUTIFUL. COULD SHE HAVE BEEN A GODDESS?...AND THE WURLITZER - THAT MUST'VE BEEN THE JUKE BOX. WHEW....INCREDIBLE.

NARR: JACK TURNS TO THE OLD FERRYMAN.

JACK: CAN YOU TELL -...HE'S GONE? HOW COULD HE...? BUT THIS - HE'S LEFT BEHIND A SWORD AND SCABBARD. IT MAY COME IN HANDY.

NARR: NOW TAKING THE POLE LEFT BY THE FERRYMAN, JACK MOVES THE RAFT OUT TO THE SPOT WHERE HE SAW THE BOAT MADE OF SANDAL WITH OARS OF SILVER.

JACK: DID SHE JUST VANISH, OR DID MY MIND RETAIN HER IMAGE FOR SO LONG THAT I STARED UPON A MIRAGE LONG AFTER SHE HAD GONE? WAIT A MINUTE.

NARR: HE NOTICES A PATH THROUGH THE LILY PADS AS THOUGH A SMALL BOAT HAD GLIDED THROUGH, GENTLY PUSHING THEM ASIDE. NOW THEY SLOWLY MOVE BACK AGAIN OBSCURING THE NARROW PATH!

JACK: SHE MUST HAVE GONE THIS WAY...I'LL HAVE TO HURRY, THE PATH WILL BE COMPLETELY CLOSED IN A FEW MOMENTS.

2 MON IX

NARR: HE POLES THE RAFT INTO THE CLOSING CHANNEL.

JACK: DARN, HOW DO YOU GET THIS THING TO GO IN A STRAIGHT LINE?...
MAKE WAY LILY PADS, I'M COMING THROUGH.

NARR: FINALLY GETTING THE KNACK OF HIS VESSEL, HE PROCEEDS AHEAD
RAPIDLY.

JACK: THEY'RE CLOSING UP TOO FAST - I DON'T KNOW IF- WAIT A MINUTE -
IT SEEMS TO LEAD INTO A CHANNEL UP AHEAD. YES, I THINK THAT'S
WHERE SHE'S GONE.

NARR: THE CHANNEL JACK HEADS INTO LEADS STRAIGHT AT FIRST, THEN
CURVING AND TWISTING AND BECOMING NARROWER AS THE TREES
GROW THICKER AND THICKER AND TALLER AND TALLER, TIL THEY
SHUT OUT THE LIGHT OF THE SUN. AND AHEAD THERE IS ONLY DARKNESS
LIKE THAT OF THE MOUTH OF DEATH.

JACK: YOU KNOW, MAYBE I MISSED A TURN BACK THERE. IF THIS CHANNEL
GETS ANY NARROWER THE SIDES OF THE RAFT ARE GOING TO
START DIGGING INTO THE BANKS.

NARR: THEN SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS ANOTHER FACE PEERED INTO
HIS OWN AND STICKS OUT AT HIM A LONG RED TONGUE.

WAIR: PHLATT.

NARR: JACK STARTED BACK AND LOOKED AND SAW BEFORE HIM O ROOT EATING
WAIROGI CLAD IN A COAT OF BARK, WITH LONG HAIR AND NAILS LIKE
THE CLAWS OF A BIRD. HIS LEGS AND ARMS WERE BARE AND HIS SKIN
LOOKED LIKE THAT ON THE FOOT OF AN ELEPHANT.

WAIR: MY SON, WHY ARE YOU POLING A RAFT THROUGH A WOOD FULL OF
NOTHING BUT TREES AND RAKSHASAS?

NARR: (ASIDE) OGRES, VAMPIRES, GOBLINS, ETC. ARE ALL BUT VARIATIONS
OF THE HINDOO RAKSHASAS. IT'S SPECIAL FEATURE THIS WEEK IS
IT'S POWER TO CHANGE IT'S SHAPE AT WILL.

JACK: WELL, MY NAME IS JACK FLANDERS AND I COME FROM A WORLD BEYOND AND I LOOK FOR A GODDESS LIKE CREATURE IN A BOAT WITH SILVER OARS AND A MAGNIFICENT JUKE BOX GLOWING IN THE BOW.

WAIR: AH HH YES. I KNOW OF WHOM YOU SPEAK. THERE ARE VERY FEW THAT WISH TO FIND THAT LAND OF THE LOTUS JUKE BOX FROM WHENCE SHE COMES. AND FEWER STILL WHO FIND IT; FEWEST OF ALL THOSE, THAT HAVING FOUND IT, RETURN.

JACK: THEN YOU KNOW WHERE THAT LAND LIES?

WAIR: HA HA! YOU'RE MORE READY TO ASK THAN TO ANSWER QUESTIONS. FAT CHANCE! I GIVE NOTHING FOR NOTHING.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) WHAT CAN I POSSIBLY GIVE THAT OLD GEZZARD?

WAIR: KNOW, THAT I ALSO HAVE ALL MY LIFE BEEN LOOKING, NOT FOR ONE WAY ONLY, BUT FOR THREE. AND NOW IF YOU WILL TELL ME MY THREE WAYS, I'LL TELL YOU YOURS.

JACK: ONE WAY FOR THREE? WHAT KIND OF DEAL IS THAT?... (TO HIMSELF) WELL, THERE ISN'T MUCH I CAN LOOSE, I GUESS.

WAIR: TELL ME THE FIRST WAY I WILL TELL THEE A THIRD OF THINE WAY TO THE LAND OF THE LOTUS JUKE BOX.

JACK: OKAY.

WAIR: TRUE OR FALSE: "SIN AGAINST GOD IS ONE THING, SIN AGAINST MAN IS WORSE."

JACK: HMMM...THAT'S A ..."BUT SIN AGAINST MAN IS WORSE?" TRUE.

WAIR: GOOD, I ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT THAT ONE. NEXT, - "KNOWLEDGE IS BETTER THAN -

JACK: HOLD ON, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO TELL ME MY ONE THIRD REMEMBER?

4 MON IX

WAIR: AHH YES - NOW LEARN FROM ME A PORTION OF THY OWN WAY.

NARR: THE WAIROGI LAY DOWN ON THE GROUND, AND SUDDENLY ABANDONED THE FORM OF A HEMIT, BECAME A WEASEL WHICH STUCK OUT A LONG RED TONGUE -

WAIR: PHEATT.

NARR: AND ENTERED THE GROUND BY A HOLE AND DISAPPEARED. AS JACK STOOPED DOWN TO EXAMINE THE HOLE, HE SAW THE WAIROGI AGAIN BESIDE HIM IN HIS OLD SHAPE, EXCEPT THAT HE CONTINUED TO STICK OUT THE WEASELS TONGUE.

WAIR: PHLATT.

JACK: HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WAIR: I HAVE SHOWN THEE A WAY FOR A WAY.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) THIS IS NO HERMIT, BUT ONE OF THOSE VILE RAKSHASAS OR HOWEVER YOU PRONOUNCE IT.

WAIR: NEXT, TRUE OR FALSE. "KNOWLEGDE IS BETTER THAN WEALTH, YOU HAVE TO LOOOK AFTER WEALTH, KNOWLEDGE LOOKS AFTER YOU.

JACK: THAT'S AN EASY ONE, TRUE.

WAIR: EXCELLENT - EXCELLENT NOW LEARN FROM ME ANOTHER PORTION OF THY OWN WAY.

NARR: AND AS JACK WATCHED THE DECEITFUL WAIROGI BECAME A BAT AND STUCK OUT AT HIM AGAIN HIS TONGUE AND FLEW AWAY THROUGH THE TREES.

WAIR: PHLATT:

JACK: WOW- HE'S REALLY GOOD AT WHAT HE DOES. BUT HE'S GOING TO TELL ME MY WAY, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

5 MON IX

NARR: AND SUDDENLY AGAIN HE SAW THE WAIROGI STANDING AT HIS SIDE,
AND STICKING OUT AT HIM, AS BEFORE, HIS TONGUE.

WAIR: PHLATT. NOW, ANSWER ONE MORE^{AND} THY OWN WAY WILL BE CLEAR BEFORE THEE.

JACK: OKAY.

WAIR: TRUE OR FALSE - "A PATH AND A GATEWAY HAVE NO MEANING OR USE
ONCE THE OBJECTIVE IS IT SIGHT."

JACK: HMMM.....THAT'S.....TRUE!

WAIR: FANTASTIC, NOW THOU SHALT HAVE EMANCIPATION FROM THY OWN
STUPIDITY AS TO THE LAND OF THE LOTUS JUKE BOX.

JACK: ABOUT TIME.

WAIR: THIS IS MY ANSWER-----PHLATT!!!

NARR: AND ONCE AGAIN THE WAIROGI STUCK OUT HIS TONGUE. BUT JACK
HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS AND SWUNG THE HEAVY POLE FROM HIS
RAFT, GIVING THE WAIROGI A SMART CLOUT ATOP THE HEAD. SO
SUDDEN AND SHARP WAS THE BLOW THAT THE WAIROGI'S RAZOR TEETH
SNIPPED OFF THE VERY TIP OF HIS TONGUE.

WAIR: OWWW (HOLDING HIS TONGUE) WOE TO THEE, UNLUCKY JACK. FOR
THOU ART NOW IN THE LAND NOT OF THE LOTUS JUKE BOX, BUT OF
RAKSHASAS, OF WHOM I AM THE KING. HAHAAHAHAHAHA(FADES OUT)

JACK: WHEW---WOE TO ME IS RIGHT.

(MUSIC UP)

I TUES. IX

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE 4TH TOWER OF INVERNESS. AS YOU ALL MUST KNOW BY NOW, JACK FLANDERS HAS ONCE AGAIN ENTERED THE MYSTERIOUS 4TH TOWER. THIS TIME HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A REALLY STRANGE LAND. FIRST HE WAS FERRIED ACROSS A SWIFT RIVER- THEN HE SAW^A BREATH-taking BEAUTIFUL GODDESS LIKE CREATURE IN A BOAT MADE OF SANDAL WITH SILVER OARS FLOATING IN A POOL OF WHITE LOTUS BLOSSOMS, AND IN THE BOW GLOWED A FANTASTIC OLD JUKE BOX RADIATING THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW AND ILLUMINATING THE WHOLE COUNTRY SIDE.

THEN SHE WAS GONE. JACK ATTEMPTED TO FOLLOW, POLING HIS RAFT INTO A CHANNEL THAT BECAME NARROWER AND NARROWER AS HE MOVED DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO A DARK WOODS. HE CAME UPON A ROOT-EATING WAIRAGI, WHO INSTEAD OF ASSISTING HIS WAY, OFFERED HIM RIDDLES AND KEEP STICK-ING OUT HIS TONGUE GIVING HIM THE RASPBERRY OR BRONX'S CHEER, UNTIL JACK BECAME SO ANGRY HE GAVE THE WAIRAGI A SOUND WHACK ATOP THE HEAD. THE BLOW WAS SO QUICK AND SUDDEN THAT THE WAIRAGI'S SHARP RAZOR TEETH SNIPPED OFF THE END OF HIS TONGUE AND HE WAS, NEEDLESS TO SAY, FURIOUS BUT WORSE THE WAIRAGI WAS REALLY A RAKSHASA, THE KING DEMON IN FACT.

(USE THE LAST OF MONDAY WITH WAIRAGI LAUGHING OFF INTO THE DISTANCE)

JACK: IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLED TIMES AHEAD. BUT I'M GLAD I GAVE THE OLD GEZZARD A GOOD WHACK, HE HAD IT COMING.

NARR: AND SO JACK PUSHES HIS RAFT FORWARD, DEEPED INTO THE WOODS. DARKNESS HAS FALLEN AS HE CONTINUES ALONG A SILVER PATH, AMONG TREES THAT RE-SEMBLED RAKSHASAS, FOR THEY LET IN THROUGH THE HAIR OF THEIR BRANCHES THE LIGHT OF THE MOON, WHICH REFLECTED THE WATERS OF THE EVER NARROW-ING CHANNEL. AND FINALLY -

(BUMP-GRIND)

JACK: SHOOT. THE CHANNELS' GOTTEN TOO NARROW FOR THE RAFT. I'LL HAVE TO HOOFF IT FROM HERE.

NARR: AND SO, HE STARTS OFF ON FOOT. AND AS HE WENT GRADUALLY THE TREES GREW RARER, AND AT LENGTH HE LOOKED BEFORE HIM AND SAW IN A CLEAR

SPACE A DARK BLUE FOREST, STUDDED WITH MOON-LOTUSES. AND ALL ABOUT IT FLITTED FIREFLIES, LOOKING LIKE SWARMS OF BEES THAT HAD RETURNED WITH TORCHES, UNABLE TO ENDURE SEPARATION AT NIGHT FROM THE LOTUS FLOWERS THEY LOVED ALL DAY.

JACK: MMMMM.

PRINCES AND AS HE GAZED INTO THE WATER, HE SAW IN IT'S SMOOTH MIRROR THE
OOLONGT: IMAGE OF A WOMAN DANCING. AND AS SHE DANCED, HER ROSES OF THE COLOR
AS NARR OF GRASS FLUTTERED IN THE WIND PRODUCED BY HER OWN MOVEMENT OVER THE
CURVES OF HER LIMBS: AND DROPS OF WATER SPARKLED IN THE MOONLIGHT
LIKE GEMS ON HER BREASTS, WHICH ROSE AND FELL LIKE A WAVE OF THE SEA,
IN AND OUT OF THE SHADOW OF HER HAIR;WHICH RESEMBLED A MASS OF THE ESSENCE
OF THE BLACKNESS OF NIGHT.

AND SHE CHANTED AS SHE DANCED WITH A VOICE THAT SOUNDED LIKE A SPELL
AND FANNED THE EAR LIKE A BREEZE FROM THE MOUNTAINS. THEN HE RAISED HIS
EYES AND SAW THE ORIGINAL OF THAT WATER PAINTED WOMAN-IMAGE, DANCING
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POOL.

SHE LOOKED ACROSS AND SAW HIM, AND THEIR EYES MET, TRAVELLING OVER
THE POOL. AND INSTANTLY SHE STOPPED HER SINGING AND DANCING, AND
CLAPPED HER HANDS AND CALLED TO HIM.

D.D.: (CALLING FROM ACROSS THE POOL) COME OVER TO ME HANDSOME STRANGER,
FOR I AM WEARY OF DANCING ALONE AND I HAVE A QUESTION TO ASK YOU.

NARR: AND SHE LEANED AGAINST A TREE AND STOOD WAITING, WITH ONE HAND ON
THE TRUNK OF THE TREE AND THE OTHER ON HER HIP. HER BREASTS ROSE AND
FELL WITH HER BREATH AND SHE LOOKED LIKE A FEMININE INCARNATION OF THE
ESSNECE OF THE AGITATION OF THE OCEAN, STIRRED BY THE SIGHT OF THE MOON.
AND JACK LOOKED AT HER AND SAID TO HIMSELF.

JACK: HOLY SMOKES.

NARR: AND HE WENT ROUND THE EDGE OF THE POOL AND FOUND HER ON THE OTHER
SIDE. AND SHE BECKONED TO HIM AS HE DREW NEAR WITH A BANGLED HAND,
AND MOVING LIPS, AND EYES THAT SHONE IN THE MOONLIGHT LIKE THE EYES
OF A SNAKE, AND SHE CAME AND STOOD BEFORE HIM AND PUT HER HAND ON
HIS SHOULDERS WITH A TOUCH LIKE A LEAF, AND LOOKED UP INTO HIS FACE
WITH A SMILE, AND SAID;

3 TUES IX

D.D.: I AM ULUPI, A DAITYA'S DAUGHTER -

NARR: (ASIDE) A KIND OF DEMON.

D.D.: (CONTINUING) AND HERE I LIVE, ALL ALONE, WITH NONE WHOM TO COMPARE MYSELF, SAVE MY OWN IMAGE IN THE WATER. TELL ME, FOR YOU HAVE SEEN OTHER WOMEN, HAVE YOU EVER MET WITH EYES MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MINE?

NARR: AND AS HE LOOKED DOWN INTO THEM AS INTO TWO DARK POOLS, HE FELT THEM POUNDING HIS HEART LIKE A PAIR OF FISTS. AND HE SAID TO HIMSELF-

JACK: HOLY SMOKES... (FLASHBACK ABOUT WURLITZERS GODDESSES EYES)
YOUR EYES ARE VERY BEAUTIFUL, - BUT THE NIGHT HEAVENS HAVE MANY EYES,
ALL OF GREAT BEAUTY.

D.D.: OHHH!

NARR: AND A CLOUD CAME OVER HER FACE AND SHE FLUNG AWAY FROM HIM IN DISTAIN
AND STOOD POUTING LIKE A CHILD.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) I GUESS THAT WASN'T THE BEST THING TO SAY.

NARR: AND SUDDENLY SHE TURNED AGAIN AND PUT UP TO HER HEAD THE GRACEFUL
CREEPERS OF HER ROUND ARMS, AND UNDED THE KNOT OF HER HAIR AND SHOOK
IT. IT FELL, LIKE MIDNIGHT, ABOUT THOSE STARS HER EYES AND WRAPPED HER
ALL OVER LIKE A VEIL AND ROLLED DOWN ROUND HER FEET AND ALONG THE GROUND,
LIKE A BLACK SERPENT.

JACK: WHEW.

NARR: THEN WITH HER HAND SHE PUT IT AWAY FROM HER FACE AND SHOT THROUGH
IT'S MESHES A SUBTLE SMILE AND SAID -

D.D." AT LEAST YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN THE EQUAL TO MY HAIR?

NARR: AND HE FELT HER GLANCE STRIKE HIM LIKE A THUNDER BOLT OUT OF A CLOUD.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) IF I HADN'T LEARNED RESISTANCE FROM THE MADONNA VAMPYRA,
I'D BE SNARED LIKE A HOUSE FLY IN A TANK OF BOILING TAR.

(ANOTHER FLASHBACK)

JACK: (ALoud TO D.D.) YOUR HAIR IS EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL. AND JUST AS HEAVEN'S IS LOVELY AT NIGHT WITH ALL IT'S STARS, LOVLIER STILL IS THE DARK BLUE SEA IN WHICH THEY ARE REFLECTED, FOR IT CONTAINS ALL THEIR BEAUTY AND ADDS ANOTHER OF IT'S OWN.

D.D.: OHHRRAHHH!

NARR: ULUPI WAS VERY ANGRY AND SHE STOOD WITH FLASHING EYES, SWELLING WITH RAGE.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) PUT MY FOOT IN IT AGAIN. SHE KNOWS I'M SOMEONE HER EQUAL.

NARR: THEN SUDDENLY SHE STOOPED AND GATHERED UP HER HAIR IN HER ARM AND CAME UP TO HIM, AND FLUNG IT ROUND HIM LIKE A NOOSE AND WHISPERED IN HIS EAR, WITH LIPS THAT CARESSED IT AS THEY MOVED.

D.D.: - IT'S HOT AND DUSTY, AND I AM COOL AND FRAGRANT AS THE NECTAR OF THAT MOON IN WHOSE LIGHT I DANCE. COME, LAY DOWN WITH ME UPON MY BED OF FERNS AND FOREST MOSS.

NARR: AND THERE CAME FROM HER HAIR A STRANGE WIND, LIKE A CLUD OF THE SWEAT OF A THOUSAND SCENTS, THAT LURED HIS SOUL TO LISTEN AND DREAM IN THE LULLING MURMER OF HER MOUTH. (SFX: STRANGE WIND)

JACK: (WHISPER) I GIVE UP - YOU WIN

D.D.: (LAUGHS ALURINGLY)

NARR: AND AS HE LOOSES HIMSELF IN THE NET OF HER HAIR, AND AS THEY SLOWLY SINK TO THE FOREST BED, CARESSING ONE ANOTHER, HE KNOWS THAT HE'LL NEVER AGAIN SEE INVERNESS OR LOOK OUT ACROSS THE VALLEYS AND GOLDEN HILLS THAT ROLL UP AND DOWN AND AWAY FAR OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

1 WED IX

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THAT THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL,
THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

WITHIN THE MYSTERIOUS TOWER, JACK FLANDERS HAS FOUND A
REMARKABLE LAND...WITH SOME REMARKABLE BEINGS - YESTERDAY
YOU MAY REMEMBER HEARING -

(LAST PARAGRAPH FROM TUES.)

BUT THEN HIS HAND TOUCHES AN OBJECT ROUND AND SMOOTH AND
COLD THAT RESTS UPON THE FOREST FLOOR. AND WHEN HE PEEKS
THROUGH THE THICK NET OF BLACK HAIR THAT COVERS HIM, HE SEES
THAT THE OBJECT IS A SKULL WEARING A PITH HELMET.

(MUSIC)

JACK: HOLY TOLEDO! LOOK AT THIS?

D.D.: WHAT!? OHHHH -YOU!

NARR: AND SHE SEIZED HIM BY THE ARM AND SHOOK HIM VIOLENTLY.

D.D.: (FURIOUS) WHAT DO YOU HAVE INSIDE THAT CHEST CRUMPLED NEWS-
PAPER INSTEAD OF A HEART, THAT ALL MY BEAUTY CANNOT TOUCH
YOU?

JACK: IT'S THAT SKULL WITH THAT PITH HELMET COCKED OVER ONE HOLE
WHERE AN EYE OUGHT TO BE.

D.D.: I KNOW THAT I AM BEAUTIFUL AND THERE IS NO BEAUTY LIKE MINE
IN ALL THE WORLD!

JACK: THAT'S IRRELEVANT, THE POINT IS THIS SKULL// HERE WITH THE
PITH -

D.D.: IRRELEVANT!!!!

NARR: THEN ULUPI SCREAMED LIKE A WOUNDED ELEPHANT.

D.D.: OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

2 WED IX

JACK: I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHOSE HEAD THIS IS? I'M LOOKING FOR A PERSON BY THE NAME OF SIR HENRY JOWLS, AS WELL AS THE LAND OF THE LOTUS JUKE BOX AND I WANT TO KNOW -

D.D.: FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER SEE THAT LOTUS LAND!

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) OH BOY.

NARR: AND SHE LOOKED AT HIM WITH A JEERING LAUGH -

D.D.: HA!

NARR: AND INSTANTLY SAT DOWN AND WOUND HERSELF UP IN HER LONG HAIR AND BEGAN TO WEEP.

D.D.: BOO HOO (WEEPS)

NARR: AND AS SHE WEPT, THE TEARS RAN DOWN FROM HER EYES LIKE A RIVER, AND FELL INTO THE LAKE. IMMEDIATELY THE LAKE BEGAN TO RISE AND SWELL AND FLOOD THE WOOD WITH WATER.

JACK: GOOD GRIEF.

NARR: AND AS HE STOOD GAZING AT HER WITH ASTONISHMENT, HE FOUND HIMSELF STANDING IN A VAST MARSH, WITH THE TREES OF THE FOREST FOR RUSHES.

JACK: WOW.

NARR: AND AS HE LOOKED, SUDDENLY THAT DELURINE DAUGHT OF A DEMON BECAME A MIST AND FLOATED AWAY OVER THE WATER LIKE A VAPOUR. HE HEARD HER LAUGHTER DYING AWAY IN THE DISTANCE AS SHE WENT, AND HE WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE WOOD, WITH THE WATER UP TO HIS WAIST.

D.D.: (LAUGHTER FAR OFF)

NARR: AND AS THE WATER KEPT ON RISING AND RISING, JACK SAID TO HIMSELF:

3 WED IX

JACK: OOT OH. I'VE SEEN WOMEN CRY BEFORE, BUT WHO EVER SAW TEARS LIKE THIS?

NARR: THE PITH HELMET CAME FLOATING BY, AND HE REACHED OUT, CAUTIOUSLY, HALF EXPECTING ABOUT ANYTHING TO BE FLOATING BENEATH.

JACK: THIS PITH HELMET IS STILL IN GOOD SHAPE. SAFE ENOUGH, NOTHING INSIDE. I WONDER IF - IT'S A LITTLE BIG BUT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY WEARING ONE OF THESE THINGS. GOOD LORD THIS WATER IS STILL RISING. I BETTER FIND A TREE AND QUICK.
(SPLASH SPLASH)

NARR: JACK CLIMBED UP INTO A TREE AND LOOKED OUT OVER THE WATER, ON WHICH THE MIST HUNG IN THE MOONLIGHT LIKE A CURTAIN OF FINE SPUN SILVER ON A FLOOR OF GLASS.

JACK: IS THIS MEELY AN ILLUSION? BUT I'M SOAKING WET AND THE WATER KEEPS RISING. I'VE GOT TO CLIMB HIGHER INTO THIS TREE.

NARR: SO HE CLIMBED UP AND UP AND AS HE CLIMBED, THE WATER ROSE AFTER HIM, HIGHER AND HIGHER, UNTIL AT LAST HE COULD SEE NOTHING BUT THE WATER AND THE MOON AND THE TREE THAT STRETCHED AWAY ABOVE HIM INTO THE SKY.

JACK: THAT RAFT SURE WOULD'VE COME IN HANDY. I DON'T KNOW, EVENTUALLY I'M GOING TO RUN OUT OF TREE AND THEN I'VE HAD IT.

NARR: SO HE CONTINUED TO CLIMB AND CLIMB WHILE THE WATER ROSE AND THE MOON SANK AND THE NIGHT GRADUALLY CAME TO AN END.
(TRANSITION)

AND THEN THE SUN ROSE OVER THE EASTERN MOUNTAIN, AND BEGAN LIKE HIMSELF TO CLIMB UP INTO THE SKY. AND THE SWEAT POURED FROM HIS LIMBS AND AT LAST HE STOPPED, OVERCOME WITH FATIGUE. AND HE SAID TO HIMSELF.

JACK: (PANTING) I'VE HAD IT. I JUST CAN'T CLIMB ANOTHER BRAND.
.....THAT'S ALL FOLKS.

NARR: AND AS HE LOOKED DOWN, SUDDENLY HE SAW BEFORE HIM NO WATER
AND NO TREE, AND HIS HEAD GREW DIZZY AND HIS VISION SWAM
AND HE COULD SCARELY BELIEVE HIS EYES.

JACK: GOOD LORD, I'M STANDING ON THE PEAK OF A MOUNTAIN...HALLEYLUAH!
(ECHOES OFF)

NARR: BUT ALL AROUND HIM, AND ALL BEFORE HIM, AND BEHIND, WAS A VAST
DESERT OF BURNING SAND, THAT STRECHED AWAY TO THE VERY LIMIT
OF THE RANGE OF SIGHT. AND IT GLOWED IN THE FIRE OF THE SUN'S
RAYS LIKE A FURNACE, AND WAS FURROWED AND PITTED WITH HOLES
AND CHASMS; AND IT'S SURFACE ROSE AND FELL AS HE WATCHED,
LIKE A WOMAN'S BREAST. AND IT LOOKED AS IF IT WERE ALIVE,
THROUGH IN TRUTH IT LOOKED MORE LIKE THE HOME OF DEATH.

JACK: THEY DON'T FOOL AROUND IN THESE PARTS.

NARR: AND AS HE GAZED, HE SAW LIVING THONGS THE COLOR OF SAND
THAT CRAWLED SWIFTLY ON ALL FOURS, AND SOMETIMES STOOD UP
ON THEIR BACK LEGS AND SNIFFED THE AIR. STANDING STILL EXCEPT
FOR THEIR TAILS THAT NEVER RESTED. AND SOMETIMES THEY BLENDED
INTO THE SAND, UNTIL ONLY THEIR BRIGHT EYES STOOD OUT, WATCHING.
AND IT SEEMED TO JACK THAT ALL THOSE HIDEOUS EYES SOUGHT
HIM OUT AND FASTENED ON HIM, AND RESTED ON HIM ALONE, SAYING
TO HIM AS IT WERE: "LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THIS ONE."

(MUSIC UP)

1 THURS IX

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL "THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS." JACK FLANDERS HAS DISCOVERED A STRANGE LAND WITHIN THE 4TH TOWER. AFTER EXPERIENCING ADVENTURES TOO NUMEROUS TO RELATE AT THIS POINT, HE FOUND HIMSELF UPON A MOUNTAIN TOP. ALL AROUND WAS A VAST DESERT, WITH NASTY LITTLE CREATURES THAT DARTED IN AND OUT OF HOLES IN THE SAND AND WATCHED HIM AND WAITED FOR HIM.

JACK: NOT MUCH CHOICE IN THIS SITUATION. I CAN EITHER STAY UP HERE AND DIE OF STARVATION, OR GO DOWN THERE AND BE TORN TO SHREDS BY THOSE LITTLE CREATURES.

NARR: AND SO ALL DAY HE REMAINED ON THAT HIGH PLACE, NOT DARING TO DESCEND. AND AT LENGTH THE SUN WENT TO REST AND THE MOON ROSE AND WAS REFLECTED IN THE BRIGHT EYES OF THOSE SAND-HAUNTING RAKSHASAS, WHICH GLITTERED IN THE DISTANCE ON THE DARK DESERT LIKE DROPS OF WATER ON THE LEAF OF A BLACK LOTUS. AND ALL NIGHT HE LAY AND WATCHED THEM AS A BIRD WATCHES THE EYES OF A SNAKE. THEN IN THE EARLY DAWN AS THE MORNING BEGAN TO GLIMMER IN THE DISTANCE ON THE RIM OF THE WORLD, HE SAW FAR AWAY IN THE AIR TWO DARK SPECKS IN THE SKY. AND AS HE GAZED, THEY GREW LARGER AND RAPIDLY APPROACHED HIM, SENDING BACK TO HIM, LIKE MIRRORS, THE RED RAYS OF THE RISING SUN.

JACK: (PEERING OFF) THEY'RE BIRDS OF SOME KIND---SWANS, THEY'RE SILVER SWANS AND THEY CARRY IN THEIR BILLS THE BODY OF A THIRD, A SWAN OF GOLD. I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES. THEY'RE GOING TO SETTLE ON THIS MOUNTAIN TOP.

(WINGS FLAPPING ETC)

(ADDRESSING SWANS) HAIL, FAIR BIRDS! FROM WHERE HAVE YOU COME AND WHERE DO YOU GO AND WHAT IS THIS DEAD GOLDEN BODY THAT YOU CARRY AS YOU GO? AND DO YOU HAVE ROOM FOR ONE MORE?

SWAN I: HONK HONK.

2 THURS IX

JACK: HE SAYS THAT THEY'RE CARRYING HOME THE BODY OF THEIR KING.

SWAN 2:HONK HONK.

JACK: AND THAT THEY MUST BEAR HIM OVER ONWARD SWIFTLY TO HIS OWN COUNTRY.

SWAN 1:HONK HONK.

JACK: THAT THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES MAY DULY BE PERFORMED.

SWAN 2:HONK HONK

JACK: FOR HE DIED YESTERDAY IN THE LAND OF THE LOTUS JUKE BOX.
LOTUS JUKE BOX?!!! LISTEN, I'VE GOT TO GET THERE...WILL
YOU TAKE ME THERE?

SWAN 1:HONK.

JACK: YOU WON'T?

SWAN 2:HONK.

JACK: NOT A CHANCE, EH? WELL, I'M A DESPERATE MAN. I WANT YOU TO
CARRY ME TO THAT LAND, OTHERWISE YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO
CONTINUE WITHOUT THE BODY OF YOUR KING.....FOR MY SWORD IS
VERY SHARP, YOU SEE....

SWAN: HONK HONK HONK HONK

1&2

JACK: NOPE, YOU HAVE TO GIVE ME YOUR WORD, OR YOUR HONK ANYWAY,
SWEAR AN OATH THAT YOU'LL CARRY ME TO THAT LAND, NO DROPPING
ME SOMEWHERE HALF WAY OR ANY OF THAT.

SWANS: (THEY CONFER) (SMALL INTIMATE HONKS) (FINALLY) HONK HONK!

1&2

JACK: GOOD, LET'S GO.

NARR: AND SO THE SWANS BOUND THEMSELVES TO HIM BY AN OATH. AND JACKS TOOK HOLD OF THEM BY THE NECK, ONE IN EACH HAND; AND THEY STRECHED OUT THEIR NECKS AND FLEW AWAY WITH HIM OVER THE DESERT AS HE HUNG. AND HE LEFT FAR BEHIND HIM THE EYES OF THE RAK-SHASAS GLOWING IN THE SAND AS IF WITH RAGE TO SEE HIM ESCAPE. AFTER A LONG WHILE THEY CAME DOWN TO THE EDGE OF THE DESERT. JACK LOOKED DOWN AND SAW, FAR BELOW HIM, THE BLUE SEA, SHIMMERING LIKE THE EYES OF THE GODDESS HE HAD SEEN - FLOATING IN THAT LOTUS POOL. AND AT A DISTANCE THE WATER, LIKE A DUSKY JEWEL ON A PURPLE CARPET, HE SAW AN ISLAND, WITH A CITY ON IT.

JACK: WHAT IS THAT ISLAND I SEE BELOW ME?

SWAN: HONK HONK.

JACK: (EXCITED) YOU MEAN IT'S THE LAND OF THE LOTUS JUKE BOX?
WHOOPEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE (FADES OUT)

NARR: IN HIS DELIGHT, JACK LETS GO AND CLAPPED HIS HANDS AND FELL LIKE A STONE INTO THE SEA. (SFX: SMALL SPLASH FROM BELOW) THE SWANS GAVE ONE FINAL COMMENT - (HONK) AND RETURNED SWIFTLY OVER THE DESERT TO THE BODY WHICH THEY HAD LEFT UPON THE HILL. BUT JACK ROSE OUT OF THE WATER LIKE A CORK AND SAW BEFORE HIM THAT LONG SOUGHT FOR LAND AND HE SHOUTED FOR JOY AND BEGAN TO SWIM IN THAT DIRECTION. AND HIS PITH HELMET CAME SPINNNING OUT OF THE SKY LIKE A FRISEBE AND LANDED JUST AHEAD OF HIM. AND HE SWAM ALL DAY, AND AT LAST, THOUGH WITH DIFFICULTY, HE REACHED THE SHORE, WHEN HIS STRENGTH WAS ALMOST GONE.

JACK: (GASPING AND WHEEZING)

NARR: AND HE CREPT UP OUT OF THE SEA AS THE SUN WAS GOING DOWN, AND OVERCOME WITH WEARINESS, HE LAY DOWN UPON THE SAND AND FELL ASLEEP.

JACK:)SNORING)

NARR: AND ALL NLGHT LONG HE SLEP AND ALL DAY; AND WHEN THE MOON HAD

NARR: RISEN AGAIN, FULL AND ROUND, AS IF TO SEE WHETHER HE WAS STILL THERE, HE AWOKE.

JACK: WELL...I'M AT MY JOURNEYS END. WHY I'M HERE I DON'T KNOW, OR HOW I'M GOING TO GET BACK I DON'T KNOW. BUT FOR WHATEVER REASON SINCE THAT FIRST DAY I SET FOOT IN INVERNESS, IT'S BEEN MY FATE TO PURSUE THIS JUKE BOX AND FIND IT'S SOURCE.

NARR: AND SO HE WENT UP FROM THE SHORE AND THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY THAT LAY BEFORE HIM, BLACK AND WHITE IN THE RAYS OF THE SILVER MOON. AND HE MET NOBODY, IT WAS EMPTY AND DARK AS A BARREN WOMB, AND SILENT AS A STONE INCARNATION OF THE SPIRIT OF DEATH.

(SFX: ECHOING FOOTSTEPS)

AND AS HE WONDERED UP AND DOWN, HE CAME AT LAST TO A GREAT PALACE, WHOSE DOORS STOOD WIDE OPEN, AS THOUGH TO SAY - COME IN.

JACK: THAT'S STRANGE.

NARR: HE WENT IN AND PASSED ALONG WONDERING, WITH ECHOING STEPS, FROM ROOM TO ROOM. THEN HE ENTERED A DOOR AND FOUND HIMSELF IN A VAST HALL, WHOSE WALLS WERE PIERCED WITH TALL WINDOWS, THROUGH WHICH THE MOONLIGHT FELL, COLD AS CAMPHOR, ON MOON-STONES THAT HUNG IN CLUSTERS FROM THE ROOF.

(SFX: DRIP DRIP)

AND FROM THEM THE NECTAR FELL SLOWLY, DROP BY DROP, UPON THE FLOOR. AND AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM ON A GOLDEN COUCH, HE SAW LYING A DEAD BODY, COVERED WITH A WHITE PALL.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) WHO CAN IT BE THAT LIES HERE, ALONE IN, THIS EMPTY HALL?

NARR: AND HE MOVED ON SLOWLY, THROUGH THE LIGHTS OF THE WINDOWS AND THE SHADOWS OF THE WALLS, TILL HE CAME UP TO THE END OF THE HALL AND STOOD BESIDE THE COUCH. AND HE STOOPED DOWN AND LIFTED UP THE EDGE OF THE PALL AND UNCOVERED THE FACE.

JACK: (GASP)

(MUSIC UP)

1 FRI. IX

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE 4TH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

JACK FLANDERS HAS FOUND THAT LAND OF THE LOTUS JUKE BOX HE HAS BEEN SEARCHING FOR. BUT AS HE WALKED THE STREETS OF THE CITY, STREETS THAT WERE LITE ONLY BY THE SILVER RAYS OF THE MOON, HE ENCOUNTERED NO ONE.

(FLASHBACK LAST 2 PARAGRAPHS FROM DAY BEFORE. "AND AS HE WANDERED UP AND DOWN, HE CAME AT LAST - ETC...")

JACK: (GASP) IT'S....THE MADONNA VAMPYRA!

NARR: AND JACK WAS SO ASTOUNDED THAT HE LEAPED INTO THE AIR AND UTTERED A CRY: AND HE LET HIS SWORD FALL WITH A CRASH UPON THE CRYSTAL FLOOR.

(SFX: CRASH UPON THE CRYSTAL FLOOR)

JACK: I LEFT HER LIVING IN INVERNESS AND I HAVE TRAVELED FOR HOW LONG AND HOW FAR I CANNOT CONCEIVE AND HERE AT THE END OF SPACE I FIND HER AGAIN, LYING DEAD IN THIS EMPTY HALL.

NARR: AND SO HE STOOD, LIKE A PICTURE ON A WALL, GAZING IN SILENCE AT THAT MADONNA FACE, WHILE THE NIGHT WORE AWAY, AND THE MOON TRAVELED ON, AND THE TEARS FLOWED DOWN FROM HIS EYES, AND THE NECTAR FROM THE MOONSTONES FELL SLOWLY, DROP BY DROP, UPON THE GROUND, AND THE SHADOWS MOVED ROUND UPON THE FLOOR... AND AT LAST, AFTER A LONG WHILE, HE CAME TO HIMSELF. AND HE LET THE PALL FALL FROM HIS HAND, RECOVERING THE MADONNA FACE AND FINALLY HE STOOPED AND PICKED UP HIS FALLEN SWORD AND WENT SLOWLY OUT OF THAT STRANGE HALL AND SAT DOWN ON THE MARBLE STEPS OF THE PALACE, AND FELL INTO A WAKING DREAM. AND AS HE GAZED INTO VACANCY, HE SAW BEFORE HIM THE EYES OF THE MADONNA HE HAD KNOWN. AND HIS MEMORY ECHOED WITH THE FAINT MURMURS OF HER VOICE AND FILLED HIS SOUL WITH HER WORDS-

(FLASHBACK SEVERAL LINES SPOKEN BY M. VAMP.)

(SFX: COMING UP UNDERNEATH - ANGEL BABY)

2 FRI. IX

JACK: SO....THAT MUSIC, TORMENTING ME STILL. AND WHERE ELSE CAN IT COME FROM BUT THAT PALACE? AND WHEN I FIND IT, I'LL DESTROY IT ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NARR: AND SO ONCE AGAIN HE RETURNS THROUGH THE DOORS OF THAT PALACE. BUT AS HE RUSHES THROUGH THE EMPTY ROOMS, HE CANNOT LOCATE THE SOURCE.

JACK: IT'S LIKE INVERNESS, THE MUSIC JUST HANGS THERE IN SPACE, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GET ANY CLOSER. DAMN IT! I'LL CHOP IT INTO LITTLE PIECES. THERE WON'T BE A TUBE LEFT STANDING.

(SFX: MUSIC STOPS)

IT'S GONE AGAIN.

NARR: BUT AS JACK TURNS, HE FINDS HIMSELF AT THE END OF A LONG HALL AND THERE AT THE FAR END, SETTING HIGH UPON A SLAB OF GREEN JADE, IS THAT LOTUS JUKE BOX.

JACK: SO. AT LAST. SHALL I TEAR IT APART WITH MY HANDS, OR KICK IT TO PIECES WITH MY BOOT? OR CLEAVE IT IN HALF WITH MY SWORD?

NARR: BUT AS HE APPROACHES, HE NOTICES SOMETHING VERY STRANGE.

JACK: THAT JUKE BOX IS LIKE THE REST OF THIS PLACE...STILL, DESERTED. THERE ARE NO LIGHTS, IT'S DEAD....(SEARCHES ABOUT), FUNNY, THERE'S NO PLUG AND NO OUTLET TO PLUG INTO. I WONDER THOUGH - NO AGAIN, THERE ARE NO '50'S SONGS HERE, ONLY CHANTS AND HOLY SONGS. I HAVE ONE NICKEL LEFT. THOUGH SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT STILL THIS IS NOT THE JUKE BOX I SEEK... WELL, HERE GOES -

(SFX: PUTS IN COIN)

MOST ALL OF THESE HOLY SONGS I'VE NEVER HEARD BEFORE. HERE'S ONE, I'LL TRY THIS - A 1

(SFX: BUTTONS PUSHED)

(MUSIC, BHAGVAN DASS)

3 FRI. IX

NARR: AS THE LOTUS JUKE BOX BEGAN TO PLAY, IT'S COLORS RADIATED OUT AND DAZZLED HIS EYES AND STREAMED ABOUT THE ROOM AND LIT UP IT'S WALLS WITH THE GLORY LIKE THAT OF A SETTING SUN. AND AS THE MUSIC ECHOED THROUGH THE EMPTY ROOMS OF THE PALACE AND OUT ACROSS THE STILL GARDENS AND DOWN THE BARREN STREETS OF THE CITY ~~THE CITY~~ JACK COULD SUDDENLY SEE LIFE MOVING AROUND HIM, PEOPLE TALKING, SHOUTING, LAUGHING IN THE HALLS AND THE GARDENS OF THE STREETS OF THAT CITY.

Crowd

AND AS HE WATCHED IN WONDER AND THE MUSIC WOVE IT'S BEAUTIFUL MAGIC WITHIN THAT CITY, HE SAW A FACE MOVING AMONG THE OTHERS, A FACE THAT HE'D SEEN BEFORE, A PROUD, STRONG, WEATHERED, YET WARM AND GENTLE FACE OF AN ADVENTURER. THE FACE WAS THAT OF LORD JAWLS!

JACK: (CALLING AFTER) LORD JAWLS! LORD JAWLS! STOP, PLEASE STOP. I'M YOUR NEPHEW, JACK.

(CONTINUES CALLING AS HE RUNS)

NARR: AND AS HE RAN THROUGH THE CROWDS OF PEOPLE SHOUTING THE NAME OF HIS UNCLE, TEARS OF HAPPINESS STREAMED FROM HIS EYES, AND IT SEEMED TO JACK THAT ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED, HAD MEANT TO HAPPEN AND ALL THE PIECES WERE ABOUT TO FALL INTO PLACE. AND FINALLY, THE OLD ADVENTURER STOPPED AND TURNED TO FACE THIS YOUNG MAN WHO CALLED HIS NAME. AND AS JACK RAN UP, ABOUT TO THROW HIS ARMS ABOUT HIS UNCLE, THE MUSIC STOPPED.... THE PEOPLE FADED AWAY AND ONCE AGAIN HE STOOD IN THE SILENT, EMPTY STREETS.

(MUSIC UP)

NARR.: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE 4TH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

THE YOUNG ADVENTURER JACK FLANDERS, HAS FOUND HIS WAY TO THE LAND OF THE LOTUS JUKE BOX. HE WANDERED THROUGH AN EMPTY CITY UNTIL HE CAME UPON A PALACE. AND THERE IN THE PALACE HE SAW LYING DEAD ^ABODY COVERED WITH WHITE PALL. WHEN HE LIFTED THE PALL, HE SAW THE FACE OF THE MADONNA VAMPYRA.

STRICKEN WITH GRIEF, HE STOOD THERE UNTIL FINALLY HE RETURNED OUTSIDE AND SAT UPON THE MARBLE STEPS OF THAT STRANGE PALACE. THEN HE HEARD THAT FAMILIAR SONG FROM OUT OF ANOTHER ERA.

HE RUSHED BACK INTO THE PALACE BENT UPON DESTROYING THAT JUKE BOX THAT TORMENTED HIM SO. BUT ONCE AGAIN, THE MUSIC APPEARED TO FLOAT IN THE AIR AND HE COULD NOT LOCATE IT'S SOURCE. AFTER GIVING UP, HE CAME UPON YET ANOTHER JUKE BOX, THAT WHICH HE HAD SEEN EARLIER WITH THE GODDESS IN THE BOAT OF SANDAL WITH THE SILVER OARS. HE RAISED HIS SWORD ABOVE HIS HEAD AS THOUGH ABOUT TO CLEAVE THE MACHINE IN HALF, WHEN HE NOTICED THIS MACHINE HAD ONLY CHANTS AND HOLY SONGS, NOT THE MUSIC HE SOUGHT. HE HAD BUT ONE NICKEL AND INSERTED IT AND SELECTED "A 1"

(FLASHBACK TO WHAT HAD OCCURRED "AS THE LOTUS JUKE BOX BEGAN TO PLAY-")

JACK: SO CLOSE....SOOO CLOSE, AND HE VANISHES LIKE A MIRAGE. I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS. THE ONLY THING I CAN HOPE FOR IS FIND ANOTHER NICKEL SOMEWHERE.

NARR: AND SO HE SEARCHED THE STREETS, BUT NO COINS WERE TO BE FOUND. AND AS HE WAS ABOUT TO LAY DOWN EXHAUSTED AND IN DISPAIR, A THOUGHT SUDDENLY FLASHED UPON HIM. HE TOOK OFF THE PITH HELMET AND FELT ALONG THE INSIDE BAND.

JACK: BEFORE HE FADED AWAY, HE SEEMED TO POINT TO THIS PITH HELMET. I WONDER IF----YES, BY GOLLY, THERE'S SOMETHING! SURE ENOUGH A NICKEL! JUST AS THOUGH LORD JOWLS WAS ATTEMPTING TO TELL ME SOMETHING.

NARR: HE RACED BACK TO THE PALACE, THROUGH THE ROOMS, AVOIDING THE HALL WHERE THE BODY OF THE MADONNA VAMPYRA LAY, AND FINALLY UP TO THE JUKE BOX. ONCE AGAIN HE INSERTED THE COIN, AND AS THE BOX AGAIN LIT UP HE PUSHED THE BUTTONS "A1" AND ONCE AGAIN THE MUSIC FLOWED FROM THE OLD WURLITIZER AND THE LIGHTS REVOLVED AROUND THE HALL AND THE VOICES RETURNED AND THE CITY FLOWED WITH PEOPLE---ALL EXACTLY AS IT HAD BEEN BEFORE. AND, EXACTLY AS IT HAD BEEN BEFORE, JACK SAW THE FACE OF HIS UNCLE AND AGAIN HE CHASED THROUGH THE CROWDS, SHOUTING AND AGAIN HIS UNCLE STOPPED AND---YES, AGAIN AS HE WAS ABOUT TO EMBRACE THOSE BROAD SHOULDERS AND WEATHERED FACE, THE MUSIC STOPPED. AND THE STREETS WERE BARE ONCE MORE.

JACK: OH MY GOD----OK, I NOW UNDERSTAND IT. INSTEAD OF "A1" I SHOULD HAVE CHOSEN THE NEXT "A2", I WOULD HAVE REACHED HIM. I REALLY BLEW IT.

NARR: BUT WOULD JACK HAVE REACHED HIM? OR IS THIS STILL ANOTHER LEVEL WITHIN A LEVEL THAT JACK HAS YET TO EXPERIENCE?

JACK: WHERE CAN I POSSIBLY FIND ANOTHER NICKEL EXCEPT BACK IN INVERNESS? AND HOW AM I GOING TO GET BACK OVER THAT SEA AND THAT DESERT OR THROUGH THAT GOD AWFUL WOODS.

NARR: AGAIN HE HAD WANDERED BACK TO THE PALACE AND WAS STANDING OUTSIDE BY A POOL, AND ON THE SURFACE OF THE POOL DRAGON FLIES DARTED ABOUT, AND HE LOOKED BETWEEN THE LILY PADS AND LOTUS BLOSSOMS THAT FLOATED THERE AND SAW HIS REFLECTION.

JACK: I'VE HAD IT. MY HEART IS HEAVY, AND MY HEAD ACHES, FOR I'VE ENDURED A LOT THESE PAST DAYS.

NARR: AND HE WENT DOWN THE STEPS AND PLUNGED INTO THE WATERS OF THE POOL. AND AS HE ROSE FROM THE WATER HE COULD HEAR THE CURRENT OF A FAST FLOWING RIVER. AND AS HE LOOKED UP, HE SAW THE OPEN DOOR AND THE STEPS THAT LEAD DOWN FROM THE TOWER TO THE RIVER. AND HIS FLESH CREPT AND HIS WET HAIR STOOD ON END, AS HE STOOD WITH WATER STREAMING FROM HIS BODY AND DOUBT BEWILDERING HIS SOUL.

3 MON X

JACK: (WHISPER) HOW CAN THIS BE? I'M BACK AT THE TOWER. THIS IS THE VERY SPOT WHERE I FIRST SAW THE OLD FERRYMAN, COMING ACROSS THE RIVER. I'M BACK WHERE I STARTED!

(MUSIC UP)

PORTIONS OF THESE LAST SEVEN DAYS WERE GENTLY AND LOVINGLY LIFTED FROM AN OLD HINDOO MYTH CALLED "THE DESCENT OF THE SUN"

1 TUES X

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL,
THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.
AS WE LOOK IN ON THE OLD VICTORIAN MANSION OF INVERNESS
WE SEE MEANIE-EENIE AND CHIEF WAMPUM SITTING OUT ON THE
BANK BY THE FISH POND, TWIRLING THEIR TOES IN THE WATER
AND DISCUSSING THE WEATHER.

M.EENIE: (FADING ON) TELL ME, CHIEF WAMPUM, HAVE YOU EVER TRIED
DIRECTING A HAILSTORM WITH YOUR FINGERTIPS?

CHIEF: OH, LIKE THE GREAT YOGI, MILAREPA? NO, NO, BUT A GOOD FRIEND
OF MINE, A SPLENDID YOGI, COULD DIRECT LIGHTNING BOLTS
WITH HIS FINGERS. HE COULD GIVE SOMEONE, HOW YOU SAY, HOT
PANTS? HE WAS A REAL DEVIL, YOU SEE?

M.EENIE: YOU EVER TRIED WALKING ON WATER?
(SFX: PLOP)

CHIEF: OH NO, NOT REALLY. THAT TAKES SPECIAL FEATS! I HAVE TRIED
ONLY IN THE BATHTUB.

M.EENIE: HOW DID YA DO?

CHIEF: GOOD. IT IS VERY PRACTICAL AFTER BATHING TO STAND UPON THE
WATER AS IT DESCENDS INTO THE HOLE, YOU SEE?

M.EENIE: YOU MEAN, BECAUSE OF THE SCUM?

CHIEF: OH YES, THE SCUM YOU SAY. THE WATER DESCENDS, THE SCUM CLINGS
TO THE HAIRS ON MY ANKLES, YOU SEE. SO IN THIS WAY I AM
ABLE TO, HOW YOU SAY? BE ABOVE IT.

M.EENIE: TELL ME CHIEF, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PROGRESS OF OUR
YOUNG MAN, JACK FLANDERS?

CHIEF: ALL WISDOM CAN BE STATED IN TWO LINES;
WHAT IS DONE FOR YOU-ALLOW IT TO BE DONE.
WHAT YOU MUST DO YOURSELF- MAKE SURE YOU DO IT.

2 TUES X

M.EENIE: IF I WERE YOUNGER AND MORE AGILE, I TOO WOULD BE THERE BY HIS SIDE, SWORD IN HAND, WHACKING OFF THE HEADS OF DEMONS, AND OGORES GALORE!

CHIEF: OH YES, I THINK YOU WOULD BE A GOOD MATCH FOR THEM.

M.EENIE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT, CHIEF?

CHIEF: OH WELL, I MEAN- THAT YOU ARE AFRAID OF NOTHING.

M.EENIE: ACTUALLY, I'M NOT EVEN AFRAID OF THAT. WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I WAS A REAL RUNT, YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS CHIEF?

CHIEF: VERY SMALL.

M.EENIE: YEAH, AND BECAUSE I WAS A RUNT, THE MEAN KIDS USED TO PICK ON ME...AND PICK ON ME, AND PICK ON ME. BUT WHILE THEY PICKED I WAS LEARNING PATIENCE AND ONE POINTEDNESS OF MIND.

CHIEF: TEACHERS COME IN MANY DISGUISES.

M.EENIE: THAT'S SO TRUE, WHEN I WAS READY I TOOK THEM ALL ON AND LAID 'EM ALL OUT. (REENACTS THOUGHTS) NIGEL, WHOMP! SAMMY, YAAA! BUTCH HAAAA! BILLY WHOPMP! KABOOM. YAAA! THAT TAUGHT THEM A THING OR TWO.

CHIEF: OH MEANIE EENIE, IT IS NOT HEALTHY TO RELISH SUCH THOUGHTS, YOU KNOW.

M.EENIE: I WAS A REAL TOUGIE.

CHIEF: AH, YES A REAL TOUGHIE.

M.EENIE: WHENEVER ANYONE CALLED ME A RUNT, I'D FIX MY EYES ON 'EM AND THEN THE NEXT THING THEY KNEW, I'D BE STANDING ON THIER CHEST, SMILING DOWN AT THEM.

3 TUES x

CHIEF: I SEE HOW YOU RECIEVED YOUR NAME, YES?

M.EENEIE: FINALLY, I GAVE IT UP AND BECAME A WOMAN.

CHIEF: AH YES, A WOMAN.

M.EENIE: IT WAS WHEN I FIRST MET FREDRICK.

CHIEF: FREDRICK.

M.EENIE: I WAS SWEET SIXTEEN.

CHIEF: AH YES.

M.EENIE: HE WAS KIND OF A RUNT TOO.

CHIEF: I SEE.

M.EENIE: I WAS TIRED OF BEATING UP PEOPLE, AND IT WAS GOOD TO MEET
~~BEAT UP~~ SOMEONE MY OWN SIZE.

CHIEF: I SEE.

M.EENIE: WE FELL INLOVE, FREDRICK AND ME.

CHIEF: YES, YES.

M.EENIE: OUR FAVORITE DANCE WAS THE TANGO.

CHIEF: THE TANGO, YES.
(TANGO MUSIC UP)

M.EENIE: WE WOULD DANCE ALL NIGHT.

CHIEF: ALL NIGHT.

M.EENIE:THE TWO OF US, WHIRLING ACROSS THE BALLROOM FLOOR.

CHIEF: AH, YES.

(SHE TANGOS FOR AWHILE ACCENTING THE HIGH POINTS OF THE
DANCE)

M.EENIE:EVERYONEELSE WOULD STOP - THE FLOOR WOULD SOON BECOME EMPTY
AS THEY ALL STOOD BACK, AMAZED, BREATHLESS, AWESTRUCK. THEY
HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN SUCH A TANGO AS PERFORMED BY TWO TEEN-
AGED RUNTS.

CHIEF: RUNTS YES.

M.EENIE:WE REALLY CUT UP THE FLOOR. LA CHOCARAICHE WAS MY FAVORITE.
(SHE SINGS) LA CHOCARAICHE - LA CHOCARAICHE TAA DA DUM DUM
IT MEANS LITTLE COCKRAOCH.

L.FREDI:(OFF APPROACHING) TUM DEE DUM DEE DUM DEE DUM.

M.EENIE: (CALLS OFF) AH, LITTLE FREDIA.

L.FREDI: MEANIE EENIE, CHIEF WAMPUM.

CHIEF: NAMASTI

L.FREDI: MEANIE EENIE THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WANTING TO ASK YOU.

M.EENIE: WOULD YOU CARE TO TANGO?

L.FREDI: CAN I LEAD?

M.EENIE: NO, I'LL LEAD.

L.FREDI: OH, ALRIGHT.

M.EENIE: SHALL WE DANCE? (HUMS OR SUCH TO THE MUSIC)

L.FREIDA: I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE DRAGON.

M.EENIE: OH, LET ME BORROW YOUR CIGAR, I'M LEADING.

L.FREIDA: YOU COULD'VE JUST ASKED FOR IT YOU KNOW?

M.EENIE: (PUFFS) VERY GOOD .

L.FREIDA: WE SAW THE TRACKS FROM YOUR 5 SPEED ITALIAN PEDALMASTER,
GOING INTO THE CAVE.

M.EENIE: OH THAT, I WAS CURIOUS.

L.FREIDA: WELL, BY THE WAY IT LOOKED - SEEMED THAT THE DRAGON CAME
OUT WHILE YOU WERE STILL IN THE CAVE.

M.EENIE: YEP, IT DID.

L.FREIDA: YOU AREN'T FRIENDS WITH IT OR SOMETHING?

M.EENIE: NOPE. WHEN I WENT IN THE CAVE, I HEARD IT GRUMBLING AND
SNORTING AND COMING OUT. I FIGURED I COULDN'T TURN AROUND
AND GET OUT IN TIME, SO I VERED TO THE RIGHT AND HID IN
ONE OF THE SIDEEPASSAGES. YEP. IT WENT RIGHT BY.

L.FREIDA: WHEN DID YOU COME OUT THEN?

M.EENIE: AFTER IT HAD GONE BACK IN.

L.FREIDA: WHERE DO YOU THINK THAT DRAGON CAME FROM?

M.EENIE: FROM SOMEONE HERE.

6 TUES X

L.FREIDA: I KNOW IT'S EYES ARE FAMILIAR, BUT WHAT YOU MEAN IS THAT
IT'S A PART OF SOMEONE HERE?

M.EENIE: YEP, I'M AFRAID SO.

L.FREIDA: THEN WHO IS IT?

M.EENIE: (IMITATING DR. MAZ) WELL, I DON'T LIKE POINTING FINGERS,
BUT - GUESS WHAT?

(MUSIC UP)

1 WED X

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THAT THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

AS WE LOOK IN ON THE OLD VICTORIAN MANSION OF INVERNESS, WE NOTICE THE ABSENCE OF JACK FLANDERS, NEPHEW TO LADY JOWLS. AS YOU KNOW, JACK HAS TWICE ENTERED THE MYSTERIOUS FOURTH TOWER, THE TOWER THAT DOES NOT EXIST, EXCEPT IN THE MINDS OF A CHOSEN FEW.

THE LATE SIR HENRY JOWLS IS RUMORED TO HAVE DISAPPEARED WITHIN THAT SAME TOWER SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. IN FACT ACCORDING TO THE YELLOWED PAGES OF SOME OLD DOCUMENTS EIGHT PEOPLE OVER THE PAST TWO HUNDRED YEARS, HAVE VENTURED INTO THAT STRANGE TOWER AND WERE NEVER AGAIN SEEN. JACK FLANDERS IS THE 9TH PERSON TO ATTEMPT SUCH A RISKY VENTURE. SO FAR HE HAS ENTERED THE TOWER TWICE AND RETURNED ONCE. SO, IT'S NOT SURPRISING THAT WE SHOULD HEAR THE FAMILIAR VOICE OF LADY JOWLS, ROBUSTLY INQUIRING -

L.JOWLS: (CALLS FROM OFF) WHERE'S JACK? (NEARING) HAS ANYONE SEEN THAT NEPHEW OF MINE?

M.EENIE: NOT I , NOT I.

L.JOWLS: WELL, I DO HOPE HE FAIRS BETTER THAN THE OTHERS.

L.FREIDA: YOU MEAN THE OTHERS THAT WENT INTO THE TOWER AND DIDN'T COME OUT?

L.JOWLS: YES, LITTLE FREIDA. I'M AFRAID WE EXPECTED MIRACLES FROM THAT YOUNG MAN. AND NOW, HE TOO MAY HAVE BEEN SWALLOWED UP WITHIN THAT CURSED TOWER.

M.EENIE: AW FOOIE!

L.JOWLS: NOW NOW, MEANIE EENIE, WE SHOULD HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR THOSE BRAVE WARRIORS THAT HAVE ATTEMPTED WHAT MAY BE THE IMPOSSIBLE.

M.EENIE: AW HOGWASH. (SHE WANDERS OFF MUMBLING TO HERSELF) WHAT MAY BE THE IMPOSSIBLE - BULL.

L.FREIDA: CHEER UP, LADY JOWLS, I'M CERTAIN WE'LL HEAR FROM JACK SOON.

L.JOWLS: I ONLY WISH I HAD AS MUCH FAITH AS YOU, MY DEAR...I SOMETIMES WONDER IF IT REALLY HAS BEEN WORTH IT.

L.FREIDA: DO YOU THINK THERE WAS A CHOICE?

L.JOWLS: I DON'T KNOW, SOMETIMES IT'S ALL SO CLEAR, AND OTHERTIMES - IT'S MOVING BLINDLY, AS THOUGH BY HABIT. I SOMETIMES ALMOST REGRET WE EVRE STARTED.

L.FREIDA: AS THOUGH THERE WAS A CHOICE?

L.JOWLS: OH LITTLE FREIDA, YOUR HONESTY IS MERCILESS. BUT I SUPPOSE WE -

JACK: (CALLING OFF) AUNTIE -

L.JOWLS: WHAT?

JACK: AUNTIE!

L.JOWLS: WHY,IT'S JACK - BUT WHERE?

L.FREIDA: OVER THERE, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GARDEN.

L.JOWLS: WHERE? - OH MY GOODNESS. HE LOOKS TERRIBLE. (CALLS) JACK, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

JACK: (OFF AND NEARING) I'M ALRIGHT AUNTIE, REALLY I AM.

L.JOWLS: OH YOU LOOK TERRIBLE - ABSOLUTLY TERRIBLE. WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

JACK: (MOVING ON) I'VE HAD SOME ROUGH ADVENTURES.

L.JOWLS: APPERENTLY.

3 WED X

L.FREIDA: YOU'RE ALRIGHT , JACK?

JACK: YES, A LITTLE TIRED,BUT I'M FINE.

L.JOWLS: YOUR CLOTHES ARE IN SHREDS - YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'VE BEEN CRAWLING ACROSS THE GIBI DESERT ON YOUR BELLY.

JACK: THERE WERE A FEW CLOSE MOMENTS, BUT I MUST ASK YOU AUNTIE, HAVE YOU SEEN THE MADONNA VAMPYRA?

L.JOWLS: I DON'T KNOW - I - YOU HAVE SUCH A SRANGE EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE. WHY? WHAT HAS SHE DONE THIS TIME?

JACK: I WENT TO A LAND CALLED "THE LAND OF THE LOTUS JUKE BOX". THE CITY WAS EMPTY. BUT INSIDE A PALACE, STRECHED OUT, WAS THE MADONNA VAMPYRA. SHE WAS DEAD.

L.JOWLS: HOW CAN THAT BE? (GASPS)

L.FREDIA: I DON'T UNDERSTAND?

JACK: I DON'T UNDERSTAND EITHER. I DON'T KNOW. I'M SO TIRED I CAN'T THINK ANYMORE.

L.JOWLS: PLEASE, SIT DOWN. SIT DOWN HERE.

L.FREIDA: I'LL MASSAGE YUOR NECK AND SHOULDERS.

JACK: MMMMM -AAGH - AHH - THAT FEELS GOOD.

L.JOWLS: WHY?...WHERE DID YOU GET THAT PITH HELMET?

JACK: I FOUND IT...IT WAS SITTING ON A HUMAN SKULL.

L.JOWLS: OH NO. COULD IT HAVE BEEN POOR HENRY'S?

JACK: YOU CAN SEE -HERE - THERE'S INITIALS S.H.J.

L.JOWLS: SIR. HENRY JOWLS. SO, HE IS GONE, ALAS, DEPARTED.

4 WED X

JACK: MAYBE NOT.

L.FREIDA: (EXCITED) YOU MEAN HE MAY STILL BE ALIVE?

JACK: OUCH -EASY.

L.FREIDA: SORRY.

L.JOWLS: SPEAK UP, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

JACK: WITHIN THAT PALACE IN THE LOTUS LAND I SPOKE OF, THERE WAS A JUKE BOX.

L.JOWLS: AH, YESSSS.

JACK: (OBSERVING HER REACTION) YOU KNOW OF THAT JUKE BOX?

L.JOWLS: (RECOVERING) WELL, AH, IT WAS OBVIOUSLY THE BOX THAT PLAYS THAT OLD ROCK AND ROLL WE'VE BEEN HEARING.

JACK: THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT AT FIRST, BUT WHEN I PLACED A NICKEL IN THE JUKE BOX, I PUSHED THE BUTTON A1 AND THE MUSIC BEGAN TO PLAY. THEN SUDDENLY THE DESERTED CITY EXPLODED INTO LIFE. THERE WERE PEOPLE IN THE STREETS, VOICES LAUGHING IT WAS TOTALLY ALIVE. AND THEN I SAW HIM - THE SAME AS THE PAINTING OVER THE FIREPLACE, LARGE, RUGGED, WEATHERED, BUSHY MUSTACHE, MOVING THROUGH THE CROWD. I RUSHED AFTER HIM AND JUST AS I GOT TO HIM, THE MUSIC STOPPED AND THE PEOPLE FADED AWAY. SO AGAIN I PLACED A NICKEL IN THE JUKE BOX, PUSHED A1, AND AGAIN THE CITY SPRANG TO LIFE, AND AGAIN JUST AS I REACHED HIM, THE MUSIC STOPPED.

L.JOWLS: OH, THAT WAS TOO BAD.

JACK: THEN I REALIZED, HAD I PUSHED A2, I MIGHT HAVE REACHED HIM.

5 WED X

L.FREDIA: WHAT A STRANGE JUKE BOX.

L.JOWLS: BUT YOU DID SEE HIM, AND HE IS ALIVE, I'M CERTAIN. (MOVING OFF)
I MUST TELL THE OTHERS, THEY;LL BE SO EXCITED. (CALLING)
JIVES! JIVES! MY MEGAPHONE, QUICKLY NOW.

JACK: THAT'S STRANGE.

L.FRIEDA: WHAT IS?

JACK: WHEN I MENTIONED THE LOTUS JUKE BOX, THE WAY SHE WENT _
"AHHHH" - AS THOUGH SHE ALREADY KNEW ABOUT IT. (TO HIMSELF)
VERY INTERESTING.

(MUSIC UP)

1 THUR. X

NARR: AND NOW WE RETRUN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE
4TH TOWER OF INVERNESS.
DARKNESS HAS DESCENDED UPON THE SILENT HILLS OF INVERNESS.
AN OWL SITS & CHUCKLES FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE SURROUNDING
WOODS.
JACK FLANDERS HAS ONCE AGAIN RETURNED FROM THE MYSTERIOUS
4TH TOWER. HIS CLOTHES WERE IN SHREDS AFTER HIS LAST
TEDIOUS ADVENTURE TO THE LORD OF THE LOTUS JUTE BOX. NOW
AFTER BATHING & RESTING HE SITS IN HIS ROOM, THINKING ...
OUT LOUD.

JACK: IN SEEMS WITH ALL THAT I'VE GONE THROUGH I UNDERSTAND LESS
AND LESS. EVERYONE HERE KNOWS MORE THAN THEY'RE WILLING
TO TELL. YET, ITS NOT AS THOUGH PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO TALK -
NO, IT'S MORE LIKE A CONSPIRACY I THINK. BUT THEY DON'T
EVEN APPEAR TOGETHER ENOUGH TO PULL OFF A GOOD CONSPIRACY.
I CAN NEVER BE CERTAIN WHETHER SOMEONE IS ACTUALLY TRYING
TO KILL ME, OR ACTING AS THOUGH THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME.
ILLUSION? REALITY? WELL, I'VE CERTAINLY LEARNED ONE THING..
.. ALWAYS PRESENT A MOVING TARGET.

(SFX: RAPPING AT DOOR)

L. FREIDA: JACK? JACK?

JACK: COME ON IN, LITTLE FREIDA.
(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

L. FREIDA: (ENTERING) I DIDN'T MEAN TO DISTURB YOU- BUT I SENSED YOU
WERE AWAKE.

JACK: YEAH, I WAS JUST SITTING HERE THINKING, THAT'S ALL.

L. FREIDA: YOU KNOW, I FINALLY ASKED MEANIE EENIE ABOUT RIDING HER
5 SPEED ITALIAN PEDAL MASTER INTO THE DRAGON'S CAVE.

2 THUR. X

JACK: THAT DRAGON! THERE'S A PIECE TO THE PUZZLE THAT JUST DOESN'T FIT IN ANYWHERE.

L. FREIDA: MEANIE EENIE SAID THAT SHE HID IN ONE OF THE SIDE PASSWAYS AND THE DRAGON JUST STOMPED RIGHT ON PAST HER-

JACK: BUT IF THAT WERE SO-

L. FREIDA: THEN SHE SAID SHE WAITED UNTIL IT RETURNED BEFORE SHE RODE ON OUT OF THERE.

JACK: WELL, I GUESS THAT EXPLAINS HOW HER TIRE TRACKS RODE OVER HIS PAW PRINTS- (FRUSTRATED) DARN IT, EVERY DAY I UNDERSTAND LESS & LESS.

L. FREIDA: HERE, PUT ON YOUR BOOTS, LET'S GO FOR A WALK.

JACK: I'M GETTING SICK OF THIS WHOLE MESS. NO ONE WILL TELL ME ANYTHING. I'M BEING USED TOTALLY AND I'M SICK OF IT.

L. FREIDA: HERE, PUT ON YOUR BOOTS.

JACK: (ALMOST YELLING) NO, I DON'T WANT TO PUT ON MY BOOTS! THE HELL WITH IT! (FLINGS ONE ACROSS THE ROOM, IT HITS A PANEL)

(SFX: HOLLOW BANG)

(SILENCE) WAIT A MOMENT, DID YOU HEAR THAT SOUND?

L. FREIDA: YEP.

JACK: I'LL TRY IT AGAIN- NO I DON'T WANT TO PUT ON MY BOOTS! THE HELL WITH IT. (FLINGS SECOND BOOT ACROSS ROOM, HITS PANEL)

(SFX: HOLLOW BANG)

AH HA! HEAR THAT? THE WALL IS HOLLOW.

3 THUR. X

L. FREIDA: BUT YOU KNOW THAT THE WALLS IN INVERNESS ARE HOLLOW.

JACK: (OFF) BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT THERE WAS A (MOVES PANEL)
UMPH - SLIDING PANEL THAT CONCEALS A PASSAGEWAY THAT
LEADS DIRECTLY INTO MY BEDROOM.

L. FREIDA: WOWIE ZOWIE, YOU'RE RIGHT.

JACK: (VOICE SLIGHT ECHO) COME ON, LET'S SEE WHERE IT LEADS TO.

L. FREIDA: IT SURE IS DARK. MAYBE I CAN HELP.

JACK: GOOD GRIEF, THERE'S - BEAMS OF LIGHT COMING OUT OF YOUR EYES.

L. FREIDA: YEP, YOU CAN DO LOTS OF THINGS WITHOUT PUPILS IN YOUR EYES.

JACK: THAT'S INCREDIBLE, ITS LIKE TWO LITTLE FLASHLIGHTS.
HOW DO YOU DO IT?

L. FREIDA: I JUST MAKE MY HEAD FULL OF LIGHT.

JACK: FANTASTIC.

L. FREIDA: WATCH, ILL CROSS MY EYES.

JACK: REMARKABLE. YOU CAN SCAN BACK AND FORTH WITHOUT MOVING
YOUR HEAD.

L. FREIDA: I THINK WE'RE GOING DOWN INTO THE CELLAR.

JACK: LOOKS THAT WAY ... IN FACT, IT MAY LEAD DIRECTLY INTO
DR. MAZoola'S LABORATORY.

L. FREIDA: I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

4 THUR. X

JACK: WE'VE COME TO A DEAD END. HUM- I THINK ITS LOCKED FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

L.FREIDA: THAT'S NO PROBLEM, THERE ARE NO LOCKS MY MIND CAN'T OPEN.

JACK: (OFF) WAIT A MOMENT, SHINE YOUR EYES OVER HERE - LOOK, STEPS THAT GO EVEN DEEPER INTO THE EARTH.

L.FREIDA: I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THESE BEFORE.

JACK: WELL, EITHER WE'RE GOING TO CLEAR UP SOME OF THE WEIRD THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN HAPINING, (MOVING OFF) ~~OR~~, ITS JUST GOING TO BE MORE CONFUSING THAN EVER.

(PAUSE)

L. FREIDA: WE SEEM TO BE GOING DOWN REALLY DEEP INTO THE CENTER OF THE MOUNTAIN.

JACK: DO YOU THINK THAT DR. MAZoola IS CONNECTED WITH THIS IN SOME WAY?

L.FREIDA: YEP.

JACK: WELL, IT SEEMS TO BE LEVELING OFF HERE - NOW LET'S SEE - WILL YOU SHINE YOUR EYES OVER - WHEW, THAT'S SOME DOOR.

L.FREIDA: LOOKS AWFULLY HEAVY.

JACK: (TAPPING) MUST BE MADE OF CAST IRON. (TRIES LATCH) IT'S LOCKED.

L.FREIDA: I CAN PICK IT ... WATCH. (HUMS TO HERSELF)
(SFX: CLINK, OPENS)
THERE.

JACK: EXCELLENT. HOW DO YOU DO THAT?

5 THUR. X

L.FREIDA: I JUST GO INTO THE LOCK WITH MY MIND, AND CHECK IT OUT AND
MOVE THE RIGHT MECHANISM.

JACK: LITTLE FREIDA, YOU NEVER CEASE TO AMAZE ME. SHALL WE ENTER?

L.FREIDA: AFTER YOU.

(SFX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN. LABORATORY SOUNDS
BIG SWEEPING ONES)

JACK: (VOICE ECHOING) MY GOD, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS LABORATORY.

L.FREIDA: IT SURE IS BIG, ALRIGHT.

JACK: (MOVING OFF) THERE'S A CAGE OVER HERE THAT'S BIG ENOUGH
FOR A FAMILY OF ELEPHANTS.

L.FREIDA: OR ONE LARGE DRAGON.

JACK: RIGHT - OR A DRAGON.

L.FREIDA: (CALLING FROM OFF) JACK, LOOK AT THIS OLD BOOK.

JACK: (MOVING CLOSE ON) LET ME SEE - (READS OUT LOUD)
"GUARDED SECRETS OF THE ALCHEMISTS" IT CERTAINLY IS OLD
ALRIGHT.
(SFX: SLIPPING PAGES)

L.FREIDA: THERE'S A BOOK MARK.

JACK: SO I SEE - HELLO, LOOK AT THIS CHAPTER WHERE THE MARK
HAS BEEN PLACED.

L.FREIDA: LETS SEE -

JACK: (READS) THE CHAPTERS ENTITLED - "FOR THE SUCCESSFUL EXTRACTION
OF DRAGONS WITHIN YE"

(MUSIC UP)

1 FRI. X

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

LITTLE FREIDA AND JACK FLANDERS HAVE DISCOVERED AN UNKNOWN PASSAGE-WAY THAT LED FROM JACK'S ROOM DIRECTLY TO THE LABATORY OF DR. MAZOOOLA. WHILE EXAMINING THIS PASSAGE, THEY DISCOVERED STEPS LEADING DOWNWARDS, DEEP INTO THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN, AND ENDING AT A VAST UNDERGROUND LABORATORY.

(SFX: LAB SOUNDS)

(LAST PART OF THURSDAY)

L. FREIDA: WHAT DOES IT SAY?

JACK: (READS) "WHILE MOST INTERPRETERS OF THE APOCALYPSE CONSIDER THE VARIOUS BEASTS DESCRIBED THEREIN AS TYPICAL OF EVIL AGENCIES, THIS VIEWPOINT IS THE INEVITABLE RESULT OF UNFAMILIARITY WITH THE ANCIENT DOCTRINES FROM WHICH THE SYMBOLISM IS DERIVED. BECAUSE RELIGIOUS ASCETICS LOOKED UPON THE UNIVERSE ITSELF AS AN EVIL AND ENSARING FABRICATION, THEY ALSO CAME TO REGARD ITS VERY CREATOR AS A WEAVER OF DELUSIONS....HUMPH.

THUS THE DRAGON OF COSMIC POWER CAME TO BE PERSONIFIED AS A BEAST OF HORROR AND DESTRUCTION, SEEKING TO SWALLOW UP THE IMMORTAL PART OF HUMAN NATURE."

(TO L. FREIDA)

AS FAR AS I CAN FIGURE IT, IT'S DR. MAZOOOLA'S DRAGON ALRIGHT.

L. FREIDA: YEP, IT SURE IS.

JACK: APPARENTLY, DR. MAZOOOLA WAS ATTEMPTING TO MANIFEST THAT PART OF HIMSELF THAT LAY BURIED DEEP WITHIN THE DARK CORRIDORS OF MAN.

L. FREIDA: AND HE SUCCEEDED.

JACK: THE SYMBOL BECAME A PHYSICAL CREATION.
YES, LITTLE FREIDA, THE POWER AND ENERGY OF A SYMBOL, IS SOMETHING WE HAVE YET TO FULLY GRASP.

2 FRI. X

L. FREIDA: BUT IT KINDA LOOKS LIKE DR. MAZOOOLA'S DRAGON HAS GOTTEN OUT OF HAND.

JACK: I'M AFRAID SO. IN FACT, IF HE'S NOT CAREFUL, IT'S THAT VERY SYMBOL THAT MAY DESTROY HIM.

L. FREIDA: I'VE HEART STORIES OF MYTHOLOGICAL BEASTS THAT HAVE EXISTED ON OTHER PLANES AND IN THE PAST THEY VISITED THIS PLANET.

JACK: FROM WHAT I CAN PUT TOGETHER AT THE MOMENT, THESE BEINGS THAT EXIST ON OTHER PLANES HAVE A DIRECT INFLUENCE UPON US, RELEASING INFORMATION, INVERTIONS, AND SO ON WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT. SUCH AS AN AUTHOR WHO SAYS, IT'S AS THOUGH I DIDN'T WRITE THIS, IT JUST CAME THROUGH ME. AS SOMEONE ONCE SAID, IT'S LIKE HAVING YOUR FINGERS PLUGGED INTO THE SKY.

L. FREIDA: HOW ARE WE GOING TO HELP DR. MAZOOOLA?

JACK: I GUESS THE BEST THING IS TO TALK TO HIM AND OFFER OUR HELP. (MOVING OFF) HE HAS THE MOST INCREDIBLE EQUIPMENT. LOOK AT THIS WEIRD OLD MACHINE, WHAT DO YOU THINK IT DOES?

L. FREIDA: WAIT, I'LL SEE.....(PAUSE) (SLOWLY) IT ALSO MANIFESTS SYMBOLS FROM DR. MAZOOOLA.

JACK: REALLY? MORE CREATURES?

L. FREIDA: (SLOWLY) YES - HOOVED CREATURES - CREATURES THAT SOMETIMES STAND ON THEIR HIND LEGS AND AT TIMES RUN ON ALL FOURS - (GASPS)

JACK: WHAT DO YOU SEE?

L. FREIDA: A HORRIBLE CREATURE - LIKE A GIANT SPIDER AND ARMS LIKE SPAGETTI.

3 FRI. X

JACK: YES, THE SPAGETTI ARMED SPIDER WITH THE WOMAN'S HEAD.

L. FREIDA: (COMING OUT OF IT) WHEW, DR. MAZOOOLA HAS A LOT IN HIM.

JACK: WE ALL HAVE. IT'S A MATTER OF WHETHER WE CARE TO CULTIVATE IT OR NOT. DR. MAZOOOLA'S AN ALCHEMIST AND IS LIABLE TO TRY MOST ANYTHING BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS.

L. FREIDA: (OFF) LOOK AT THIS DOOR OVER HERE.

JACK: (MOVING OFF) HMM, HE CERTAINLY HAS ENOUGH LOCKS AND CHAINS AND BOLTS ON THE THING.

(SFX: CHAINS AND LOCKS OPENING)

YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN IT?

L. FREIDA: YEP, I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

SEE?

JACK: A TUNNEL? RIGHT THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN.... NO, IT'S NATURAL - IT'S PART OF A NATURAL CAVE.

L. FREIDA: DO YOU WANT TO INVESTIGATE?

JACK: YEAH, BUT LET'S LEAVE THAT DOOR OPEN, JUST IN CASE.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

IT LEADS UPWARDS.

L. FREIDA: DO YOU KNOW WHO'S HEAD THAT SPIDER WAS WEARING?

JACK: NO, IT WAS UNFAMILIAR TO ME.

L. FREIDA: IT WAS HIS WIFE.

JACK: REALLY? I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD ONE?

L. FRIEDA: THEY DIDN'T GET ALONG. SHE FINALLY LEFT HIM.

4 FRI. X

JACK: SO - WITH A TWIST OF THE IMAGINATION DR. MAZoola IS ABLE
TO MANIFEST PARTS OF PEOPLE HE'S KNOWN IN THE PAST.....
WHY HE COULD EVEN.....(PAUSE) HMMM.

L. FREIDA: YES?

JACK: HE COULD EVEN POSSIBLY - CREATE EVERY PERSON HERE IN IN-
VERNESS..... COULDN'T HE? LITTLE FREIDA? LITTLE FREIDA?
SHE'S GONE. VANISHED.

(MUSIC UP)

1 MON XI

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

LITTLE FREIDA AND JACK FLANDERS HAVE DISCOVERED DR. MAZoola'S SECRET LABORATORY HIDDEN DEEP WITHIN THE HEART OF THE INVERNESS MOUNTAIN. THEY FOUND STRANGE, OLD MACHINES WITHIN THIS LABO - RATORY, IN FACT, IT WAS LIKE STEPPING INTO A MEUSEUM OF ALCHEMY. LITTLE FRIEDA USED HER UNIQUE POWERS OF THE MIND TO GO INTO THE MACHINES TO DISCOVER WHAT THEY WERE USED FOR.

SHE DISCOVERED THAT DR. MAZoola COULD REACH INTO THOSE DARK HIDDEN PASSAGEWAYS IN MAN AND NOT ONLY UNCOVER HIS ANCIENT SYMBOLS BUT ALSO, GIVE THESE SYMBOLS A PHISICAL EXISTENCE! SO - IT APPEARS THAT DR. MAZoola'S DRAGON IS, IN REALITY - DR. MAZoola'S DRAGON!

AS WE LOOK IN BENEATH THE SURFACE OF INVERNESS, WE FIND JACK FLANDERS STANDING ALONE, IN HIS NORMAL POSE OF ABSOLUTE BEWILDERMENT, ATTEMPTING TO UNDERSTAND WHY LITTLE FREIDA HAS VANISHED INTO THIN AIR ONCE AGAIN.

JACK: SOME THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE. ALL THOSE CREATURES - THAT HORRIBLE SPIDERY CREATURE IN THE MAZE, THOSE CREATURES THAT DANCED BY THE FIRE, THOSE CREATURES THAT STOOD ON THIER HIND LEGS AND THEN RAN OFF ON ALL FOURS - ALL OF THESE BEASTS COME FROM THE DEPTHS OF DR. MAZoola'S OWN BEING. JUST AS EVERY MAN HAS OGRES HE WISHES NOT TO EXPOSE, DR. MAZoola HAS CHOSEN TO DELIBERATELY REACH INSIDE HIMSELF AND BRING THEM INTO THE LIGHT. SPEAKING OF LIGHT, WITH LITTLE FREIDA GONE I CAN'T SEE A THING. I BETTER RETURN TO THE LAB. (RETRACE MY STEPS

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

SO THE ONLY PROBLEM SEEMS TO BE - HOW MANY OF THESE CREATURES HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF HAND - LIKE HIS DRAGON?

WAIT A MINUTE, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING. DR. MAZoola COULD MAIFEST A LIKENESS OF MEANIE EENIE AND THAT MIGHT EXPLAIN WHO WAS CHASING ME WITH A CLEVER. BUT WHAT WOULD BE THE MOTIVATION? I'M NO THREAT...AM I?

(SFX: GREAT ECHOED ROAR OF LAUGHTER , WHO WHO HOO HOO AHH
HAA HAA HHAA)

HOLY TOLEDO! WHAT'S THAT?

(MORE LAUGHTER)

2 MONXI

NARR: SUDDENLY FEAR, LIKE HE'S NEVER FELT BEFORE, GRIPS JACK FLANDERS. HIS HAIR STANDS STRAIGHT UP ON END!

(SFX:MORE LAUGHTER)

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE INVERNESS MANSION....

L.JOWLS: WHY DR MAZoola WHAT'S WRONG?

MAZ: WHAT? OH -AAA

L.JOWLS: YOU JUMPED.

MAZ: I DID?

L.JOWLS: YES, YOU DID.

MAZ: I MUST'VE DOZED OFF FOR A SECOND.

L.JOWLS: REALLY? BUT TELL ME DR. MAZoola, JUST WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT YOUR DRAGON?

MAZ: PUT HIM BACK WHERE HE COME FROM.

L.JOWLS: BUT HE'S GROWN ENORMOUS.

MAZ: IT THOSE VIBRATIONS FROM THAT TEMPLE - THE CAVE DRAWS THEM IN AND HE FEEDS OFF THEM AND GETS FATTER BY THE DAY.

L.JOWLS: THEN I SHOULD THINK YOU SHOULD DO SOMETHING AND DO IT QUICKLY.

MAZ: (RUBBING HIS HANDS) I'LL GET THEM THIS TIME. AT THE FAR END OF HIS CAVE, NEAR THE MAIN LABORATORY'S BACK DOOR, I'VE INSTALLED AN ALARM SYSTEM WHEN HE GETS NEAR ENOUGH, THE ONE WAY BEAM WILL BE BROKEN, AND THE CAVE THEN BECOMES LIKE A GIANT HELL HOLE OF ~~ME~~ WHALLOPING ENORMOUS SPEAKER FILLED WITH INSANE LAUGHTER. HA HA. THE DRAGON CAN'T STAND BEING LAUGHED AT AND WILL RUSH TO THE SOURCE. THAT'S WHEN I TURN ALL THE POWER ON HIM.

L.JOWLS: YOU FEEL THAT WILL DO THE TRICK?

MAZ: WHO KNOWS? IF NOT, WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM.

(SFX: TINGE TINGE)

MAZ: HARK! MY VEST POCKET ALARM ANNOUNCES THE ARRIVAL OF THE DRAGON.
(MOVING)OFF) I'VE GOT HIM THIS TIME! HA HA! BARBEQUE DRAGON
BURGERS TONITE.

L.JOWLS: (CALLING AFTER) PLEASE DO BE CAREFUL, DR. MAZoola.

NARR: MEANWHILE BACK AT THE TUNNEL
(SFX: LAUGHTER)

JACK: I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT LAUGHTER DRIVES ME MAD.
...AHH, THERE'S THE LAB DOOR UP AHEAD, I SHULD BE ABLE TO -
(SFX: SLAMS)

MY GOD, THE DOOR JUST SLAMMED SHUT. IT'S BOLTED. I'M STUCK OUT
HERE. (SFX: ROAR APPROACHING) WHAT'S THAT? THE DRAGON - IT'S
COMING.

(SFX: BANGS ON DOOR)

LET ME IN, LET ME IN...OH LORD, NO ONE CAN HEAR ME WITH ALL THIS
RACKET.

(SFX: MACHINE STARTING)

NOW WHAT, SOME KIND OF MACHINE.

(SRX: ELECTRIC ZITS)

AAAAA -OUCH - YIKES - WHAT'S GOIN ON?

NARR: AND INSIDE THE LABORATORY, DR. MAZoola ARRIVES.

MAZ: AH HA, I'VE GOT 'EM THIS TIME. EVERYTHING WAS SET ON AUTOMATIC-
all that it took was for the invisible beam to be broken....
NOW, I'LL CRANK UP THE GAIN TO FULL INTENSITY. THAT OUGHT TO
WHITHER 'EM DOWN TO SIZE.
(SFX: INCREASED GAIN)
YES -YES- VERY GOOD.

L.FREIDA: (MOVING ON) DR. MAZoola! DR MAZoola! STOP! JACKS CAUGHT IN THAT
TUNNEL WITH THE DRAGON.

DR. MAZ: OH SHOOT! JUST AS I WAS - WHERE ARE YOU?

4 MONIX

L.FREIDA: O'VE DISOLVED AGAIN - BUT HURRY DR MAZOOOLA, OTHERWISE JACK WILL BECOME MERELY A SYMBOL IN YOUR ^{un}CONSCIOUS.

MAZ: A DISTURBING THOUGHT, MY DEAR, MY HUMANITARIAN INSTINCTS ARE AROUSED, QUICK, PULL THAT LEVER THERE AND OPEN THE DOOR, WHILE I REVERSE THE GAIN.
(SFX: GAIN REVERSED) (DOOR OPENS)

L.FREIDA: JACK! OH, JACK, LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND.

JACK: (COUGHING AND WHEEZING) AND STAGGERING) WHAT HAND I CAN'T SEE YOU

MAZ: QUIICK, LITTLE FREIDA, CLOSE THE DOOR BEFORE THE DRAGON COM -
(SFX: ROAR)

NARR: AH HA! TOO LATE!

EVRY1: (GASPS)

NARR: IN STOMPS THE DRAGON, FURIOUS, HISSING SMOKE AND BELLOWING FIRE. DR MAZOOOLA'S MACHINES ARE RIPPED FROM THEIR BOLTS AND THROWN ACROSS THE ROOM LIKE PAPER TIGERS.

L.FREIDA: HE'D DESTROYING THE LAB DR. MAZOOOLA.

MAZ: ACCURATELY PUT, LITTLE FREIDA. BUT I'LL CUT 'EM OFF AT THE PASS -

JACK: (COUGHING) REVERSE YOUR MODULE, MAZOOOLA.

MAZ: JUST WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO DO - LET'S SEE HERE - HMM.

L.FREIDA: HERE HE COME'S - THIS IS IT. LET'S VAMOUSSE.

JACK: THERE'S NO HOLDING HIM NOW MAZOOOLA - LET'S SPLIT.

MAZ: BUT MY LAB - ALL THESE YEARS. NO, I'LL FIGHT TOTHE END - I -
(ROAR) ON SECOND THOUGH T YOUR RIGHT.

5 MON IX

MAZ: HOW DO YOU SAY THAT? FEETS DO YOUR STUFF.

(SFX: LOTS OF SFX AS DRAGON DESTROYS THE LAB)

1 TUES XI

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE
FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.
THE
DR. MAZCOOLA'S DRAGON HAS BULLIED IT'S WAY INTO ALCHEMIST'S
LARGE UNDERGROUND LABORATORY. THE DRAGON, A MANIFESTATION
OF A SYMBOL THAT HAD LAY DORMANT DEEP WITHIN THE UNCON-
SCIOUSNESS OF DR. MAZCOOLA, IS NOW IN THE PROCESS OF TOTAL-
LY DEMOLISHING HIS LAB.

(SFX: CRASH, TINKLE)

DR. MAZ: ACH DER LIEBER! ALL MY RARE OLD ALCHEMIST'S EQUIPMENT,
MY WORK, MY SECRETS, BEING SMASHED TO SMITHERINS!

JACK: STAY BACK, MAZCOOLA, THERE'S LITTLE WE CAN DO.

DR. MAZ: GIVE ME A CLUB, I'LL GIVE THAT LIZARD A WHACK ON THE
SKULL HE'LL NEVER FORGET!

L. FREIDA: WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE. THIS WHOLE THING
IS GOING TO EXPLODE ANY SECOND.

JACK: GOOD IDEA - COME ON MAZCOOLA!

DR. MAZ: SOME DRAGON YOU ARE - NAHHH, NAHHH.

L. FREIDA: QUICK, OR WE'LL ALL GO UP.

JACK: (MOVING OFF) COME ON MAZCOOLA.

DR. MAZ: ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT - (MUMBLES TO SELF ABOUT DRAGON) -DOG-
GONE, NO GOOD, BLANK, BLANK.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UP)

JACK: IS LITTLE FREIDA WITH US?

DR. MAZ: CAN'T TELL - SHE'S TOO INVISIBLE.

JACK: (CALLS) LITTLE FREIDA? (PAUSE) LITTLE FREIDA? (PAUSE)
I'M GOING BACK.

2 TUES XI

DR. MAZ: WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO LOOK FOR -? YOU CAN'T SEE HER.

JACK: (MOVING OFF) I'LL FIND HER - I'LL -
(SFX: TERRIFIC EXPLOSION)
GOOD GRIEF!

DR. MAZ: QUICK - UP THE STEPS - DON'T LET THAT STUFF GET TO YOU -

JACK: BUT - LITTLE -

DR. MAZ: COME ON, HURRY.

JACK: OKAY, OKAY. GUESS IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE NOW.

NARR: LATER THAT DAY.

L. JOWLS: (FADING ON) IS THERE NO WAY OF BEING CERTAIN ABOUT LITTLE FREIDA?

JACK: NOT UNTIL THE RADIATION SETTLES, THERE'S THE DANGER OF
OUR DISSOLVING INTO A SYMBOL.

L. JOWLS: THAT POOR CHILD. TO THINK ^{RADIATION} SHE MAY BE JUST A MEMORY.
AND HOW LONG WILL THIS UNPLEASANTRY EXIST?

JACK: IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY. DR. MAZoola IS OUT BY THE CAVE
WHERE THE TEMPLE ONCE STOOD.

L. JOWLS: THE TEMPLE...ONCE STOOD?

JACK: I GUESS THE BLAST WAS SO STRONG IT CAME ROARING OUT OF
THE CAVE AND TOOK THE TEMPLE WITH IT.

L. JOWLS: (GREAT RELEASE OF AIR) THAT ANCIENT SYMBOL OF - (ABOUT
TO SAY MORE)

JACK: AT LEAST IT DIDN'T BLOW THE MOUNTAIN APART - AND INVERNESS
TOO, FOR THAT MATTER.

3 TUES XI

L. JOWLS: OHHH- I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY - HE'S SUCH A - A -
BOGGLED BRAINED BLUNDERER! THERE'LL BE NO MORE ALCHEMY
PRACTICED ON THESE GROUNDS, BY GOD! (POUNDING THE TABLE)
JIVES! JIVES! MORE TEA!
WELL, JACK, YOUR VISIT TO INVERNESS HAS BEEN A RATHER SAD
EXPERIENCE, I'M AFRAID.

JACK: WE CAN'T BE CERTAIN ABOUT LITTLE FREIDA - PERHAPS - SOME-
HOW, SHE DID ESCAPE.

L. JOWLS: YES, GOD WILLING. BUT FOR THAT MATTER THE DRAGON MAY
HAVE ESCAPED TOO.

JACK: I DOUBT IT

L. JOWLS: AND THE MADONNA VAMPYRA - SHE IS GONE, ISN'T SHE?

JACK: I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, AUNTIE. I SAW HER BODY LYING DEAD
IN THAT LOTUS LAND. AND I SAW LORD JOWLS, ALIVE. SOME-
HOW, I'VE GOT TO GET BACK THERE - BUT HOW -? I DON'T
KNOW. IT MAKES ME WEARY TO THINK ABOUT ALL I WENT
THROUGH THE FIRST TIME I FOUND THAT LAND AND IT'S STRANGE
LOTUS JUKE BOX.

L. JOWLS: HOW SOON WILL YOU SET FORTH?

JACK: AS SOON AS I'VE REASTED, TOMORROW.

L. JOWLS: IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?

JACK: YES - I'M GOING TO NEED A LOT OF NICKELS, MAYBE A COUPLA
HUNDREDS. IT'S AN OFFERING TO THE JUKE BOX.

L. JOWLS: I'LL ASSAULT MY PIGGY BANK, IMMEDIATELY.

JIVES: TEA, LADY JOWLS, MASTER JACK, IS SERVED.
(SFX: TRAY SET DOWN)

L. JOWLS: THANK YOU, JIVES. (CALLS) OH, JIVES!

4 TUES XI

JIVES: (OFF) YES'M?

L. JOWLS: WILL YOU FETCH MY FAVORITE RAZORBACK PIGGY BANK?

JIVES: (FURTHER OFF) YES'M.

L. JOWLS: (TO JACK) WE WILL BE ABLE TO SHAKE OUT ENOUGH NICKELS, DIMES, AND QUARTERS TO EASILY SPONSOR YOUR EXPEDITION.

JACK: THERE'S ONE OTHER THING I NEED FROM YOU AUNTIE.

L. JOWLS: YES, WHAT IS THAT?

JACK: TRUTH.

L. JOWLS: TRUTH?

JACK: YES.

L. JOWLS: WELL, I CAN TELL YOU WHAT LITTLE I KNOW, BUT WHETHER THAT'S TRUTH -

JACK: THAT WILL BE FINE.

L. JOWLS: HUMPH. WELL, PERHAPS IF YOU TOLD ME WHAT YOU DO KNOW I COULD FILL IN WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW.

JACK: I KNOW ABOUT ALL OF US BEING TOGETHER IN ATLANTIS. I KNOW THAT EVERYONE, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MYSELF, HAVE FURTHERED THEIR AWARENESS EVERY INCARNATION. AND THAT WE'VE ALL KNOWN EACH OTHER IN PAST LIVES, AGAIN AND AGAIN. AND NOW I UNDERSTAND THAT BECAUSE OF DR. MAZOOOLA'S - AH - CREATIONS, I WAS ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE PRESSURES AND STRANGE MADDNESS WITH THAT FOURTH TOWER. BUT AUNTIE, WHY ALL THIS? IT'S FAR MORE THAN JUST THE TASK OF FINDING LORD JOWLS AND OUR BEING TOGETHER ONCE MORE, ISN'T IT?

5 TUES XI

JIVES: (OFF, MOVING ON) YOUR FAVORITE RAZORBACK PIGGY BANK,
LADY JOWLS.

L. JOWLS: THANK YOU, JIVES...NOW LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN SHAKE OUT
OF THIS PLUMP PLASTER PORKER.

(SFX: SHAKES)

JACK: AHH - PLEASE AUNTIE, (STOPS HER SHAKING) WOULD YOU
ANSWER MY QUESTION FIRST?

L. JOWLS: (PAUSE) NOOO. (BEGINS SHAKING AGAIN, A COIN FALL OUT)
AHH - A BUFFALO NICKEL. I JUST LOVE MONEY, DON'T YOU?
(SHAKE, SHAKE) LOOK A ROOSEVELT DIME, MY, MY.

(MUSIC UP)

1 WED XI

NARR: AND NOW, WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE LISTENED FAITHFULLY, SHOULD KNOW THAT DR. MAZoola'S DRAGON, THAT SYMBOL MANIFESTED FROM HIS UNCONSCIOUS, CAME NOT JUST FROM HIS UNCONSCIOUS BUT FROM ANOTHER PLANE OF CONSCIOUSNESS (WHICH IS THE SAME THING, OF COURSE.)

NOW THAT THE ALCHEMISTS SECRET LABORATORY HAS GONE UP IN A LOUD KABOOM! WE MAY REST EASILY FOR THE DRAGON HAS CERTAINLY GONE FOR GOOD...I THINK. HOWEVER, LITTLE FREIDA WAS IN THE LABORATORY WHEN IT EXPLODED. AND SHE TOO SEEMS TO BE GONE FOR GOOD, FOR THERE IS NO TRACE OF HER EITHER.

AND SO, AS WE LOOK IN ON THE OLD MANSION OF INVERNESS, WE SEE JACK FLANDERS, WITH A HEAVY HEART, AND TWO BAGS FILLED WITH NICKELS AND DIMES, MOVING SLOWLY THROUGH THE WALLS OF INVERNESS, MAKING HIS WAY ONCE AGAIN TOWARD THAT MYSTERIOUS FOURTH TOWER.

JACK: AS I PASS THESE PORTRAITS, GILDED FRAMES AND TAPESTRIES, IT ALL SEEMS SO LONG AGO---THE MADONNA VAMPYRA, GONE FROM INVERNESS, LYING DEAD UPON A COLD MARBLE SLAB IN THE PALACE OF THAT STRANGE LOTUS LAND. THESE HOLLOW WALLS SHE LIVED WITHIN, HER NARROW SURREAL REALM OF ENDLESS HALLWAYS...I GUESS I REALLY DID LOVE HER...IN A WAY. EVEN AFTER AUNTIE'S WARNING, SHE STILL---IT WAS ALL SO IMPOSSIBLE. FOOLISH OF ME TO FANTASIZE...SHE WOULD HAVE DEVOURED ME...PICKED HER TEETH WITH THE POINTED PARTS OF MY SOUL. STILL, HER HEART WAS GOOD. SHE KNEW COMPASSION, AND YET, THERE IT WAS, THAT DESTRUCTIVENESS. IT RAN IN HER BLOOD. I DON'T CARE TO THINK ABOUT IT ANYMORE. AH--THE MIRRORED DOOR.

NARR: ONCE AGAIN JACK ENTERS THROUGH THAT LONG MIRRORED DOOR---AND AGAIN HE LUNGES FORWARD AND DIVES THROUGH THE OVAL MIRROR THAT WAITS FURTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR---HE STANDS AT THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS, WATCHING THE CLOUDS SLOWLY DRIFTING BELOW AND THEN, TYING HIS TWO SACKS OF COINS TO HIS BELT, HE MOVES ACROSS THE ALUMINUM EXTENSION LADDER THAT BRIDGES ACROSS THE GULF AND INTO THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS!

(SFX: SOMETHING DRAMATIC)

(OUT OF THAT COMES ANGEL BABY)

JACK: THAT MUSIC ONCE AGAIN LURING ME ON. I WONDER, WILL I EVER FIND IT'S SOURCE? AND FOR WHAT PURPOSE HAVE I BEEN CHOSEN?

NARR: JACK CONTINUES UP THE STONE STEPS THAT CIRCLE HIGHER AND HIGHER INTO THE TOWER. HE STOPS AT THE FIRST DOOR, HE PRESSES HIS EAR AGAINST THE HEAVY OAK PLANKING...NO, THE MUSIC COMES FROM HIGHER UP. HE MOVES ON UP THE STEPS. HE COMES UPON A SECOND DOOR. HE STOPS AND LISTENS. NO, STILL THE MUSIC COMES FROM HIGHER UP. HE CONTINUES UP THE STEPS---HIGHER AND HIGHER AS THEY SEEM TO SPIRAL ENDLESSLY UPWARDS. BUT THIS TIME, HE'S CERTAIN THAT SOMEWHERE, BEHIND THAT DOOR THAT STANDS BEFORE HIM, LIES THE SECRET HE SO PERSERVERINGLY PURSUES.

JACK: TWICE BEFORE I'VE ENTERED THIS TOWER---AND EACH TIME I'VE ENTERED A DIFFERENT DOOR AND DISCOVERED A STRANGE WORLD. AND NOW, WHAT AWAITS ME BEHIND THIS THIRD DOOR?

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

(MUSIC OF SOME SORT)

SPACE! (PAUSE) CLOUDS DRIFTING BY. I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

NARR: BUT AS JACK STANDS THERE IN THAT DOORWAY THAT BRIDGES INTO NOTHINGNESS, FORMS BEGIN TO TAKE SHAPE. HE SEES THE FAINT OUTLINE OF MOUNTAINS OFF IN THE DISTANCE, AND THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HE NOTICES A ROPE LADDER FASTENED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE DOOR FRAME. HE CHECKS OUT THE KNOTS, CONCLUDES THAT IT'S SAFE, AND BEGINS THE LONG CLIMB DOWN.

JACK: THIS IS SURE WEIRD---HANGING ON THIS RIDICULOUS ROPE CONTRAPTION. I'M GOING TO BE MIGHTLY DISAPPOINTED IF IT ENDS IN MID-AIR.

3 WED XI

NARR: HE CONTINUES DOWN, WATCHING THE RECTANGULAR DOORWAY, SUSPENDED IN SPACE, BECOMING SMALLER AND SMALLER AS HE DESCENDS.

(MUSIC)

FINALLY HE CAN SEE A FAINT GREEN BELOW HIM AND AS HE CONTINUES DOWNWARD, THE GREEN BEGINS TO SHAPE ITSELF INTO THICK VEGETATION---TREES BEGIN TO PROTRUDE FROM THE TANGLED MASS, LONG ROUND BRANCHES THAT LOOK LIKE SNAKES, WEAVE IN AND OUT SLITHERING THROUGH THICK LEAVES AND VINES. IT'S A STRANGE JUNGLE THAT JACK HAS DESCENDED UPON.

(SFX: JUNGLE SOUNDS)

JACK: HMMMM---THERE'S A LOT OF VINES. LOOKS LIKE I SHOULD BE ABLE TO USE THE OLD TARZAN MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION...LET'S SEE, THIS ONE SEEMS PLENTY STRONG---I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.

(SWINGS AND GIVES TARZAN CALL)

(BREATHLESS) AHHHH---FANTASTIC. I'LL TRY ANOTHER

(SWINGS AND GIVES LOUDER TARZAN CALL)

(BREATHLESS) WELL---THAT'S SOME WAY TO TRAVEL---HERE I GO AGAIN!

(SWINGS AND GIVES GREAT TARZAN CALL, ONLY THE VINE BREAKS AND HE GOES DOWN, CALL AND ALL)

(SFX: CRUMCRP)

JACK: OOOFF! WELL, SO MUCH FOR THAT. BOY, THIS VEGETATION IS THICK. (SNIFFS) WHEW, THOSE GIANT FLOWERS GIVE OFF ENOUGH PERFUME TO KNOCK ONE SENSELESS. I BETTER GET MOVING---BUT IN WHICH DIRECTION? HMMM, GOOD QUESTION.

(ANGEL BABY-FAINT)

AHH YES---IN THAT DIRECTION.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

NARR: JACK STARTS OFF, FOLLOWING THE SOUND OF THE MUSIC. BUT AS HE CONTINUES, THE MUSIC BEGINS TO FADE.

JACK: STRANGE, I'M POSITIVE I'VE BEEN GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION... BUT NOW I CAN HARDLY HEAR IT. WHAT'S THIS? A PATH? A VERY SMALL PATH---BUT IT'S SOMETHING TO FOLLOW.

NARR: HE CONTINUES...THE VEGETATION BECOMES LESS DENSE, PATCHES OF SKY AND SUNLIGHT CAN BE SEEN THROUGH THE LACEWORK BRANCHES ABOVE HIS HEAD. THE PATH WIDENS INTO A SMALL GRAVEL ROAD AND HE CONTINUES. THEN HE STOPS, SUDDENLY, FOR THERE BEFORE HIM, RISING OUT OF THE STEAMING JUNGLE, IS A CITY! BUT NOT LIKE ANY CITY JACK HAS EVER SEEN. THE WALLS SURROUNDING THE CITY GLEAM AND SPARKLE IN THE SUN AS THOUGH THE TILE WERE SET WITH PRECIOUS GEMS. WHILE THE MOSAIC TILE ITSELF APPEARS ALMOST ARABIC, WITH STRANGE, HAUNTING DESIGNS. AND ABOVE, BEYOND THE WALLS, THE TOPS OF THE TOWERS FLASH LIKE PURE GOLD IN THE SUN. JACK SITS DOWN RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

JACK: (BEWILDERED) BUT---THIS IS LIKE A CITY OUT OF MY CHILDHOOD DREAMS.

(MUSIC UP)

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THAT THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. JACK FLANDERS, FOR THE THIRD TIME, HAS ENTERED THAT MYSTERIOUS FOURTH TOWER. THE SOFT EERIE MUSIC FROM THE 50'S HAS LURED HIM UP THE STEPS OF THE TOWER, HIGHER AND HIGHER UNTIL HE CAME UPON YET A THIRD DOOR. ONCE AGAIN THE SOURCE OF THIS MUSIC APPEARED TO BE BEHIND THIS DOOR---BUT WHEN HE OPENED IT, THERE WAS ONLY SKY AND SPACE. THEN HE SAW A ROPE LADDER---HE CLIMBED DOWN---CLIMBING FOR A LONG TIME, UNTIL HE CAME UPON A THICK JUNGLE FOREST. HE TRIED SWINGING ON VINES AS A MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION.

(FLASHBACK---TARZAN BIT)

BUT SOON HE TOOK TO WALKING. HE CAME UPON A PATH AND FOLLOWED IT. AFTER SOME DISTANCE THE PATH WIDENED INTO A SMALL GRAVEL ROAD...AND THEN SUDDENLY, THERE BEFORE HIM, RISING OUT OF THE THICK JUNGLE VEGETATION, WAS A CITY! THE WALLS SURROUNDING THE CITY GLEAMED AND SPARKLED IN THE SUN AS THOUGH THE TILE WERE SET WITH JEWELS, WHILE THE MOSAIC TILE ITSELF APPEARED ALMOST ARABIC, WITH STRANGE HAUNTING DESIGNS. AND ABOVE, BEYOND THE WALLS, THE TOPS OF THE TOWERS FLASHED LIKE GOLD IN THE SUN.

JACK: IT'S LIKE A CITY OUT OF MY CHILDHOOD DREAMS.

NARR: JACK CAUTIOUSLY APPROCHED THE CITY, HALF EXPECTING THE WALLS AND TOWERS TO VANISH OR TO CHANGE INTO SOMETHING THREATENING. BUT AS HE CONTINUED EVERYTHING REMAINED...THOUGH DEATHLY STILL.

JACK: THERE'S A FEELING ABOUT THIS PLACE THAT REMINDS ME OF THAT LOTUS LAND. IT'S AS THOUGH THERE'S NO ONE LIVING IN THIS CITY.

(SFX: ECHOING FOOTSTEPS)

2 THURS XI

NARR: HE ENTERED THROUGH THE GATES AND WALKED THE NARROW WINDING STREETS. THEY WERE EMPTY.

JACK: SO---DIFFERENT THAN THE LOTUS CITY, BUT THE FEELING, THE ATMOSPHERE OF THIS CITY IS SIMILAR. IT'S AS THOUGH THE STREETS WERE FILLED WITH PEOPLE BUT I EXIST ON A LEVEL WHERE I'M UNABLE TO SEE OR HEAR THEM.

NARR: JACK CONTINUES TO ROAM THE CITY---THROUGH THE EMPTY MARKET PLACE---ACROSS THE SILENT SQUARES, INTO THE TINY PARKS--- THERE'S NO ONE TO BE SEEN. FINALLY, HE LEAVES. CROSSING THE CITY, HE LEAVES THROUGH THE BACK GATES AND CONTINUES DOWN THE ROAD. AND THEN SOMETHING HAPPENS. THE ROAD CROSSES OVER A NARROW STREAM---

(SFX: WATER STREAM)

NEAR THE STREAM, ALONGSIDE THE ROAD, IS A HOUSE---A VERY SMALL BUILDING, PERHAPS ONLY ONE ROOM, BUT AS JACK NEARS HE HEARS THE SOUND OF SOMEONE HUMMING SOFTLY TO THEMSELVES.

(SFX: WIND CHIMES)

JACK: WHAT? GOOD GRIEF, I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE HERE.

NARR: THE DOOR WAS OPEN---JACK ENTERED.
SEATED AT A TABLE IS A YOUNG BOY. UPON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM, ARE SHEETS OF PAPER. THE BOY HOLDS A PEN, A LANGUAGE JACK HAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE IS BEING WRITTEN UPON THE PAPER. THE BOY LOOKS UP FOR JUST A MOMENT, LOOKING JACK FULL IN THE EYES, THEN HE RETURNS TO HIS SLOW, METICULOUS WRITING.

(SFX:WRITING)

JACK: EXCUSE ME, THIS REALM IS FOREIGN TO ME. CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I AM?

3 THURS XI

(SILENCE---JUST THE SOUND OF WRITING)

JACK: WELL, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE ALL THE PEOPLE HAVE GONE?

(SILENCE)

WELL, (LETS OUT AIR, A LITTLE EXASPERATED) WHERE DOES THIS ROAD LEAD?

(SILENCE)

CAN YOU HEAR ME? CAN YOU SPEAK?

NARR: THE BOY LOOKED UP AND HE SMILED. WITH HALF CLOSED EYES HE SMILED A SMALL, GENTLE SMILE---AND FROM ACROSS THAT SHORT DISTANCE JACK WAS STRUCK WITH A WARMTH, AN ENERGY THAT RADIATED FROM THAT SMILE AND SHOWERED JACK AS THOUGH A GOLDEN SUN HAD JUST FLASHED IT'S RAYS DEEP INTO HIS SOUL. AND THEN THE BOY SPOKE...

BOY: I'M WRITING MY HISTORY. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO READ OR WRITE.

JACK: BUT---HOW CAN YOU WRITE IF ^FYOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO WRITE---OR READ?

NARR: AND ONCE AGAIN THE BOY LOOKED JACK FULL IN THE EYES AND SMILED. FOR AN INSTANT THE WHOLE ROOM SEEMED TO BE FILLED WITH THE BRILLANCE OF HIS SMILE. AND THEN HE WAS WRITING ONCE MORE.

(SFX: WRITING)

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) HE'S WRITING HIS HISTORY AND HE CAN'T READ OR WRITE. THIS BOY IS QUITE MAD.

NARR: AND SO JACK TAKES HIS LEAVE, RETURNING TO THE SILENT CITY.

JACK: JUST MY LUCK ONE PERSON IN THIS WHOLE WEIRD PLACE AND HE'S OFF HIS NUT. THE ONLY THING I CAN THINK OF NOW, IS TO SEARCH OUT THESE BUILDINGS AND SEE IF THERE'S A JUKE BOX SOMEWHERE. THAT'S THE KEY.

NARR: ALL THAT DAY AND INTO THE EVENING HE EXPLORED THE HOUSES, MANGERS, TEMPLES, AND WAS AWED BY THE IMAGINATIVE DESIGNS AND INTRICATE CRAFTSMANSHIP. BUT--NO JUKE BOX. AND AS THE SKY TURNED ROSE AND THEN DARK LAVENDER AND THE SHADOWS CREPT LONG ACROSS THE CITY, JACK RETURNED BACK TO THAT SMALL BUILDING OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THAT EERIE CITY. AND HE SAT THERE, WATCHING THE MAD BOY SILENTLY WRITING HIS HISTORY, WHILE THE WIND CHIMES SOFTLY MOVED IN THE EVENING BREEZE.

(SFX: WIND CHIMES)

A PEACEFULNESS COMES UPON HIM. THE SORT OF PEACEFULNESS THAT HAPPENS SO RARELY IN ONE LIFETIME. A DEEP LOVE FILLS HIS HEART, HE WATCHES THE EYES OF THAT MAD BOY AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE UNDERSTANDS THE WORD--COMPASSION-- LOVE WITHOUT ATTACHMENT---NOT ASKING FOR ANYTHING IN RETURN, SIMPLY GIVING OUT OF PURE LOVE.

JACK FEELS THAT HE COULD SIT THERE FOREVER IN THAT SILENCE, A SILENCE SO THICK, IT SEEMS AS THOUGH IT COULD BE SLICED OPEN WITH A SWORD---AND ONCE OPENED, THE INSIDE WOULD REVEAL ALL THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE.

(MUSIC UP)

1 FRI XI

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

JACK FLANDERS IS ONCE AGAIN INSIDE THE FOURTH TOWER - WITHIN A STRANGE PLANE OF EXISTENCE. FIRST HE FOUND AN INCREDIBLE CITY, BUT IT WAS EMPTY OF PEOPLE, THEN OUTSIDE THE WALLS, ALONGSIDE A ROAD THAT LED AWAY FROM THE CITY, HE CAME UPON A SMALL BUILDING, INSIDE WAS A BOY. A STRANGE BOY WHO SAT SILENT WRITING HIS OWN HISTORY, EVEN THOUGH HE COULD NOT READ OR WRITE. JACK THOUGHT THE BOY MUST BE QUITE MAD.

(SLOW AND EASY)

BUT THERE WAS A PEACEFULNESS, A TRANQUILITY ABOUT THAT SMALL ROOM HE SAT IN...THE WIND CHIMES OUTSIDE, THE SILENT BOY, THE SOUND OF HIS QUILL. IT WAS ONE OF THOSE RARE MOMENTS WHEN ONE FEELS SO AT PEACE WITH THEMSELVES, THAT EVERYTHING IS EXACTLY AS IT SHOULD BE, AND ALL THAT IS NOT AT PEACE, IS MERE ILLUSION CHASING ILLUSION.

THEN SOMETHING CATCHES JACK'S EYE - A TINY, INTRICATE DRAWING OF A PITH HELMET. THE BOY NODS. JACK SETTLES BACK, LISTENING TO THE NIGHT SOUNDS AS DARKNESS TAKES OVER. THE BOY LIGHTS A CANDLE (MATCH STRUCK) AND CONTINUES WRITING. AS HE CONTINUES JACK NOTICES THE DRAWING OF A MUSTACHE

JACK: THIS IS STRANGE. I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT HIS WRITING - OR WHATEVER YOU'D CALL IT - I HADN'T SEEN THAT MUSTACHE BEFORE.... (ALITTLE EXCITED) AND THERE - TWINKLING EYES - AND THAT SMILE... LORD JOWLS, OF COURSE. MY GOD, I SEEM TO BE ABLE TO READ THIS WRITING OF HIS. THAT'S JUST NOT POSSIBLE....WHAT HE WRITES IS NOT THE WAY HUMAN BEINGS PERCEIVE THINGS. THIS IS MADDNESS, TRUE, BUT ALSO IT'S SOMETHING ELSE..... IS IT POSSIBLE LORD JOWLS HAS GONE MAD TOO? HOW LONG CAN ONE FROM THE THIRD PLANE OF CONSCIOUSNESS TRAVEL IN THESE REALMS WITHOUT LOOSING TOUCH OF THIER PHYSICAL EARTH?

NARR: HE GETS UP, HE GOES TO THE OPEN DOOR AND LOOKS OUT - THE MOON, ALMOST FULL, RISES SLOWLY CLEARING THE TOPS OF THE BUILDINGS, FINALLY FREEING ITSELF FROM THE TOWERS OF THE CITY.

3 MON. XII

NARR: (SHRUG) WELL, (SFX: CRASH)

JACK: OH, BOY, THAT'S HIGHER THAN I THOUGHT...OR MAYBE I DIDN'T GET VERY HIGH?

NO WONDER - I STILL HAVE THESE BAGS OF NICKELS WEIGHING ME DOWN... THERE, NOW - (MOVING OFF) I BETTER GET FURTHER BACK THIS TIME... ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILE SHOULD DO IT... OKAY... (TAKES A DEEP BREATH) HERE I GO - (SFX: TAKES OFF RUNNING) (MOVING) AND IT'S UP AND (MOVING ON) O-V-E-R!

(SFX: CLUMP ON GRAVEL)

(NOTE: WHEN HE JUMPS - SHIFT THE SOUND OF THE CITY)

HA! I DID IT. I'M INSI-??? I'M STILL OUTSIDE??? SOME-THINGS FISHY HERE? THIS ISN'T THE SIDE WHERE I VAULTED FROM. LET'S SEE... GOODGRIEF, I RECOGNIZE WHERE I AM - I'M ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY!

BOY, SOMETHING'S WEIRD ALRIGHT. I DIDN'T VAULT OVER THE CITY, THAT'S FOR SURE. YET, I'M ON THE OTHER SIDE. (PACES) HUMPH - HUMPH - HUMPH -? WELL, (MOVING OFF) I'LL TRY AGAIN, FROM THIS SIDE... OKAY, I'M READY - (RUNNING UP) AND HERE I GO AGAIN - UP AND O-V-E-R.

(SFX: CLUMP ON GRASS)

DARN - I'M BACK WHERE I STARTED FROM. WHAT KIND OF AN ILLUSION IS THIS?

EVERYTIME I LEAP OVER THE WALL, I'M STILL ON THE OUTSIDE. NO CITY IS THAT NARROW. IT'S PLAYING TRICKS ON ME. BUT I AIN'T BEAT YET. NOT BY A LONG SHOT. IF I CAN VAULT JUST RIGHT - I'LL LAND ON THE TOP OF THE WALL; THEN I CAN LOOK DOWN ON BOTH SIDES. HA! (MOVING OFF) THAT OUGHTA DO IT. (FROM OFF) OKAY, HERE I GO... (APPROACHING) IT'S UP - UP- AND ... ON TOP!... PERFECT, WHEW, BUT WHERE'S THE CITY?

NARR: JACK STANDS THERE, A TOP THE WALL, LOOKING FROM ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER.

JACK: ~~THIS IS~~ ^{THIS IS} THE THINNIEST CITY I'VE EVER SEEN.

1 TUES. XII

NARR: WELCOME BACK TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. AS YOU KNOW JACK FLANDERS IS ONCE AGAIN INSIDE THE ^{MYSTERIOUS} 4TH TOWER. AS WE LOOK IN WE SEE HIM STANDING INSIDE THAT STRANGE, EMPTY CITY THAT HE DISCOVERED WHILE EXPLORING DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF THIS UNKNOWN LAND. JACK NOW STANDS IN AN OPEN SQUARE, BEFORE HIM IS A SIDEWALK CAFE, THE FADED STRIPPED AWNING FLOPS IN THE LATE MORNING BREEZE, SEVERAL TABLES ARE SET OUTSIDE. AND THERE, SITTING ALONE, READING A NEWSPAPER AND SIPPING A GLASS OF MINT TEA, IS NONE OTHER THAN -

JACK: SIR HENRY JOWLS.

LORD J: (FOLDING HIS PAPER) OF COURSE. WELL, I SAY, RIGHT ON TIME.

JACK: RIGHT ON TIME?

LORD J: (CALLS OFF) ABDUL, A GLASS OF MINT TEA FOR MY YOUNG FRIEND. (TO JACK) DID YOU REST WELL, MR. FLANDERS?

JACK: NO, NOT PARTICULARLY.

LORD J: ODD.

JACK: ODD?... SAY, I CHECKED OUT THIS CITY BEFORE BUT I DON'T REMEMBER THIS SQUARE, OR THIS CAFE - OR - IN FACT, WHO'S ABDUL? I DON'T SEE ANYONE.

LORD J: AHH THE TEA.

JACK: WHAT TEA? (POP) WHAT - ? WHY THE TEA JUST - APPEARED AS THOUGH OUT OF THIN AIR.

LORD J: THANK YOU ABDUL.

JACK: WHAT IS THIS, A MAGICIAN'S TRICK?

LORD J: (CALLS) I SAY, ABDUL, A RUM SOAKED HAVANA TAPER. (TO JACK)

2 TUES. XII

YOU DON'T SMOKE, DO YOU?

JACK: LITTLE FREIDA USED TO SMOKE HAVANA CIGARS.

LORD J: THE CHILD HAS GOOD TASTE. (POP) THANK YOU ABDUL.

JACK: THAT CIGAR, JUST - MATERIALIZED?!

LORD J: (LIGHTS AND PUFFS) I REMEMBER HOW LITTLE FREIDA AND I SPENT MANY A PLEASANT HOUR TOGETHER STROLLING THROUGH THE GARDENS OF INVERNESS, LEAVING BEHIND US A LITTLE TRAIL OF SWEET PUFFS OF SMOKE. "CONTAMINATES THE ROSES" LADY JOWLS WOULD SAY.

JACK: YES, AUNTIE DOESN'T TAKE TO CIGARS. SOMETHING TRAGIC HAS HAPPENED TO LITTLE FREIDA.

LORD J: (OFF HAND) OF COURSE.

JACK: YOU KNOW??

LORD J: I READ IT IN THE PAPERS.

JACK: THE PAPERS? BUT - THAT WOULDN'T BE IN THE PAPERS.

(PAUSE - NO REPLY FROM LORD J.)

YOU MEAN THAT - THAT NEWSPAPER YOU - WHY THAT NEWSPAPER IS BLANK. THERE'S NOTHING TO READ.

LORD J: YES, OF COURSE, BUT YOU KNOW THE EXPRESSION, "READ BETWEEN THE LINES"? THIS PAPER HAS NOTHING BUT - "BETWEEN THE LINES" HEH HEH.

JACK: (PAUSE) VERY FUNNY.

(SFX: SETTING DOWN HIS PAPER)

LORD J: ARE YOU IN A HURRY TO FIND SOMETHING, MR. FLANDERS?

JACK: (PAUSE) YES, I SUPPOSE SO.

3 TUES. XII

LORD J: THEN RELAX AND YOU WILL FIND IT.

JACK: (PAUSE) WELL, IF YOU'VE HAD ALL THESE WEIRD THINGS HAPPEN.

LORD J: ALL OF US HAVE HAD MUCH MORE HAPPEN... AND YOU WILL TOO BEFORE LONG. SO, RELAX, WHILE YOU CAN.

JACK: WELL, ALRIGHT, I'LL RELAX. BUT THERE'S A LOT OF QUESTIONS THAT I - (LORD J GIVES HIM A LOOK THAT SEZ "RELAX" AND PICKS UP HIS PAPER AGAIN)
(MUMBLES) WELL,---ALRIGHT, I'LL RELAX... THERE, I'M RELAXED.
(TAPPING HIS FINGERS ON THE TABLE TOP.)
(LONG PAUSE - L. JOWLS, SHUFFLES THE NEWSPAPER AS HE READS IT, THE WIND FLAPS THE AWNING)
AAA - WHAT'LL WE DO TODAY?
(PAUSE)
ARE YOU ACTUALLY ABLE TO READ THAT PAPER?

LORD J: (PAUSE)..... NO.

JACK: THEN WHY THE HELL DO YOU KEEP LOOKING AT IT?

LORD J: ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT YOU ARE RELAXED, MR. FLANDERS?

JACK: HOW CAN I RELAX WHILE YOU JUST SIT THERE PRETENDING TO READ A BLANK NEWSPAPER?

LORD J: DISCIPLINE.

JACK: I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THAT JUKE BOX.

LORD J: AS I WAS ABOUT TO SAY, WITH YOUR LACK OF DISCIPLINE, IT'S ALMOST A WONDER THAT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN "SNUFFED OUT" BY NOW.

JACK: I ALWAYS PRESENT A MOVING TARGET.

LORD J: (CONSIDERS) HUMPH.

4 TUES. XII

JACK: THAT JUKE BOX, IT'S BEEN PLAGUING ME EVER SINCE I ARRIVED
IN INVERNESS.

LORD J: YES, OF COURSE.

JACK: YEAH, YOU SEEM TO KNOW EVERYTHING. ANYWAY, IN CASE YOU
DIDN'T KNOW I USED TO BE "RELAXED", YOU KNOW? BEFORE I
CAME TO THIS CRACK POT PLACE. NOW I'M TIGHT AS A - ??
(SFX: TIMPANI - BOING)

LORD J: I ASSUME YOU FEEL THAT ONCE YOU FIND THE ^{SOURCE OF THE} JUKE BOX, EVERY-
THING WILL BE "FINE AND DANDY"?

JACK: WELL - YEAH... MAYBE, SURE.

LORD J: DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?

JACK: NO, I DON'T HAVE A WATCH.

LORD J: I NEVER KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS UP HERE... YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED
YOUR TEA?

JACK: ON, HEAH - (SLURP) ARE WE GOING SOMEWHERE?

LORD J: NO.

JACK: IT SEEMS ODD THAT... THERE'S SO MUCH TO TALK ABOUT. YOU
SEEM TO HAVE THE ANSWERS THAT I'VE BEEN -

LORD J: ODD?

(SFX: MUSIC)

JACK: WELL - RELAXING) - IT'S LIKE, HAVING A DESTINATION AND
GOING STRAIGHT TOWARDS IT AND NEVER NOTICING THE SCENERY
PASSING.

LORD J: ODD.

JACK: WELL - ODD - I -(RELAXING MORE) - DON'T KNOW - ODD? IT - AA -

5 TUES. XII

LORD J: WHY ARE YOU SO INTENT UPON DISCOVERING THE SOURCE OF THE
JUKE BOX?

JACK: WELL - IT'S - ODD - ... BUT, IT'S... LURING ME - TO IT.

LORD J: LURING?... ODD.

JACK: I THOUGHT IT ODD TOO BUT - YOU MUST - HAVE - WHAT'S HAPPEN-
ING. I'M GOING MAD - I'M - EVERYTHING IS FRAGMENTING - I
CAN'T SEE ANYMORE - WHAT IS IT?

LORD J: (CLOSE ON) YOU ARE RELAXING - THAT'S ALL - IT MAY SEEM "ODD" -
FEW PEOPLE EVER EXPERIENCE TRUE RELAXATION

JACK: (PAUSE) ODD.

LORD J: (PAUSE) YES, QUITE ODD.

JACK: VERY ODD.

LORD J: FASCINATING THOUGH, ISN'T IT?

(MUSIC UP)

1 WED. XII

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE
FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

JACK FLANDERS HAS FOUND SIR HENRY JOWLS. THE OLD, WEATHERED
ADVENTURER WAS SITTING IN A SIDEWALK CAFE, READING A BLANK
NEWSPAPER. HE ASKED JACK TO RELAX. THE KEY WORD SEEMED TO BE
"ODD". JACK FELT HIMSELF FRAGMENT AND DRIFT AWAY. HE FELT
HIMSELF - "RELAXING". HE FELT HIMSELF TURN INTO CRYSTALS OF
WHITE ICE - FROST UPON THE GRASS. HE FELT THE MORNING SUN
RISING ABOVE THE HILLS - THE FIRST WARM RAYS STRUCK HIS BACK,
THE WARMTH MOVE DOWN HIS SPINAL COLUMN, AND MELT EACH BONE,
ONE BY ONE IT TURNED THE ICE BONES INTO WATER AND THEM THE
WATER DISSOLVED INTO VAPOUR. AND JACK FELT QUITE AT PEACE.
LORD JOWLS PUSHED HIS CHAIR BACK FROM THE TABLE, STOOD UP,
FOLDED HIS NEWSPAPER UNDER HIS ARM, PAID THE WATER -

JACK: THE WAITER - I JUST SAW THE WAITER - OPPTS - HE'S GONE.

LORD J: YOU'LL LEARN TO RELAX EVENTUALLY. IT'S ODD, ISN'T IT?

JACK: ODD? (ECHOES)

LORD J: CHILDREN... THEY HAVE THE ABILITY TO SEE PEOPLE THAT ADULTS
CANNOT SEE. SO - WE BECOME LIKE CHILDREN. SHALL WE GO?

JACK: SURE - WHERE?

(MUSIC - ANGEL BABY)

2 WED. XII

LORD J: I'D SAY - THAT DIRECTION.

JACK: THAT MUSIC O (SFX: FOOTSTEPS) - HAS ANYONE EVER FOUND THE SOURCE?

LORD J: I DON'T KNOW - THERE'S A NUMBER OF LEGENDS.

JACK: SACRIFICES?

LORD J: THAT TOO - YES.

JACK: MYTHS?

LORD J: I SHOULD THINK THAT BY NOW YOU WOULD HAVE LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT MYTHS.

JACK: WELL, I HAVE - I JUST FORGET, YOU KNOW.

LORD J: OF COURSE. AFTER A BIT YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT FORGETTING - YOU WILL BE.

JACK: IS THIS WHERE YOU LIVE?

LORD J: ONE OF SEVERAL DWELLINGS, YES.
(SFX: OPENS DOOR)

JACK: WOW - NICE. SURE ARE A LOT OF HUNTING TROPHIES.

LORD J: (RUMAGING ABOUT - OFF) YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE TROPHIES YOU CANNOT SEE.

JACK: LIKE WHAT?

LORD J: (OFF) STUFFED DEMONS - THINGS OF THAT NATURE.

JACK: IS IT DIFFICULT TO STUFF A DEMON? OH YES.. MAINLY BECAUSE FIRST YOU HAVE TO KILL IT - AND THAT TAKES THE COOL SKILL OF A MATADOR COMBINED WITH THE CALM AND STEADFASTNESS OF A

SAINT. THE FINAL THRUST IS A COMBINATION OF PURE WHITE LIGHT AND UTMOST SUBLETY. AFTER THAT, IT'S ALL SAW DUST.

JACK: WHEW - I DON'T THINK I'M READY FOR THAT.

LORD J: (FATHERLY) IT'S OUR FEARS THAT GIVE THEM STRENGHT, MY BOY. CONQUER FEAR AND YOU'LL BE READY FOR ALMOST ANYTHING.

JACK: ALMOST - ANYTHING?

LORD J: A THOUSAND ARMED DEMON HAS MANY SLEEVES TO HAVE SOMETHING UP... OF COURSE.

(UNFOLDS MAP)

SO - HERE - THIS IS WHERE WE ARE NOW (POINTS WITH FINGER) AND OVER HERE - (POINTS)

JACK: THIS IS THE WEIRDEST MAP I'VE EVER SEEN.

LORD J: MMM - IT REPRESENTS THE VARIOUS REALMS THAT EXIST SIDE BY SIDE - THOUGH NORMALLY SOME ARE INVISIBLE ON THIS MAP, THEY'RE ALL VISIBLE. OVER HERE SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA, MUST BE THE SOURCE OF THE MUSIC YOU HAVE BEEN HEARING.

JACK: STRANGE COLORATION.

LORD J: IT'S A DIFFERENT REALM.

JACK: HOW DO WE GET INTO A DIFFERENT REALM?

LORD J: BY RELAXING.

JACK: MMM - (POINTING) WHAT IS THIS STUFF SURROUNDING THE SOURCE AREA?

LORD J: THAT IS THE MOUNTAINOUS REGION - KNOWN AS "THE LAND OF THE STONE FACED GODS".

JACK: WE HAVE TO CLIMB OVER THAT?

4 WED. XII

LORD J: IMPOSSIBLE - WE HAVE TO FIND A PASSAGE THROUGH IT.

JACK: OKAY - THEN BETWEEN ^{THESE} MOUNTAINS AND WHERE WE ARE NOW - WHAT IS THIS - NOTHINGNESS STUFF?

LORD J: THAT - NOTHINGNESS AS YOU REFER TO IT - IS WHAT IS EQUIVALENT TO DESERT.

JACK: WITH RAKSASAS?

LORD J: NO. NO.

JACK: THAT'S A RELIEF - DOES THE REGION HAVE A NAME?

LORD J: YES, "THE DESERT OF BURNING DESIRES".

JACK: IT SOUNDS LIKE A ROMANCE COMIC BOOK. HOW DO WE GET ACROSS?

LORD J: A VEHICLE.

JACK: REALLY? WHAT KIND OF VEHICLE?

LORD J: A FLYING APPARATUS.

JACK: FLYING APPARATUS? WHERE DO WE GET THAT?

LORD J: (MOVING OFF) OVER HERE. (PULLS BACK A CURTAIN)

JACK: WHOO. THAT BOAT - I'VE SEEN THAT BEFORE.

LORD J: A SIMILIAR ONE.

JACK: THAT BEAUTIFUL GODDESS CREATURE - BOAT OF SANDAL WITH SILVER OARS.

LORD J: THIS HAS THE ADDITION OF A SAIL - SIMILIAR MODEL, OF COURSE.

JACK: DO YOU KNOW HER?

LORD J: NOT VERY WELL.

5 WED. XII

JACK: GOD, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.

LORD J: YES, VERY BEAUTIFUL - (PAUSE WHILE HE PICTURES HER) WELL -
TAKE HOLD JACK, WE'LL CARRY OUR CRAFT OUTSIDE.
(THEY CARRY IT OUT - TIPPING SIDEWAYS TO FIT THROUGH THE DOOR)
THERE - SET UP THE MAST - I'LL GET THE SAIL.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) THAT'S SO STRANGE - A BOAT OF SANDAL WITH SILVER
OARS AND SAIL - ALL TIES TOGETHER SOMEHOW.

LORD J: (MOVING ON) HERE SHE IS -

JACK: A PURPLE SAIL???

LORD J: LAVENDER -
(UNROLES SAIL)
HOOK HER ON AND WE'LL HOIST HER HIGH.
(SFX: PULLEY SQUEAK)
(WIND FLAP)

JACK: THERE'S A BREEZE.

LORD J: (MOVING OFF) A FEW MORE ITEMS AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) THIS IS REALLY WEIRD - THERE'S SPEAKERS MOUNTED
ON EACH CORNER OF THE BOAT.

LORD J: (OFF) I SAY - LEND ME A HAND HERE -

JACK: SURE - (PICKING UP STUFF) WHAT ARE THOSE SPEAKERS FOR?

LORD J: (ON) YOU'LL SEE -
(SFX: DUMPS STUFF IN BOAT)

JACK: WHEN DO WE SAIL?

LORD J: (SNIFFS) THE WEATHER APPEARS TO BE IN A PLEASANT MOOD, I SHOULD
THINK WE - OHH - IT'S TIME FOR TEA.

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JACK: ONE MORE QUESTION.

(SFX: TEA KETTLE POURING)

YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME, WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE REGION WE'RE TRYING TO REACH.

LORD J: (CORRECTING) "WE ARE GOING TO REACH" - ALL POSITIVE THINKING ON THIS VOYAGE, MY BOY.

JACK: DOES IT HAVE A NAME?

LORD J: LEGENDS SPEAK OF IT AS A VALLEY OF GREAT WONDERS.

JACK: IT HAS A NAME?

LORD J: "THE VALLEY OF THE TEN THOUSAND OMMS UNFOLDED."

JACK: (PAUSE) REALLY?

LORD J: TWO SUGARS?

JACK: AHH - ONE.

LORD J: CREAM?

JACK: SURE, BUT HOW -

LORD J: BISCUITS?

JACK: (BITES INTO BISCUIT) I WONDER HOW DO YOU FOLD AN OMM?

LORD J: ALONG THE DOTTED LINE, OF COURSE.

(MUSIC UP)

1 THURS. XII

NARR: WELCOME BACK TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. LORD JOWLS AND JACK FLANDERS ARE PREPARING THEMSELVES FOR A LONG VOYAGE - A VOYAGE THEY HOPE WILL TAKE THEM TO THE SOURCE OF THE STRANGE JUKE BOX THAT PLAYS THE OLD 50'S MUSIC.
AS WE LOOK IN, WE FIND THEM PREPARING FOR THEIR VOYAGE. THEY ARE NOW PACKING PROVISIONS INTO A SMALL SAILBOAT.

JACK: THAT'S QUITE A BREATHTAKING DESIGN PRINTED ON THE SAIL - IT'S A MANDALA, ISN'T IT?

LORD J: YES, I HAVE SEVERAL DIFFERENT MANDALAS - THIS ONE I CHOOSE SPECIFICALLY FOR THIS VOYAGE.

JACK: WHAT EXACTLY IS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A MANDALA?

LORD J: BRIEFLY, IT IS A TECHNICAL AID.

JACK: IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY?

LORD J: OBVIOUSLY, IT ASSISTS TO OPEN THE MIND TO THE EXPERIENCE OF HIGHER DIMENSIONS.

JACK: SO THAT SAIL ENABLES US TO MOVE FROM ONE REALM TO ANOTHER.

LORD J: THAT - AND OTHER AIDS. NOW.

JACK: I TAKE IT THIS BOAT IS SUPPOSED TO FLY?

LORD J: I BELIEVE SO.

JACK: YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW?

LORD J: IT'S ONLY BUILT FOR ONE, BUT IT CAN CARRY TWO - I SHOULD THINK...
WELL, SHALL WE? TO THE LAUNCHING PAD.

2 THURS. XII

JACK: WHERE'S THAT?

LORD J: I'LL CARRY THE BOW (PICKING IT UP) YOU CARRY THE STERN -
HERE WE GO (MOVING OFF) IT'S THIS WAY.

(TRANSITION)

(BOTH BREATHING HARD)

LORD J: (MOVING ON) THIS IS THE SPOT. (SETS IT DOWN) WHEW, A LOVELY
GRASSY SLOPE - WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

JACK: OOOOF... BOY... (BREATHING) HEY, YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO SLIDE
DOWN THAT HILL AND THEN SHOOT OFF THE EDGE OF THAT CLIFF?

LORD J: YES, OF COURSE.

JACK: HUMPH - AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BE RELAXED BY THE TIME WE REACH
THE CLIFF.

LORD J: A TRUE TEST, YES.

(PAUSE)

WELL - SHALL WE? I'LL MAN THE RUDDER - YOU SIT IN THE BOW.

JACK: ME? AT THE FRONT?

LORD J: OF COURSE... I DON'T CARE TO WATCH THAT BLACK ABYSS APPROACH-
ING ANY MORE THAN YOU DO. ~~AND SINCE YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN...~~

JACK: AND SINCE YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN...

~~LORD JACK~~ J: RIGHT YOU ARE. WELL, I JOLLY WELL THINK WE SHOULD HAVE NO
PROBLEMS - SO - I'LL GIVE US A PUSH - UGH- AND OFF WE GOOOO.

(SFX: BOAT SLIDING DOWNHILL, FASTER
AND FASTER)

NARR: THE SMALL SANDALWOOD SAIL BOAT SLIDES DOWN THE SLOPE, THE
FLAT BOTTOM OF THE BOAT SKIMS ACROSS THE SLICK GREEN GRASS,...
THE CRAFT PICKS UP MOMENTUM - FASTER AND FASTER, THE LONG SHINY
BLADES OF GRASS PASS IN A BLUR AS THE BLACK EDGE OF THE CLIFF
APPROACHES SWIFTLY.
THEN SUDDENLY, THERE IT IS, FROM SILVER GREEN BENEATH, TO
BLACKNESS - AND THEY'RE OVER THE EDGE - AND ALOFT.

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JACK: INCREDIBLE - IT FLIES.

LORD J: QUITE. I ADMIT IT IS RATHER STARTLING.

JACK: YES, OF COURSE.

LORD J: IT'S SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT THAN FLYING ON A CARPET, BUT THE GENERAL PRINCIPALS ARE THE SAME. THE WIND DOES THE REST.

JACK: HOW WIDE IS THIS DESERT OF BURNING DESIRES?

LORD J: IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO MEASURE IN OUR TERMS. IT'S RELATIVE TO YOUR DESIRES, THE MORE DIFFICULT OR GREATER THE DISTANCE.

(COMMERCIAL MESSAGE WITH HOOKS)

(MORE MESSAGE AND HOOKS)

LORD J: I BELIEVE WE ARE APPROACHING THE DESERT.

JACK: I HEARD A VOICE.

LORD J: A MERE SHIMMERING MIRAGE OF THIS STRANGE DESERT, MY BOY. LOOK, NOW YOU CAN SEE IT! THE DESERT!

(SFX: WIND AND MOANING SOUNDS)

NARR: AND THERE IT IS INDEED. AND ARE YOU READY FOR THIS ONE? FAR AHEAD LIES A REGION ALMOST BEYOND THE IMAGINATION... A DESERT OF SLOWLY, SHIFTING SANDS - A DULL SMOKE COLORED LIGHT THAT SHAPES TSELF INTO FORMS - MOANING, TORMENTED BEINGS THAT ARE SOME HOW FAMILIAR TO JACK AND VERY DISTURBING.

LORD J: YES, THIS IS THE REALM OF THE PRETAS. BEINGS THAT CLING TO THE OBJECTS OF DESIRE WITHOUT A POSSIBILTY OF SATISFACTION. RESTLESS SPIRITS, FILLED WITH UNSATISFIED PASSIONS, LEADING A GHOST-LIKE EXISTENCE IN A WORLD OF IMAGINARY OBJECTS OF THEIR DESIRE. THESE ARE THE BEINGS THAT OFTEN HAUNT THE PLACES OF THEIR FORMER EXISTENCE, TO WHICH ^{THEY} ARE FETTERED BY THEIR UNSATISFIED DESIRES. THEY ARE GHOULISH CREATURES WITH SPINDLY, DRIED UP LIMBS AND

BLOATED BELLIES, TORTURED BY INSATIABLE HUNGER AND THIRST,
WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO SATISFY THEM.

YOU'LL NOTE THAT WHAT LITTLE THEY ARE ABLE TO SWALLOW THROUGH
THE NARROW GULLET OF THEIR THIN NECKS CAUSES THEM UN-
SPEAKABLE TORTURES, SINCE FOOD IS INDIGESTABLE FOR THEM AND
MERELY BLOATS UP THEIR BELLIES. AND WHATEVER THEY DRINK
TURNS INTO FIRE.

JACK: IS THERE NO HOPE FOR THESE PITIFUL CREATURES?

LORD J: ONLY IF THEY CAN SUCCEED IN REPLACING UNWHOLESOME OBJECTS
WITH WHOLESOME ONES, THEN THESE SUFFERING BEINGS MAY BE LIB-
ERATED FROM THE TORTURES OF UNQUENCHABLE DESIRES.

(VOICES - IT'S BACK TO BASICS, IT'S
ORGANIC, TRY IT YOU'LL LIKE IT,
HEADACHE, COUGH, COLD, ETC...)

(THE LINES BECOME MORE POWERFUL)

NARR: AS THE SMALL BOAT SAILS ABOVE THIS INSANE DESERT, THE SHAPES
LASH AT THE FRAGILE HULL - THE OLD ADVENTURER SUDDENLY AWAKENS
FROM HIS OWN DISTURBING THOUGHTS AND SHOUTS TO JACK -

LORD J: I SAY, JACK, SNAP OUT OF IT - WATCH OUT FOR THOSE HOOKS, THEY'RE
REACHING OVER THE SIDE - PICK UP ONE OF THOSE SILVER OARS AND
GIVE 'EM A GOOD WHACK.

JACK: WHAT ARE THESE SPEAKERS FOR?

LORD J: BY JOVE, I FORGOT. THIS WILL BITE THROUGH THAT MOANING.
(SFX: CLICK - LAUGHTER)

JACK: GOOD GRIEF, THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE MADONNA VAMPYRA.

LORD J: WE'LL FEED THEM A LITTLE OF THEIR OWN, EH? KEEP ALERT, NOW.

NARR: BOTH MEN NOW CONFRONT THEIR OWN PRIVATE DESIRES, DEALING WITH
THEM AS BEST THEY CAN.

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JACK: TAKE THAT - (WHACK) AND THAT (WHACK) HERE'S ONE FOR THE QUEEN
(WHACK) AND ANOTHER FOR PRINCE CHARLES (WHACK -WHACK)

(THEY CONTINUE WHACKING)

NARR: AS THE TWO ADVENTURERS BATTLE THE DESERT DELUSIONS, LORD JOWLS
SHOUTS -

LORD J: HOLD ON A BIT, I SENSE IT'S TIME FOR TEA.

JACK: TEA? NOW?

LORD J: KEEP THEM AT BAY WHILE I POUR US A CUP.

(SFX: POURS)

(JACK BATTLING IN BACKGROUND)

(CALLS) ONE LUMP, IS THAT CORRECT?

JACK: MAKE IT TWO.

(PLOP, PLOP)

LORD J: LET ME SEE. OH BLAST IT, LOOK AT THIS CREAM.

(VOICE OF DESERT DESIRES)

I SAY, GET YOUR SANDY FINGERS OUT OF MY CUP. (WHACK) MR.
FLANDERS, I REGRET TO REPORT - (CALLS) A GREAT TRAGEDY HAS
FALLEN UPON US.

JACK: WHAT COULD BE WORST? (WHACK, WHACK)

LORD J: THE CREAM, ALAS, HAS TURNED SOUR.

JACK: ... OH. (WHACK, WHACK)

(MUSIC UP)

1 FRI. XII

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THAT THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

JACK FLANDERS AND SIR HENRY JOWLS HAVE SET FORTH IN SIR HENRY'S SMALL SAILING CRAFT IN SEARCH OF THE SOURCE OF THE MYSTERIOUS JUKE BOX. TO REACH THE UNCHARTED REALM WHERE THIS STRANGE MACHINE MAY BE FOUND, THE TWO ADVENTURERS FIRST HAD TO SAIL OVER THE DESERT OF BURNING DESIRES, WHERE INFERNAL MOANING GROUND AT THEIR NERVES, WHILE CROSS MESSAGES WITH HOOKS REACHED OVER THE SIDE OF THEIR CRAFT AND GROPED FOR PANT CUFFS, ANKLES AND KNEES. WE NOW FIND JACK AND SIR HENRY FINISHING THEIR CUP OF TEA AND CONTINUING THE BATTLE.

(TEA CUPS RATTLE)

JACK: (WHACK) WILL THIS NEVER END?

LORD J: APPARENTLY NOT, WE WILL HAVE TO RISE ABOVE IT (WHACK)

JACK: HOW DO WE DO THAT? (WHACK) TOSS OUT OUR FOOD SUPPLIES?

LORD J: I'M AFRAID SO...

JACK: THEN WHAT'LL WE (WHACK) EAT?

LORD J: WE'LL EAT FOODS INDICATIVE OF THE REGION, OF COURSE. (WHACK)

JACK: OKAY. (WHACK) OVER THEY GO. (THEY HEAVE SUPPLIES OVERBOARD).
(VOICES MOVING FARTHER OFF)

JACK: IT'S WORKING, WE'RE ^(WHACK)ARISING!

LORD J: YES, OF COURSE.

JACK: (RELAXING) WHEW - THAT WAS A MEAN PIECE OF BUSINESS.

LORD J: TIRESOME, VERY TIRESOME. (SUDDENLY) I SAY - LOOK TO THE NORTH.

JACK: WHAT? - WOW,... IS THAT THE -

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LORD J: " LAND OF THE STONE FACED GODS", YES.

JACK: OF COURSE.

NARR: NOW - BEFORE THEM LIES A BARREN LAND - STREWN WITH BOULDERS, BUT BEYOND THAT - A HIGH MOUNTAIN RANGE CAN BE SEEN. IN THE GROWING DUSK, THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS APPEAR DEEP MAROON AND DARK LAVENDER BUT BEYOND THOSE JAGGED PEAKS -

JACK: LOOK - WHAT IS THAT LIGHT?

LORD J: ... I DON'T KNOW -

JACK: I'VE NEVER SEEN A LIGHT SO - PURE.

LORD J: IT APPEARS TO RADIATE FROM BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN RANGE. QUITE STARTLING I MUST SAY.

JACK: WHEW - IT'S LIKE THE AURA OF A THOUSAND GODS.

LORD J: YES, QUITE... WELL PUT. BUT NOW WE HAD BEST PREPARE TO LAND.

JACK: LAND? YOU MEAN - ?

LORD J: NO CHANCE AT ALL. BEST WE CAN DO IS CLEAR THE TOPS OF THE FOOTHILLS.

JACK: ISN'T THERE ANY WAY -

LORD J: WE'LL MANEUVER IN AS FAR AS WE DARE - HERE, TAKE THE RUDDER -

JACK: BUT -

LORD J: YOU NEED THE EXPERIENCE.

JACK: I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT -

LORD J: (MOVING OVER) COME ON, LOOK ALERT NOW.

JACK: ALRIGHT, I'LL STEER, I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT KEEPS US UP.

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LORD J: NEITHER DO I, - WHOOPS, LOOK OUT FOR THAT ONE -

JACK: (WRENCHES BOAT TO THE RIGHT) WHEW!

LORD J: JOLLY GOOD. NOW, MANEUVER BETWEEN THOSE TWO WALLS.

JACK: HEY, I DON'T THINK THERE'S ENOUGH - WHEW.

NARR: THE SHEER WALLS OF ROCK TOWER ABOVE THEM AS THE TWO ADVENTURERS
SAIL DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE MOUNTAINS.

JACK: IT'S GOTTEN AWFULLY DARK - CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING UP THERE?

LORD J: OH - NOT REALLY - NO...

JACK: I'M FOR LANDING WHILE WE STILL CAN.

LORD J: THERE'S ONE MORE I BELIEVE WE CAN CLEAR.

JACK: THAT ONE - ARE YOU CRAZY?

LORD J: YES, OF COURSE. EASE HER UP NOW... UP AND OVER WE -

JACK: BUT WE'LL - (RASP, SCRAPE, CRUMP, BREAK, RUMBLE, STOP)
WELL?

LORD J: WE STILL HAVE THE SAIL - THAT IS MOST IMPORTANT. NOW - HOW
ABOUT A FIRE?

JACK: OUT OF WHAT, ROCKS AND BOULDERS?

LORD J: NO - THIS SANDALWOOD HERE -
(SFX: RIP)

JACK: THE BOAT? HEY DON'T RIP THE BOARDS OFF OUR BOAT.
(SFX: RIP, RIP)
LISTEN, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'D LIKE TO BE ABLE TO
GET BACK TO INVERNESS.
(SFX: AXE SOUNDS - CHOP, CHOP)

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JACK: ACTUALLY - I DO KNOW ABOUT YOU - YOU HAVE NO INTENTION OF
EVER RETURNING TO INVERNESS, DO YOU?

LORD J: OF COURSE NOT.

(SFX: CHOP, CHOP)

JACK: NOT THE MAST TOO?

LORD J: THE BEST FIRE WOOD IS THERE, MY BOY.

JACK: DARN IT. I FORGOT HE WAS THE ONE THAT BOUGHT INVERNESS IN
THE FIRST PLACE. HE'S THE BIGGEST CRACKPOT OF THEM ALL.
BUT WHY DESTROY THE WHOLE BOAT?

LORD J: WE'LL KEEP THE SAIL?

(SFX: CHOP, CHOP)

JACK: THE ONLY WAY TO RETURN AND HE CHOPS IT UP... (BEGINS TO LAUGH)

LORD J: HERE, TAKE A FEW SWINGS YOURSELF.

JACK: ALRIGHT. (LAUGHING AND CHOPPING)

LORD J: THAT'S THE SPIRIT - DON'T FORGET THE RUDDER.

(FADE OUT ON JACK LAUGHING AND
CHOPPING)

NARR: LATER THAT EVENING, SITTING AROUND A CHEERY CAMP FIRE.

JACK: (LAUGHING WARMLY)

LORD J: (LAUGHING ALSO) WELL, WHO WANTS TO TAKE THE FIRST WATCH?

JACK: WE HAVE TO - WATCH?

LORD J: YES, OF COURSE.

JACK: OKAY, I'LL WAKE YOU WHEN I'M TIRED.

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LORD J: FINE. WELL - GOOD NITE, JACK.

JACK: 'NITE, LORD JOWLS.

(PAUSE - NIGHT SOUNDS)

SURE IS QUIET.

(SFX: TWIG CRACK)

WHAT WAS THAT? (WHISPER) THERE'S SOME ONE THERE, WATCHING ME.

NARR: THE FIGURE MOVES CLOSER. SLOWLY JACK REACHES FOR ONE OF THE
OARS. THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE REFLECTS OFF THE WHITE GOWN OF
THE STANDING FIGURE. SUDDENLY, THE FIGURE MOVES FORWARD.
IN A FLASH, JACK IS ON HIS FEET, WITH A QUICK THUMP -

M. V: WAIT - OHH - (CLUMP)

NARR: HE DROPS THE INTRUDER. HE KNEELS DOWN EXAMING THE FALLEN
BODY.
SUDDENLY HE EXCLAIMS -

JACK: IT'S THE MADONNA VAMPYRA.
OHH, OHH - WHEN SHE WAKES UP IS SHE GOING TO BE IN A CRABBY
MOOD. OH BOY.
TSK... TSK... TSK.

(MUSIC UP)

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.
OUR TWO ADVENTURERS, JACK FLANDERS AND SIR HENRY JOWLS, HAVE SAFELY CROSSED THE DANGEROUS DESERT OF BURNING DESIRES.
THEY SAILED INTO THE FOOTHILLS OF THE VAST MOUNTAIN RANGE KNOWN AS THE LAND OF THE STONE FACED GODS. JACK MANEUVERED THE SMALL CRAFT BETWEEN THE MASSIVE STONE WALLS UNTIL DARKNESS BROUGHT THEM TO AN ABRUPT HALT. (SFX: CRASHING SOUNDS)
AFTER MAKING A FIRE OUT OF THE REMAINS OF THEIR BOAT, THE TWO MEN WERE IN GOOD HUMOR. FINALLY LORD JOWLS BEDDED DOWN, WHILE JACK KEPT THE FIRST WATCH. IT WAS THEN THAT HE SAW A FIGURE, DRESSED IN WHITE, WATCHING HIM - WHEN THE FIGURE SUDDENLY MOVED FORWARD, JACK LEAPED TO HIS FEET AND DROPPED IT WITH ONE BLOW. (WHOOOMP - OHH) BUT WHEN HE EXAMINED THE FALLEN BODY, HE DISCOVERED IT WAS - THE MADONNA VAMPYRA!

JACK: OH BOY. TSK... TSK... TSK.

LORD J: (OFF) I SAY - WHAT WAS THAT COMMOTION?

JACK: I JUST CLUBBED SOMEONE ON THE HEAD.

LORD J: ANYONE I KNOW?

JACK: THE MADONNA VAMPYRA.

LORD J: REALLY NOW?

JACK: I'M AFRAID SO.

LORD J: WELL, YOU MAY AS WELL LET HER SLEEP - GOOD NITE.

JACK: BUT -

NARR: AS NIGHT MELTS INTO MORNING, WE FIND THE TWO ADVENTURERS UP EARLY, EATING BREAKFAST AND DISCUSSING THEIR PLANS.

LORD J: MORE TEA?

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JACK: AAA - NO. WE DON'T HAVE ANY COFFEE, DO WE?

LORD J: COFFEE? YOU AMERICANS ALWAYS HAVE TO HAVE YOUR CUP OF COFFEE. NO, WE HAVE NO COFFEE. NOW - (UNROLLS THE MAP) ACCORDING TO THE MAP, WE ARE ABOUT HERE - (POINTS) IN THIS RAW MOUNTAIN RANGE.

JACK: THE LAND OF THE STONE FACED GODS.

LORD J: RIGHT YOU ARE. NOW - BEYOND THESE MOUNTAINS IS OUR DESTINATION.

JACK: WHY IS IT BLANK?

LORD J: IT HAS NOT BEEN CHARTED. THE EARTH HAS BEEN QUITE THOROUGHLY EXPLORED AND CHARTED. BUT FEW HAVE EVEN BEGUN TO MAP THESE REGIONS OF INNER SPACE.

JACK: I SEE. BUT WHAT DOES THIS MARK HERE - SIGNIFY?

LORD J: AT THIS POINT WE WILL ATTEMPT TO CROSS... THAT IS STRANGE, BY JOVE, THIS MARK IS A BIT STICKY, ISN'T IT? I BELIEVE IT - (TASTES) MARMALADE - (TASTES) PEACH-ORANGE MARMALADE.

JACK: IT MUST'VE DROPPED FROM YOUR CRUMPET THERE.

LORD J: QUITE. WELL, THAT LOOKS LIKE AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO BEGIN. SHALL WE PROCEED?

JACK: THE MADONNA VAMPYRA? WHAT ABOUT HER?

LORD J: ~~LET HER SLEEP IT OFF.~~ SHE'S GONE, ISN'T SHE?

WHA? SHE IS GONE

JACK: ~~WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE HER BEHIND?~~

LORD J: YES, OF COURSE.

~~JACK: WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HER HERE.~~

JACK: BUT WHERE - ?

~~LORD J: BELIEVE ME, MY BOY, SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF~~

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JACK: BUT -

LORD J: COME NOW - STEP LIVELY - (MOVING OFF) WE HAVE TO FIND A PASSAGE THROUGH THESE MOUNTAINS BEFORE SUN DOWN.

NARR: THE TWO SET OFF, MAKING THEIR WAY SLOWLY UP THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN. IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE TO JACK THAT THEY CAN EVER HOPE TO SCALE THESE SHEER, ENDLESS WALLS OF ROCK. WHEN SUDDENLY, FROM AHEAD, ~~LORD J. HEARS A SHOUT.~~

LORD J: (OFF) I SAY - LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE.

JACK: (HURRYING UP) WHAT? ~~WHAT IS~~... A TRAIL?

LORD J: (MOVING ON) APPEARS SO. I SUSPECT IT WILL TAKE US RIGHT TO THE MARMALADE MARKER.

JACK: WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND THERE?

LORD J: WHO KNOWS (MOVING OFF) COME ON, LIVELY NOW.

NARR: THEY CONTINUE ALONG THE NARROW TRAIL...AFTER SEVERAL HOURS.

JACK: (PANTING) (OFF) WE AREN'T ANYWHERE NEAR THE TOP.

LORD J: SO WE AREN'T.

JACK: THE SUN'S BEGINNING TO SET.

LORD J: SO IT IS.

JACK: I THOUGHT - ... WHAT? ... WHERE?... OVER THERE?... MY GOD, WHAT IS THAT THING?!!!

ARE YOU POINTING?

NARR: THE BRIGHT RED RAYS OF THE SETTING SUN STRIKES THE COLD GREY SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGE AND SUDDENLY, THERE BEFORE THEM IS A GIGANTIC FACE - SO BREATHTAKING, SO AWESOME IS THIS FACE, THAT MINUTES PASS BEFORE EITHER ADVENTURER CAN EVEN BEGIN TO

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THINK AGAIN.

FINALLY - ONE SPEAKS.

LORD J: IT'S A BULLY ALRIGHT.

JACK: (SLOWLY) THE LAND OF THE STONE FACED GODS. THIS IS THE PLACE.

LORD J: IT IS SAID - THESE MOUNTAINS HAVE MANY SUCH FACES CARVED INTO THEIR SIDES. WELL, SHALL WE CONTINUE?

JACK: IT'S ALMOST ALIVE.

LORD J: WE MUST HURRY - THE SUN WILL SET SOON.

NARR: THE TWO MOVE ON - UNTIL THEY ARE STANDING NEXT TO THE EAR OF THIS GIANT STONE GOD.

LORD J: (TAPPING) I HAD HOPED THERE WAS AN ENTRANCE HERE - APPARENTLY NOT.

(MUSIC - "ANGEL BABY")

JACK: THAT MUSIC - IT'S COMING FROM SOMEWHERE HERE.

LORD J: RIGHT YOU ARE - (MOVING OFF) LET'S TRY THE LIPS.

JACK: EASY - THEY LOOK SLIPPERY.

LORD J: THEY APPEAR CHAPPED BY THE WEATHER - A FOOTHOLD IS POSSIBLE.

JACK: WHO COULD HAVE CARVED SUCH A MONSTEROUS FACE?

LORD J: SHH - LISTEN - HEAR THAT?

JACK: THE MUSIC IS COMING OUT OF THE FACE.

LORD J: TRUE - BUT WH-- I SAY, IF IT IS NOT TOO UNPLEASANT A THOUGHT, COULD YOU CLIMB UP THERE AND TAKE A PEEK INSIDE THAT NOSTRIL

JACK: SHH ~~ABOVE OUR HEADS.~~ LISTEN - HELP ME UP ONTO THE MUSTACHE. THEN.
well, alright

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LORD J: RIGHTO...
 (GRUNTS AND STRUGGLING SOUNDS)

JACK: (OFF) AH HA!

LORD J: YOU'VE FOUND THE SOURCE?

JACK: (OFF) THE MUSIC ISN'T COMING FROM THE NOSE.

LORD J: HMM.

JACK: (Climbing back down) NO - SOMEWHERE THOUGH - AHH HA - OUR FEET -

LORD J: I SAY - IT IS COMING FROM THE LIPS WE ARE STANDING UPON.

JACK: THERE'S A SPACE HERE BETWEEN THE LIPS.

LORD J: QUITE - COULD YOU TAKE A PEEK INSIDE AND SEE IF YOU CAN SEE
 ANYTHING.

JACK: (OFF) (ECHO QUALITY) MY HEAD AND SHOULDERS FIT IN EASILY - I
 BELIEVE IT'S A TUNNEL THAT -

 (SFX: WIND SUCTION)

 HEY! HEY! I'M BEING SUCKED IN - HELP -

LORD J: QUICK, GRAB THE OUTER RIM OF THE LIPS.

JACK: IT'S SUCKING ME IN - I CAN'T HOLD -

LORD J: RIGHTO - THERE, I'VE GOT YOUR FEET - WHOOPS, BY JOVE, IT'S
 (ECHOING) PULLING ME IN TOOO - (MOVING OFF) I SAYYYY -

 (MUSIC UP)

1 TUES. XIII

NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THAT THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

JACK FLANDERS AND LORD JOWLS HAVE CLIMBED INTO THE RUGGED MOUNTAIN RANGE KNOWN AS "THE LAND OF THE STONE FACED GODS." AS THE SUN WAS BEGINNING TO SET, SUDDENLY IT'S RED RAYS SPLASH-ED AGAINST THE MOUNTAIN SIDE AND THERE, CARVED INTO THE ROCK, WAS AN ENORMOUS FACE. WHEN THE TWO ADVENTURERS APPROACHED THIS STONE FACE, THEY HEARD THE FAMILIAR (SFX: MUSIC) MUSIC THAT HAS LURED JACK INTO THESE UNCHARTED RHELMS. CLIMBING UPON THE GREAT STONE LIPS - JACK DISCOVERED THAT THE MUSIC CAME FROM DEEP WITHIN THE MOUTH. AS HE POKED HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS INTO THE OPENING, SUDDENLY A STRONG SUCTION BEGAN TO DRAW HIM INSIDE. HE GRABBED THE EDGE OF THE STONE LIPS WHILE SIR HENRY HELD HIS FEET, BUT - IT WAS HOPELESS - THEY WERE BOTH DRAWN RIGHT INTO THE CENTER OF THE MOUNTAIN.

(SFX: SUCK - SHOUTS "YIII" ETC...)

AND RIGHT OUT THE OTHER SIDE!

JACK: (OFF - NEARING) YAAAAAAH!

LORD J: (OFF - NEARING) BY JOOOOOOVVVVVVEEEEE!

(OOF! ETC... AS THEY CRUMP
ONTL THE GROUND)

JACK: LORD JOWLS, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

LORD J: (OFF - MOAN AND GROAN) QUITE - QUITE.

JACK: I THINK WE WERE SUCKED RIGHT THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN.

LORD J: (BRUSHING HIMSELF OFF) YES, OF COURSE.

JACK: IT WAS A TUNNEL.

LORD J: YES, THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY, QUITE CLEVER.

JACK: WELL - WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

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LORD J: DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AND INTO THE VALLEY, OF COURSE.

JACK: IT'S GETTING A LITTLE DARK THOUGH, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

LORD J: NO PROBLEM (MOVING OFF) NO PROBLEM AT ALL.

NARR: THE TWO ADVENTURERS FOLLOW THE NARROW TRAIL THAT WINDS DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE.

JACK: IT'S ODD - AS THE VALLEY BECOMES DARKER - IT BECOMES - "TRANSPARENT" ALMOST. THE STRANGEST LIGHT COMING FROM DOWN THERE.

LORD J: SPEAKING OF STRANGE LIGHTS - I BELIEVE AHEAD THERE STANDS A FLAME OF SOME SORT - AAA - IN YOUR LIFE.

JACK: HUH?... WHY, I... IT'S THE MADONNA VAMPYRA.

M. VAMP: (OFF - NEARING) WHY MR. FLANDERS - I'M SUPRISES THAT YOU RECOGNIZED ME... THIS TIME.

JACK: WELL - SEEING IS BELIEVING.

M. VAMP: MY, MY, MY, WHAT A WONDERFUL CLICHE.

JACK: HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

M. VAMP: WHAT'S A BAD GIRL LIKE ME DOING IN A HOLY PLACE LIKE THIS?

JACK: THAT'S NOT WHAT -

M. VAMP: THEN, PRECISELY WHAT DID YOU MEAN WHEN YOU RAISED YOUR OAR AND BROUGHT IT DOWN EVER SO GENTLELY UPON MY -

LORD J: I SAY, YOU TWO CAN CONTINUE THIS LATER - RIGHT NOW, WE -

JACK: I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.

M. VAMP: YOU MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME.

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JACK: I DON'T MEAN LAST NIGHT - I MEAN -

LORD J: (CLAPS HANDS) COME COME - YOU TWO CAN BLITHER WHILE WE ARE
WALKING - (MOVING OFF)
COME ON, STEP LIVELY -

(BOTH AT ONCE)

JACK: BACK IN THE LAND OF THE LOUUS -

M. VAMP: WHAT DID YOU THINK I WAS? A DEMON COME TO -

LORD J: (SHOUTS) QUIET! WHO KNOWS WHAT THE HELLS AROUND HERE ?
(PAUSE - THEY CONTINUE CLIMBING DOWNWARDS)

JACK: (WHISPER) I SWEAR TO GOD, I THOUGH YOU WERE DEAD BACK THERE
IN THE LAND OF THE LOTUS JUKE BOX -
(PAUSE - NO REPLY FROM M. VAMP.)
YOUR BODY WAS LAYED OUT - COLD, STIFF - I MEAN, WHAT WERE
YOU DOING THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?
(PAUSE)
AND THEN I ARRIVED BACK AT INVERNESS AND YOU WERE GONE.
(PAUSE)
SO I THOUGH YOU MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD... WELL, SAY SOMETHING.

M. VAMP: OOOH - I HATE YOU.

JACK: WHAT?

LORD J: SHHH - I BELIEVE YOU NEED AN INTERPRETER. WHAT THE GOOD
MADAMOISELLE VAMPYRA SAID - WAS, SHE COMES FROM THE LAND OF
THE LOTUS JUKE BOY - AND THAT HER BODY LAID IN REST WHILE
SHE VISITED INVERNESS. BUT WHEN SHE KNEW THAT YOU WOULD
VISIT THE LOTUS LAND, SHE LEFT INVERNESS FOR THE LAST TIME
AND RETURNED TO REINHABIT HER LOTUS BODY.

JACK: BUT WHY -?

LORD J: HOWEVER, HER TIMING WAS SLIGHTLY OFF AND YOU RETURNED FROM

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THE LOTUS LAND WHILE SHE WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF THE VOYAGE
BACK TO HER KINGDOM -

JACK: NO KIDDING? (LAUGHS)

M. VAMP: YOU THINK THAT'S FUNNY?

JACK: INVERNESS HAS MORE CRACKPOTS AND BLUNDERS THAN ANY ONE ROOF-

M. VAMP: WE;LL SEE HOW FUNNY THAT -

LORD J: NO NO - NO. ROCK THROWING IS STRICTLY NOT ALLOWED.

JACK: HEY, THAT ROCK - LOOK, IT'S GLOWING LIKE PHOSPEROUS.

LORD J: HOLD IT STILL A MOMENT MY DEAR. (EXAMINING) IT ISN'T THE ROCK,
IT'S THE DIRT UPON THE ROCK - IT EMITS A SHIMMERING WHITE
GLOW - VERY ODD.

M. VAMP: ARE YOU THROUGH EXAMINING THIS SPECIMEN?

LORD J: YES, QUITE.

M. VAMP: GOOD - TAKE THIS JACK FLANDERS!
(CRASH)

JACK: YIKES!

M. VAMP: AND THIS -
(PAUSE)

JACK: HUH?

M. VAMP: THE WHOLE VALLEY - IT'S GLOWING... AND LISTEN -
(SFX: BHAG VAN DASS OMING)

LORD J: I SAY - THAT IS LOVELY.

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JACK: LOOK! OVER THERE - TO THE EAST - !

M. VAMP: WHAT IS THAT?

NARR: AND THERE, OFF IN THE DISTANCE, IS A BREATHTAKING SIGHT...
A TALL, FAR OUT, ^{FANTASTIC} PALACE - NO, IT'S A TEMPLE - EMERSED WITHIN
THAT STRANGE LIGHT AND SOMEHOW ALMOST TRANSPARENT AND SHIMMER-
ING AS THOUGH FLOATING UPON A RIPPLING POOL OF LIQUID SILVER.

M. VAMP: SO - THERE IT IS.

LORD J: I SAY, THAT IS A PLEASANT SIGHT.

JACK: I FIND IT HARD TO KEEP IN FOCUS.

LORD J: THE LIGHT, OF COURSE - COME -

NARR: THE TRIO CONTINUES ON - EVENTUALLY THEY COME UPON A PATH -
IT BROADENS INTO A ROAD AND SOON, THEY STAND AT THE ENTRANCE
TO THE TEMPLE.

JACK: WHEW - THESE IMMENSE PILLARS, THESE WALLS - VIBRATE WITH A
FREQUENCY THAT - AT MOMENTS IT'S ALMOST TRANSPARENT.

LORD J: A REMARKABLE PIECE OF ARCHITECTURE - I BELIEVE IT'S A LIVING
AND BREATHING THOUGHT FORM.

M. VAMP: WELL, GENTLEMEN, ARE WE GOING TO ENTER?

LORD J: YES, OF COURSE - COME.

JACK: (PAUSE) WHEW - BREATHTAKING -

LORD J: WE'RE NEARING THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND - THE GREAT HALL IS
MOST LIKELY THIS WAY.

M. VAMP: (WHISPER) JACK, WILL YOU RETURN TO MY NATIVE LOTUS LAND AND
STAY WITH ME?

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JACK: HUH?... GOSH, I DON'T...? I GUESS SO.

M. VAMP: GOOD.

LORD J: IT MUST BE AN INCREDIBLE JUKE BOX TO PUT OUT A SOUND LIKE
 THAT...

(THEY ARRIVE)

AHH - THERE -

JACK: MY GOD! LOOK AT THAT THING!

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NARR: AND NOW WE CONTINUE WITH THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS. JACK FLANDERS, SIR HENRY JOWLS, AND THE MADAME VAMPYRA HAVE DESCENDED INTO THE VALLEY OF THE TEN THOUSAND OMMS UNFOLDED. AS DARKNESS APPROACHED THE VALLEY BEGAN TO GLOW WITH A STRANGE WHITE LIGHT. AND THEN, IN THE DISTANCE, THEY SAW A TEMPLE EMMERSED IN THE CENTER OF THE LIGHT. THE TEMPLE ITSELF WAS AMAZING. THEY COULD SEE IT DISTINCTLY, BUT THEN AT TIMES IT SEEMED TO BECOME AS TRANSPARENT AS A MIRAGE SHIMMERING IN THAT STRANGE LIGHT, WHILE THE WHOLE STRUCTURE ITSELF SEEMED TO BE ADRIFT ON A RIPPLING POOL OF SILVER LIQUID. AND, AS THEY APPROACHED, THE WALLS AND PILLARS APPEARED TO BE MADE OF A STONE THAT WAS AS TRANSPARENT AS GLASS. THE TRIO ENTERED AND FOUND THEIR WAY INTO THE INNER ROOMS - AND FINALLY, INTO THE VERY CENTER OF THE TEMPLE. THEY ENTERED A LONG ROOM LINED WITH ROWS OF TALL, SLENDER PILLARS OF GLASS - SUDDENLY, THERE IT WAS!

JACK: LOOK OVER THERE, THE JUKE BOX! THAT' IT!

M. VAMP; HOW CAN YOU BE CERTAIN?

LORD J: I SAY, I THINK HE'S FOUND IT.

M. VAMP: THAT'S THE ODDEST LOOKING JUKE BOX I'VE EVER SEEN.

JACK: IT'S LIKE - PURE LIGHT- YET IT'S, NOT GLARING, BUT, SOOTHING.

LORD J: (CLOSELY INSPECTING) IF I AM NOT MISTAKEN, THIS - JUKE BOX HAS BEEN CARVED OUT OF ONE IMMENSE SOLID PIECE OF CLEAR JADE. MOST ASTOUNDING. A RARE MODEL.

JACK: (CLOSE ALSO) I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE NAMES OF THESE SELECTIONS HERE.

LORD J: HUMPH - IT APPEARS NOT TO BE NAMES, BUT SYMBOLS THAT DESIGNATE THE VIBRATIONAL RATE OF THE SELECTION.

JACK: SO YOU CAN TELL, IN ADVANCE, HOW THE PIECE WILL AFFECT YOU?

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LORD J: YES, OF COURSE. THERE IS A PLACE TO INSERT COINS.

JACK: YEAH, WELL - I HAPPEN TO HAVE A COUPLE OF BAGS OF NICKELS ON ME. (INSERTS COIN)

M. VAMP: BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT TO SELECT?

JACK: WHO KNOWS? (PUNCHES BUTTON)

LORD J: (AGREEING) QUITE - QUITE.

(THE MACHINE FINDS IT'S SELECTION AND PLAYS IT.)

(LONG PAUSE)

JACK: (WHISTER) NOTHING.
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

NARR: BUT EVEN MR. WURLITIZER'S WILDEST FANTASIES COULD NOT EQUAL THIS INSTRUMENT. FOR A WHILE THEY STOOD, LISTENING TO "NOTHING," SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING. LATER, JACK WOULD REMEMBER THAT HE NEVER WAS AWARE THAT IT HAD BEGUN, ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT AT SOME POINT HE BECAME AWARE OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO HIM.
(MUSIC UP)

FOR WHILE THEY STOOD IN AWE, THERE SUDDENLY SPRANG FROM THE BODY OF THIS INCREDIBLE JUKE BOX - A THOUSAND ARMS, AND HANDS, BURSTING OUT LIKE AN AURA OF DAZZLING RAYS (SOUND) AND IN THAT INSTANT WHEN JACK'S BREATH AND HEART SEEMED TO STOP - IN THE PALM OF EACH HAND AN EYE APPEARED (SOUND) AND LOOKED AT HIM. AND HE COULD FEEL THE WHOLE JUKE BOX AS AN ALL PENETRATING EYE OF WISDOM LOOKING DOWN UPON THE SUFFERING IN THIS WORLD OF OURS - AND JACK BECAME FILLED WITH SUCH PROFOUND COMPASSION THAT IN A SUDDEN OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO HELP BEINGS TOWARDS LIBERATION, HIS HEAD BURST INTO INNUMERABLE HEADS AND THE TEARS STREAMED DOWN FROM HIS EYES - AND THE ARMS OF THE JUKE BOX MOVED SLOWLY AND THE HANDS OPENED AND CLOSED AND THE EYE IN THE PALM OF EACH HAND WATCHED HIM.
AND JACK UNDERSTOOD.

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(ALL THREE STAGGER)

(WHISPER) "TO RECOGNIZE ONESELF IN OTHERS", (OVER AND OVER AND ECHOES).

(LONG PAUSE)

NARR: AFTER A LONG WHILE, JACK, LORD JOWLS, AND THE MADAME VAMPYRA TURN, AS THOUGH ONE, AND WALK FROM THAT ROOM AND RETURN OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE. THEY STOP, TOUCH EACH OTHER, LOOK INTO EACH OTHERS EYES FOR A LONG TIME - AND EVEN THOUGH THEY KNOW THAT NO WORDS ARE NECESSARY, STILL THEY SPEAK.

M. VAMP: MY PEOPLE NEED ME... AND I NEED THEM. BEFORE I HAD WISHED THAT YOU JACK WOULD RETURN WITH ME TO MY LOTUS LAND - NOW I - UNDERSTAND. (TURNS) GOODBYE.

NARR: AND SHE TURNS AND WALKS AWAY.

LORD J: (QUIETLY) SO IT DID EXIST - EH? THE BODHISATTVA JUKE BOX - (MOVING OFF) YES, OF COURSE.

NARR: AND HE SLOWLY WALKS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.

JACK: TO RECOGNIZE ONESELF IN OTHERS.

NARR: AND HE TOO WALKS AWAY - KNOWING HE'LL BUILD A NEW SAILING CRAFT AND THAT NEAR THE GREAT STONE FACE HE'LL FIND THE SAIL WITH THE MANDALA AND THEN CATCHING THE WIND, HE'LL RETURN ALONE - TO THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

(MUSIC UP)

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NARR: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE LAST DAYS OF THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

JACK FLANDERS HAS RETURNED FROM THE FOURTH TOWER. THERE'S A SLIGHT MIST OVER INVERNESS, THE AUTUMN SUN MAGNIFYS THE LITTLE FOGGY PARTICLES THAT SWIRL ABOUT... THE TREES, THE BROKEN MAZE, THE ROSE GARDEN AND WOODS BEYOND - THE OLD VICTORIAN MANSION AND ITS THREE TOWERS, LOOK LIKE AN IMPRESSIONIST PAINTING, MUTED, SOFT, SILENT, FROM ANOTHER ERA.

(SFX: CRASH, TINKLE)

L.JOWLS: YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT HENRY REFUSES TO COME BACK TO INVERNESS?!

JACK: WELL, HE FELT IT'S BEST IF HE -

L.JOWLS: (POUND RATTLE) THAT OLD FOOL! (TINKLE) AFTER I'VE FORSAKEN EVERY CONCEIVABLE PLEASURE JUST TO KEEP INVERNESS ALIVE, HE DECLARES THAT HE PREFERS TO REMAIN IN HIDING.

JACK: IN HIDING?

L.JOWLS: YES, HIDING.

JACK: BUT WHAT IS HE HIDING FROM?

L.JOWLS: FROM ME OF COURSE. WELL, I CERTAINLY DON'T NEED HIM WE'LL CONTINUE AS WE WERE, WON'T WE JACK?

JACK: WELL - AUNTIE, I-
(RINGS BELL)

L. JOWLS: (CALLS) JIVES, JIVES, MORE TEA. (BACK TO JACK) AND NOW THAT SIR HENRY HAS CHOSEN TO CONTINUE CHASING HIS FANTASIES, YOU, JACK, WILL TAKE THE PLACE OF LORD JOWLS.

JACK: I BEG YOUR PARDON?

L.JOWLS: WHAT I MEAN, IS THAT TOGETHER WE'LL SPEAR HEAD OUR MOVEMENT. THE TIME IS RIPE.

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L.JOWLS: GREAT SPIRITUAL FAMINE IS OVER, A NEW AGE IS UPON US, THE WEAK AND HUNGRY SOULS OF HUMANITY MUST BE NOURISHED. PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHERE TO TURN TO RECIEVE THE NEW SPIRITUAL ENERGY. INVERNESS IS A MOUNTAIN OF GOLDEN ENERGY - A BEACON OF PURE LIGHT TO GUIDE, TO INSPIRE, TO-

JACK: AUNTIE!!...PLEASE. I'M SORRY, I DON:T SHARE YOUR ENTHUSIASM... I - HAVE OTHER PLANS.

L.JOWLS: LIKE WHAT?

JACK: OH AUNTIE, I HAVE MY OWN FATE TO FOLLOW AND I'M CERTAIN THAT -

L.JOWLS: SO, HENRY GOT TO YOU FIRST, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D TOSS A CLINKER IN YOUR BOOT.

JACK: IT WASN'T SIR HENRY, IT WAS -

L.JOWLS: OH YES IT WAS...WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY REALLY (PAUSE)

JACK: OH, AUNTIE -

L.JOWLS: (SOFTER) ENOUGH...I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR AUNTIE IS NOT A RELIGIOUS FANATIC. I - DO GET CARRIED AWAY WITH MY OWN PLANS BUT PLEASE UNDERSTAND, I'M NOT SEEKING TO CONTROL OTHERS. I'VE BEEN UNFAIR TO HENRY I'M AFRAID. HE'S GROWN A LITTLE WEARY OF HUMAN BEINGS. HE'S WATCHED COLONIZATION CREEP INTO EVEN THE MOST DISTANT, GODFOSAKEN CORNERS OF THE WORLD. HIS ROMANTIC HEART ALWAYS SIDED WITH THE WEAKER , MORE PRIM-ITIVE, BASIC PEOPLES. HE LOVED HOW THIER LIVES FOLLOWED THE CIRCULAR LINES AND RYTHUMS OF NATURE. HE'S SEEN HOW CIVILIZED MAN LIED AND CHEATED AND PUSHED THE NATIVES FROM THIER OWN LAND. AND STILL IT GOES ON, BURMA, THE JUNGLES OF BRAZIL - IT GOES ON -

JACK: (IMPRESSED) I'M HAPPYYTHAT YOU SEE HOW HE FEELS.

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L.JOWLS: HE HASN'T GROWN CYNICAL, HAS HE? HE'S ALWAYS HAD THAT TENDENCY.

JACK: NO, HE'S VERY MELLOW. I GUESS HE DOESN'T TRUST RELIGIONS - HE CALLS IT - COLONIZATION OF THE MIND. WITH THE NEW SPIRITUAL ENERGY THAT COME UPON US - HE'S SAD OVER THE POSSIBILITY THAT PEOPLE WILL BE STEPPING OUT OF ONE TRAP INTO ANOTHER. MORE ILLUSION.

L.JOWLS: SO HE WON'T HAVE ANY PART OF IT. YES, THAT'S HENRY - A SCEPTIC TO THE CORE.

(RINGS BELL)

(CALLS) JIVES, JIVES, MORE TEA! WHAT IS HE UP TO THIS TIME?

(RINGS BELL)

JIVES!

JIVES: (OFF APPROACHING) TEA, CRUMPETS AND CANNIBAL WAFERS COMIN RIGHT UP.

L.JOWLS: AH, THERE YOU ARE JIVES, HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU.

JACK: CANNIBAL WAFERS?

JIVES: THAT'S RIGHT , MASTER JACK, LIP SMACKIN GOOD.

JACK: CANNIBAL WAFERS?

L.JOWLS: HAM AND CHEESE ON RYE.

JIVES: LONG PORK, MASTER JACK.

L.JOWLS: THAT'LL BE JUST FINE JIVES.

JACK: WHY DID HE CALL ME MASTER JACK?

L.JOWLS: OH , HE'S JUST JIVING I SUPPOSE.

JACK: (CALLS) JIVES, JIVES WILL YOU COME BACK HERE A MINUTE.

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JIVES: (RETURNING) YES BOSS.

JACK: TELL ME, WHY DID YOU CHASE ME ABOUT THE EAST TOWER WITH A CLEAVER?

JIVES: WELL BOSS I FIGURED YOU NEEDED THE EXERCISE.

JACK: SO YOU DISGUISED YOURSELF AS MEANIE EENIE?

JIVES: SOOERY ABOUT THAT BOSS.

L.JOWLS: WELL AAA - WE FELT THAT YOU NEEDED TRAINING - TO BE QUICK ON YOUR FEET, TO PYSICALLY AS WELL AS MENTALLY AT ALL TIMES BE ABLE TO PRESENT A MOVING TARGET.

JACK: OHHH- YOU PEOPLE. BY THE WAY, WHO IS THE "WE" YOU MENTIONED?

L:JOWLS: DR. MAZoola AND I ...SOME OF THE OTHERS.

JACK: I SEE.

L:JOWLS: YOU AREN'T ANGRY?

JACK: NO - NOT AT THIS POINT.

JIVES: THAT WAS SOME FANCY STEPPIN' BOSS - (MOVING OFF) HEH HEH HEH.

JACK: "A RARE AND EXQUSITE SENSE OF HUMOR"- YEAH. TELL ME, HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING MORE ABOUT LITTLE FREIDA?

L.JOWLS: LITTLE FREIDA IS GONE.

JACK: SO SHE IS GONE.

L:JOWLS: YES I'M AFRAID SO . SHE WAS NOT ABLE TP MATERIALIZE.

JACK: I SEE.

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L.JOWLS: SHE'S GONE BACK TO HER PEOPLE.

JACK: BUT - THEN SHE'S ALRIGHT?

L.JOWLS: YES, SHE IS. IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO MANIFEST YOUR OWN SELF - NORMALLY; _AND AFTER DR. MAZoola'S LABORATORY EXPLODED, SHE WASN'T ABLE TO MATERIALIZE... BUT OTHER THAN HAVING A BODY, SHE'S PERFECTLY ~~AKKXOMT~~ HEALTHY.

JACK: I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT - BUT, I'M SORRY THAT I WASN'T ABLE TO SEE HER AGAIN.

L.JOWLS: YES, I'LL MISS HER TOO.

JACK: WELL AUNTIE - THE MYSTERIES OF INVERNESS HAVE BEEN SOLVED. (GETTING UP) I'M LEAVING TOMORROW.

L.JOWLS: (A LITTLE SAD) TOMORROW?

JACK: YES...TOMORROW AND THAT'S IT ... THE END.

(MUSIC UP) "HIT THE ROAD JACK"

NARR: AND NOW THE LAST DAY OF THE THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL, THE
FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS.

AS WE TAKE A FINAL LOOK INTO THAT OLD VICTORIAN MANSION WE
SEE THAT JACK FLANDERS IS PREPARING TO LEAVE. HE PACKS HIS
SPARSE BELONGINGS INTO A SMALL CANVAS BAG, TOSSES IT OVER HIS
SHOULDER AND HEADS OUT THE DOOR. BUT THEN HE HESITATES, HE
RETURNS TO THE LIVING ROOM, TOUCHES A BUTTON BENEATH THE WOOD-
WORK, NEAR THE FIREPLACE AND A PANEL SLIDES OPEN.

(SFX: PANEL)

HE STEMS INTO THE WALLS - TO TAKE ONE FINAL LOOK AT WHAT WAS
ONCE THE REALM OF THE BEAUTIFUL MADONNA VAMPYRA.

JACK: WELL...SHE WAS A STRANGE CREATURE. INVERNESS WILL NEVER BE
QUITE THE SAME WITHOUT HER. AS I LOOK AT THESE PAINTINGS
AND REMEMBER THAT I'VE KNOWN HER IN OTHER LIVES, IT SEEMS IN-
EVITABLE THAT WE'LL MEET AGAIN AND AGAIN IN SOME FAR OFF
FUTURE...AHH WELL,...YES...JUST - AHH WELL.

(SFX: PANEL CLOSES)

NARR: JACK CLOSES THE SLIDING PANEL FOR THE LAST TIME AND RETURNS
THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM AND OUT INTO THE GARDEN.

(SFX: SCREEN DOOR - BIRD SOUNDS)

JACK: I GUESS THIS IS IT...I'LL PAY A FINAL VISIT TO DR. MAZoola.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS - LABORATORY SOUNDS)

DR. MAZ:(OFF APPROACHING) WELCOME BACK, JACK.

JACK: I WAS JUST STOPPING TO SAY GOODBYE.

DR. MAZ: GOODBYE?...AH YES SO GOODBYE IT IS.

JACK: WHAT'S THAT CONTRAPTION YOU'RE WORKING ON?

DR. MAZ: (EXCITED) OH YES THIS, DR. MAZoola'S GOOD GOD EXTRACTOR!

JACK: WHAT?

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DR. MAZ: SINCE I WAS SO SUCCESSFUL EXTRACTING AND MATERIALIZING THE
TERRIFYING SYMBOLS FROM THE DEPTHS OF MY OWN HUMBLE SELF, I
GOT TO THINKING, WHY NOT MANIFEST THE GOD LIKE SYMBOLS, EH?

JACK: SO INSTEAD OF DRAGONS RUNNING ABOUT YOU'LL HAVE GODS?

DR. MAZ: WHO KNOWS? WHY NOT? YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE... 'ER - A FEW THOU-
SAND TIMES AT MOST.

JACK: WELL, GOOD LUCK, DOCTOR.

DR. MAZ: IF YOU EVER NEED ANY EXTRACTION DONE CALL ON ME...(CALLS
AFTER) AND GODS BE WITH YOU, JACK.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSING - LAB SOUNDS CEASE)

(BIRD SOUNDS AGAIN)

M. EENIE:(VOICE OFF - NEARING) JACK - OH JACK - HEH HEH-

JACK: MEANIE EENIE.

M.E.: (NEARING) IN PERSON. DINK A DINK A DEE, A DINK A DINK A DOO.

JACK: IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU, MEANIE EENIE.

M.E.: GOOD-BYE JACK - (KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK) WHEN WE ARE DEAD,
SEEK NOT OUR TOMB IN THE EARTH, BUT FIND IT IN THE HEARTS OF
MEN. GOODBYE. (LEAVING) A DINK A DINK A DOO, A DINK A DINK
A DEE. HEH HEH HEH HEH.

JACK: WHEW

WAMPUM: (OFF -NEARING) OH MY GOODNESS, I ALMOST, HOW YOU, SAY? MISSED
THE BOAT, EH?

JACK: NICE TO SEE YOU, CHIEF WAMPUM.

WAMPUM: OH MY SON, IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU HERE. I WILL

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MISS YOU, YOU KNOW?

JACK: THANK YOU. HAS WHAM BHAM LEARNED HOW TO FLY?

WAMPUM: SUCH A PUPIL. YESTERDAY - 3 FEET OFF THE GROUND AND GOING HOW YOU SAY? LICKETY SPLIT - HEAD FIRST INTO A BUSH OF ROSE THORNS, YOU SEE.

JACK: IS HE ALRIGHT?

WAMPUM: AH YES - WHAM BHAM IS FINE. THE BUSH IS NOT SO GOOD.

JACK: WELL, IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU CHIEF.

WAMPUM: REMBER - YOUR SOUL IS LIKE A CLEAR MIRROR; THEE BODY IS LIKE DUST UPON IT. BEAUTY IN US IS NOT PERCEIVED, FOR WE ARE UNDER THE DUST, YOU SEE? GOOD-BYE. (MOVING OFF)
WOO WOO WOO WOO WOO.

JACK: THEY NEVER STOP, DO THEY?

L. JOWLS: (OFF NEARING) JACK, OH, JACK.

JACK: AHH AUNTIE.

L. JOWLS: (NEARING) YOU WEREN'T GOING TO LEAVE WITHOUT SAYING GOOD-BYE?

JACK: NO - YOU KNOW THAT.

L. JOWLS: WELL, YES, THAT'S TRUE -

JACK: THE BEST FOR THE LAST.

L. JOWLS: WELL - THAT'S NICE. I WANTED TO SAY THAT THERE'S NO REASON TO WALK DOWN THE MOUNTAIN. ~~OLD MAN~~ ^{THE NARRATOR} IS GOING INTO TOWN AND HE'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE IN THE PICK UP TRUCK.

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JACK: I DON'T MIND WALKING.

L. JOWLS: NO, NO HE'D FEEL SLIGHTED IF YOU REFUSED THE RIDE.

JACK: OKAY... (PAUSE)

L. JOWLS: I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE ANY DEFINITE PLANS?

JACK: THE WAY SEEMS TO BE MARKED. IT'S JUST A MATTER OF BEING AWAKE TO SEE THE SIGNPOSTS, I SUPPOSE.

L. JOWLS: YES, I SAW THAT YESTERDAY. YOU HAVE YOUR OWN DESTINY - AND NOW IT'S SEPARATE FROM INVERNESS. REMEMBER, JACK - SPEAK TO EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS UNDERSTANDING. THERE IS A GRADATION IN ALL MEN: EACH WILL PERCEIVE WHAT HE CAN PERCEIVE AND AT THE STAGE AT WHICH HE CAN PERCEIVE IT... WELL, THE NARR'S WAITING.

(THEY HUG)

GOOD-BYE, JACK.

JACK: GOOD-BYE, AUNTIE

(FOOTSTEPS MOVING OFF)

L. JOWLS: (CALLING AFTER) MAY GOD BE WITH YOU.

(PICK-UP DOOR OPENING, SLAMMING, STARTING)

NARR: HELLO, JACK.

JACK: HELLO, DAVE.

NARR: SORRY TO SEE YOU'RE GOING.

JACK: I'LL VISIT AGAIN, ONE DAY,... MAYBE... IN THE FAR OFF FUTURE.

NARR: YEP - WELL, IT'S A FUNNY PLACE ALRIGHT. MIND IF I PUT ON THE

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RADIO?

JACK: NO - GO RIGHT AHEAD.

(CLICK - RUNS ACROSS DIAL - COMES UPON
"ANGEL BABY")

THERE IT IS! (CHUCKLES AT JOKE)

NARR: (JOINS IN CHUCKLE)

L. FRIEDA: (VOICE) GOOD-BYE, JACK.

JIVES: (VOICE) GOOD-BYE, JACK.

(THEME MUSIC UP SOFT)



ZBS Media, Inc.

May 22, 1972

Dear Mike,

Here are scattered bits of information concerning the birth of The Fourth Tower of Inverness.

Sources and Inspiration:

A fair amount of the information comes from Lama Govinda's "The Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism." There's all kinds of spiffy insights into the Tibetans view of it all.

Also various profound little Sufi sayings as passed on by Idries Shah, and "Sufi Speaks" and Max Sufi.

William Swygards books on Awareness Techniques for regressing into past lives and plane travel - both I've tried and find they really work. In fact, I've road tested as many of these weird things as was practical, before writing them into the mystery. Or, I've had friends try them first - heh heh.

"Secret Teaching of All Ages" and the quick reading vest pocket size Manley P. Hall books on magic and positive thinking, and demons and things.

Courses in Silva Mind Control, Mind Development that Alpha level stuff, taught by Gerry Merklinger who connected a lot of these odd things.

Baba Ram Dass, some scenes are based on his comments on thought forms and other phenomena - plus his good vibes - even include a wise saying of his now and then when the scene looks like it may run short. A pleasant filler.

Swami Rudrananda - his knowledge of spiritual energies and practice of Kundalini Yoga and far-in things that have happened.

Gregory Brodsky - teacher of accupuncture and Kundalini Yoga - various anecdotes on how it all is and his knowledge of energy flow in the body.

Also an anonymous friend who met a couple of guys from another planet - Saturn, I think, and they had no pupils in their eyes.

Trees also talk to her.

R.D. Port Edward New York 12828
A person who pumps gas at a station down the road is a never ending source of inspiration. He commits himself now and then cause he sees demons rise up out of the pavement, like shafts of light with heads on the ends.

Library research into myth consciousness (alot of feeble books on that subject) plus my own personal experiences with energy vampires.

Travels in my own past lives as well as poking about in other people's past and present lives.

The idea to do a mystery serial was inspired by a farm I stayed at for a brief time. We'd sit in front of a big old stone fireplace and tell stories. There was a ghost that stayed in the farmhouse, in the bathroom upstairs and would slam the door if you left it open, but otherwise kept to itself alright. The place was called Inverness.

Bhagavan Dass - Guru brother of Ram Dass - his lovely kind of prankster approach to spirituality.

Gurdjieff and Ouspensky - that Dynamic Duo - "In Search of the Miraculous" and "Meetings with Remarkable Men" and various Gurdjieff people I've known.

That early alpha dream level traveler, H.P. Lovecraft - "The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath", "The Descent of the Sun", and other Hindoo myths.

Don Van Vliet's "Trout Mask Replica".

Edward de Bono's "Mechanism of Mind", and "New Think".

The humor is probably caused by my odd mixture of Spanish and Polish blood, which makes it possible to tango during polka time.

The structure of the mystery is based upon the old radio serial - "I Love a Mystery" only it starts up where old time radio left off - using a lot of stereo effects to enhance the tension. However, like "I Love a Mystery" it's more than a mystery, it's an adventure serial about a young man who becomes an explorer of other realms, other levels of existence. The various sources of information are stirred into the cauldron and the whole thing cooks for 5 days a week, for 13 weeks, and on Sundays we play the complete week in case you missed an episode or two. It was fun to do and I think it makes the listening experience a joyous thing.

Drama on radio has such wonderful possibilities. It's possible to take the mind into the most incredible fantasy realms while the listener's own strange imagination takes it from there and

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does at least half of the creation. Radio is such a beautiful art form - so many possibilities - to merge with the listener and sail off into realms that may bring about means of depth communication few have begun to imagine. Ah, yes.

*Jane,
Meatball*

1 Mon I

Narr: As we look in — we see Lady Jowls, owner & heir to the ~~lately~~ Inverness Estate. We find her in the rose garden, standing solid, sniffing a velvety red rose & surveying her Kingdom. Twilight approaches — the mist is moving up from the Bay into the surrounding hills of Inverness. The birds are beginning to flock, gathering for their autumn sojourn to the South. All is tranquil & strikingly beautiful. One of those rare moments when the whole world is at peace

Jack: (shouting from far off) Auntie!
Auntie!

L. Jowls: My heavens — what...?

Jack: (~~clearly~~ a bit closer) Auntie —
Auntie Jowls!

L. Jowls: Again? Where the devil is it coming from?

Jack: (closer still) Auntie! It's me!

L. Jowls: Ahh, so there you are, whoever you are.

2. Mon I

Jack: Auntie ... you see ... it's me.

L. Jowls: Not quite so close, young man.
~~Who are you?~~

Jack: It's me, your nephew, Jack,
remember?

L. Jowls: I remember everything. (Now,
what were you saying?)

Jack: (on) I'm the person you sent the
letter to — your nephew, Jack
Flanders.

L. Jowls: Jack! Why didn't you say so!
(they embrace)
Oh — ~~why~~ too you've certainly
grown, haven't you?

Jack: Not really, it's just been a
long time.

L. Jowls: You look so healthy & handsome
& strong.

Jack: And you look — ... what was
that?

L. Jowls: What?

Jack: I don't know, over there by
the hedges, it must've been
standing there all the time,
then it dropped to all fours &
scampered (moving off) into this
opening over here.

2. Mon I

L. Jowls: Jack, Please come away from there.

Jack: (off) Good grief, what is this, Auntie.

L. Jowls: That is the entrance to a maze — now please come away from there.

Jack: (off) A real maze?

L. Jowls: It ~~was~~ is one of ~~my late husband's~~ Lord Jowls' creations, typical of his sense of humor.

Jack: (off) Incredible — you really don't like it — do —

L. Jowls: Jack, will you please get away from there!

Jack: (moving on) Sorry Auntie, I didn't mean to disturb you.

L. Jowls: It's just that at this time of day, it tends to swallow people up, that's why.

Jack: People?

L. Jowls: Well — servants mainly. They've been known to take a stroll thru the maze & ~~not stroll back out again~~ ~~neither a scrap of hair nor~~ ~~gone?~~ ~~bleached bone was even found~~

4. Mon I

Jack: ~~Nothing?~~ No trace?

L. Jowls: Not even a small bone.

Jack: But still you keep the maze — the hedges are trimmed.

L. Jowls: It's ^{our} caretaker, he loves the maze.

Jack: Apparently he's never disappeared.

L. Jowls: He's always returned.

Jack: Are there others that — return?

L. Jowls: yes. Little Freida with the piggy tails. She always returns.

Jack: Little Freida?

L. Jowls: For a fortnite, I've been observing her from the bay window (turns) over there — it overlooks the maze, ^{you see.} Well, at about the same time every day she goes in there to play ... & then returns at a given time.

Jack: Do you have any idea what she —

L. Jowls: She's a strange child — ~~just~~ Her eyes, especially, she has no pupils.

Jack: ~~Can she focus on things?~~ Oh, that's too bad.

5. Mon I

on the contrary,
L. Jowls: ~~Yes~~ though her eyesight is far
better than ~~ours~~ ours. She can
see ~~feel~~ the vibrational pres-
ence of objects.

Jack: ESP?

L. Jowls: Beyond that. It's more like see-
ing the molecular patterns, I suppose.
She can even see thought forms.

Jack: Thought forms? They're hardly
physical.

L. Jowls: ~~Actually~~ They are ^{physical,} it ... (pause)
(music faint & far away)

Jack: what is it?

L. Jowls: You hear that, don't you?
The music?

Jack: (strangely, as though to herself)

L. Jowls: Already, they know ~~you~~ that you are here.
Auntie, what's wrong?

Jack:

L. Jowls: There is an old Juke Box sealed
away in the East Tower. It tends
to play by itself whenever there's -
(cutting her off) But Auntie, that
sound must be coming from the
North Tower.

L. Jowls: (surprised) what? ... What do you mean?

Jack: Just that it sounds like it's -

L. Jowls: There is no "North" Tower.

6 Mon I

Jack: Of course there's a North Tower.

L. Jowls: There is no North Tower.

Jack: Well look, unless I'm mistaken
the sun sets in the West - so ^{there is the tower} ~~over~~
& over there is South ^{tower} over there ^{the} East ^{tower}
(he turns as he points) & over there
is the 4th Tower - North.

L. Jowls: Nephew, there are only three Towers
of Invenness.

Jack: Well, I can't see them all from
here but when I was walking
up the drive ^{up} from the bay,
I could see ^{the tops} ~~the tops~~ rising out of the
fog - four distinct towers.

L. Jowls: An illusion, I assure you....
Damn them!

Jack: Who? Damn who?

L. Jowls: Who knows who. All I know
is - when that ~~the~~ Juke Box begins
to play, it means something terrible
is going to happen to some -
(SFX - Scream!)

Jack: My God, what was that?!

L. Jowls: ~~she~~ (to herself) Oh no -
so helpless.
(Voice off - Help Help)

7. Mon +

Jack: I'm going to find out what's at the bottom of this. (Runs off)

L. Jowls: (continuing) So helpless ... we are all so helpless.
we're to be pitied, not preyed upon